

# THE COSMOPOLITAN.

VOL. X.

JANUARY, 1891.

No. 3.



THE PEOPLE'S PALACE IN LONDON.

VISITED BY ELIZABETH BISLAND.

**I**MAGINE a city the size of New York, containing over a million inhabitants of a race that claims to stand in the very forefront of human progress, and in this city not a single newspaper published, not one public library, and not one shop for the sale of books!

This might pass as the description of a town in darkest Africa, but on the contrary it lies in the very heart of civilization, Christianity and enlightenment. Not a hand was lifted to lighten the intellectual gloom of this "city of dreadful night;" indeed, very few had the faintest conception of its condition, until seven years ago, when Walter Besant, the novelist, began its exploration in search of

material for a new romance. So moved and astonished was he by the deadly dulness and dreariness, the ugliness, the squalid pleasures and heavy ignorance of East London, that he set earnestly about the discovery of a remedy. The result of these efforts was *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, that shocked and aroused the conscience of all England.

Those familiar with it know that all London is divided into three parts, the centre being the City proper—the great commercial and financial axle of the earth—and its right and left wings being respectively a superb capital adorned with all that art, wealth, and power can devise or command, and an unbeautiful city of

NOTE.—Illustrations of this article are from photographs, and from drawings by Mr. Arthur Legge of the People's Palace.

Copyright, 1891, by THE COSMOPOLITAN PUBLISHING COMPANY.

toilers, a densely populated manufacturing town, the home of the poor, the laborious and the miserable. At this end of the town are the famous docks, where the bulk of the wool, tea, coffee, sugar and lumber imports are discharged; and here the greater part of the tailoring, boot, shoe and box making—furniture, tobacco,

to the lowest class of occasional laborers, loafers and semi-criminals at 11,000. The very poor, whose earnings are casual, are put down at 100,000. The class earning good but intermittent wages numbers 75,000, while those in receipt of moderate regular wages mount up to 127,000, and regular standard earnings

are made by 368,000.

Even the upper middle class, with money in the bank and masters of many luxuries, exceed the number of those who may be picturesquely described as starving by more than 3000. But while few of these millions are threatened with starvation the greater number earn barely enough for the necessities of life and can never command a surplus for amusement. Street loafing, the public-house, drink and vice are their only imitations of pleasure and such excitement and diversion as all humanity demands.

Charity for the sick, the destitute and the superannuated, in the form of hospitals, almshouses and the mansion-house fund, were



MR. WALTER BESANT.

silk and food manufacturing of England is carried on.

It is as if the City sat in the centre and judged all the inhabitants of London, setting the fortunate, the powerful and the prosperous on its right hand amid all things desirable, and saying to the impotent, the unhappy and the vicious: "Sit thou on my left, and—blessed are they that expect nothing!"

The English agitator and radical refers with fluent frequency to the inhabitants of this part of the town as "the starving millions of East London;" but in this as in other matters the agitator is lurid and inexact. Careful tabulation of exhaustive investigations made recently in this quarter gives the number of those who belong

long since generously provided. The churches are numerous and active, and religious workers untiring in their efforts to reclaim the vicious; but as yet no one had dreamed of a duty to the young, the healthy, the self-supporting and the moral. They were left to content themselves as best they could with the dull round of labor and cheap, coarse amusements. Indeed, the average English workman has so great a horror of charity that no one dared offer it to him until Mr. Besant made plain his desperate need of intellectual aid and alms of pleasure. Though the plan of this new benevolence had been set forth in the form of a novel, so feasible and practical did it appear and so strongly did it appeal to public interest that a com-



THE WINTER GARDEN.

mittee was promptly formed, with Mr. Besant as one of its members, and subscriptions flowed in freely.

A legacy of £15,000 was given in the form of the Beaumont trust. Mr. T. Dyer Edwardes contributed £10,000 and a very large, fine organ for the Queen's Hall; the charity commissioners were induced to make a grant of £3500 a year, and the "Honourable Company of Drapers" not only gave £20,000 down, but guaranteed the palace an income of £2000 per annum for ten years. The dream of a palace for the people, where they might find all the luxuries and delights of wealth, became a possibility. The trustees put forth this strong and touching appeal, for money was not the only thing needed:

"To all sympathizers—to the rich and all who can give (however little), for the money without which these plans and hopes can never be realized—to both the leisured and workers, for time and for personal assistance—to those who have

talent for making music, or the gift of a beautiful voice, for service—to those who believe in the great teacher Art, for sympathy and the loan of their objects of beauty or interest; and to all those who love the people, and look for their emancipation from the thralldom of loneliness, ignorance or dullness, for help in various ways in the various undertakings of the People's Palace."

The accompanying sketch was the original plan, which is not even yet completed, but grows year by year. The purpose of the palace was thus described:

"The People's Palace, by its library, its music, its pictures, its lectures, its literature classes and its technical schools, will, it is hoped, offer to all the means of thought and knowledge, which feed aspiration. Those who have not the knowledge of history easily become the blind servants of demagogues, and thus are taught to seek rights and not duties, and to become enemies to social unity. Those who are ignorant of literature and the great thoughts that are the common property of all ages find life dull, and are tempted to take their pleasure to their own injury, or by the sacrifice of the best in others. Those whose eyes or ears are untaught to





VIEW OF THE PALACE FROM THE ROAD.

accept the best in art or music are apt to seek beauty in sensationalism or joy in excitement, and thus they become incapable of the gentler pleasures which create and foster home life; and it is those who are ignorant of science and its immutable laws whose lives suffer, whose health becomes enfeebled and whose children are sacrificed, to the great loss of the nation. All alike want the knowledge which in any form 'transmutes existence into life.' "

Very wisely the founders never lost sight of the fact that recreation was the chief purpose of the palace, and thus formulated their plans and intentions.

"Grown people, like children, become weary of games which have no continuity and after a time turn frivolities into mischief. Amusements which survive give relief to mind as well as to body; tennis and other games of skill bring people together in friendly intercourse and occupy the thoughts of the players; while parties, travelling or concerts make man better known to man, and hold his attention by showing him something which is new. Amusements which have no underlying thought fail to satisfy, and de-

generate either into gambling, by which one gains by another's loss, or into dissipation, which is the suicide and murder of the best in life.

"In the belief that in the 'recreation which demands skill, patience, discipline, drill, and obedience to law' man finds a deep well of interest and pleasure, not only in the enjoyment of the pleasure in itself, but also in the energies and characteristics which have been

trained in its acquisition, the founders of the People's Palace hope to provide pleasures which shall be free, natural and such as the light heart of the young may enjoy—pleasures which will be all the more near to the taste of the people if they do not develop lawlessness, nor tear down the ideals of love and decency in order to raise a laugh or create an excitement.

"The encouragement of social unity, high thought and pure pleasure is the hope of the founders of the People's Palace."

Work upon the great central hall, which was to serve as an auditorium for concerts, theatricals and lectures, and also as a ballroom, was promptly begun, and money was not spared to make it the



IN THE ENGINEER'S SHOP.



worthy throne room of a palace that was building, not for one monarch, but a million subjects. It was opened by Queen Victoria on the 14th of May 1887, with much pomp and rejoicing, and the people were admitted to all the pleasures and festivities. This hall, which is the heart and centre of the palace, is 130 feet long, seventy-five broad, and the height of the roof from the floor is sixty feet. This

is room for 5000 chairs, which are easily disposed of through trapdoors when the floor is needed for dancing or gymnastics.

Not long after the opening of the Queen's Hall the library was ready for use—an octagon seventy-five feet long and broad, and sixty feet from the floor to the domed roof, filled in with ground glass, the whole closely resembling the reading rooms of the British museum. The shelves

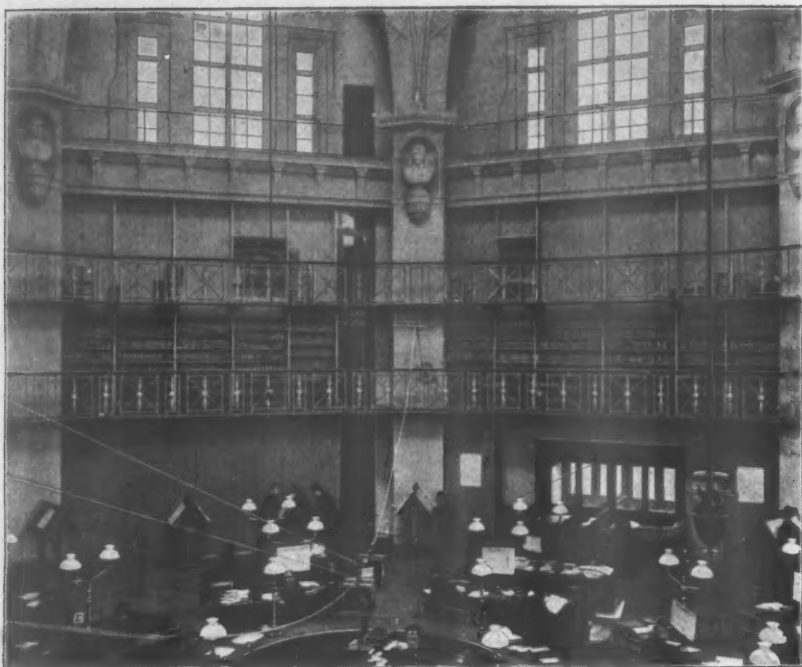


THE SWIMMING BATH.

roof is vaulted and filled in with stained glass, bearing here and there the arms of the Drapers' company. The floor is inlaid, and beautifully smooth for dancing. At one end stands a rostrum, and behind this is the great Edwardes organ. The balconies on either side of the hall are supported by caryatides, and above these balconies, between the clustered Corinthian pillars, stand the statues of twenty-two queens famous for their virtues. The twenty-second is Queen Victoria, seated in royal robes upon a throne immediately over the entrance, and among the others are Elizabeth of England, Elizabeth of Hungary, and Blanche of Castile. There

are capable of accommodating 250,000 volumes, and at present contain about 15,000. These cover a wide range of subjects, and efforts are being made to greatly enlarge the technological and scientific collections, for which there is great demand by the better class of workmen and apprentices.

As in other libraries, fiction is easily favorite with the mass of readers, and among the novelists Harrison Ainsworth holds the highest place in their affections! Dickens follows, and after him Braddon, Charles Reade, Marryat and Jules Verne. Travels and histories are popular, but theological writings are rarely inquired



THE READING ROOM.

for. From the very first the library has been opened on Sundays, and all day long it is filled with quiet, earnest readers, the attendance mounting on these days to 1750, the average week-day attendance varying from 900 to 1100. All the magazines and daily papers are on file, and the doors are opened at 7.30, in order that those out of work may have an opportunity of searching the advertisement columns in time to answer their demands promptly. During the seasons of depression in the labor market the library is crowded with the unemployed, who forget their troubles in the exciting pages of Ainsworth's novels, or seize the opportunity for study, and are thus saved the thousand evils of idleness. From the library open two or three small rooms for the use of those who require the quiet for their work, or for reading classes engaged in a special course. In the evening these are given up to chess, draughts, and backgammon playing. The largest has recently been fitted up for the purpose of a museum, and already contains some

fine ornithological specimens and ships' models.

Near by is the swimming bath, a tank seventy-five feet long and varying from three to six feet in depth, the sides lined with steam pipes to keep the water at a comfortable temperature. On two sides are small dressing closets with lockers for bathing garments, used by the women, as the bathing dress of the men is too minute to occupy any great space. This swimming bath was Lord Rosebery's gift, and with it came a special request from his lordship that the women should have equal advantages, therefore every Tuesday is set aside for their use, teachers are provided and prizes are offered for proficiency, swimming matches being held from time to time. The average Tuesday attendance is 250. The men have the same privileges and the attendance sometimes runs up to 1200 in one day—94,296 having availed themselves of the swimming bath in one year. True to their desire to encourage and elevate the young especially, boys from the public elementary schools in the

district are admitted from six to eight in the morning in order that they may have a swim before school. For this privilege they pay one penny and fifteen tickets are to be had for a shilling. The boys who attend the palace technical schools are expected to take two swimming lessons a week.

Another important branch of the recreation department is the gymnasium, in a large temporary iron building which serves until funds are found to build a more substantial one. The same encouragement of public contests, prizes and badges is offered here as in connection with the swimming department, and every effort is made to persuade the women and young girls to make use of it freely, one of the royal highnesses coming now and then to view their achievements and present the prizes.

Sir Edward Guinness, the great brewer, very recently gave the trustees of the palace a large sum for the purpose of erecting a winter garden, which is now in process of building—a great glass gallery

opening into the library and the Queen's Hall, and to be filled presently with bananas, palms, ferns, and varied exotics, to have a fountain in the centre and birds hung in cages amid the green, to be a glimpse of tropical vegetation and color for those who have never known other than the gray skies of London.

Leaving the recreative section and crossing the Queen's Hall, the educational section is found established in the left wing. This wing is known as The Drapers' Institute, the money given by them having been used to found a complete series of technical schools with both day and evening classes. The average attendance of boys and apprentices in the former is about 400, 288 of these holding free scholarships in competition with the other boys from the East End public schools. To enter these a boy must be not less than twelve years of age and under twenty; he must have passed the examinations of the "fifth standard" or an equivalent one, and be the son of parents whose income is less than £200 a year. This last



THE GYMNASIUM.



CARPENTERING ROOM.

regulation is made in order to insure the advantages to those too poor to pay ordinary tuition fees, the fees in palace being only one shilling a week and but £2 for the entire school year. As the instruction in these schools is of the very best order, a number of parents whose income is too large to admit of their children taking the benefit of the small fees enter them and pay the required sum of £8 8s. How wide a range these classes cover may be gathered from the following list, comprising tailors' cutting (elementary and advanced), upholstery, plumbing, cabinet-making, metal-turning and lathe work, carpentry and joinery, wood-carving, etching, handrail and staircase work, boot and shoe making, mechanical engineering, photography, cabinet designing, printing, electrical engineering, electric lighting, electric instrument making, electric telegraphy, building construction and drawing (elementary and advanced), machine construction and drawing (elementary and advanced), geometry, practical plane and solid (elementary and ad-

vanced), steam and the steam engine, chemistry—inorganic and organic, theoretical and practical (elementary and advanced)—geology, mineralogy, mechanics, applied and theoretical, mathematics, magnetism and electricity, sound, light and heat, physiology, freehand and model drawing, perspective drawing, drawing from the antique, decorative designing, modelling in clay, geometrical drawing, arithmetic (elementary, commercial and advanced), book-keeping (elementary, intermediate and advanced), grammar, civil service examination preparations, writing, shorthand (elementary, intermediate and advanced), French (elementary, intermediate, advanced, and commercial correspondence), German (beginners, elementary and advanced), elocution (elementary and advanced), ambulance work, singing (elementary and advanced), piano-forte, orchestra, violin, and military band; and for females only, dressmaking and cutting, plain needlework and garment making, millinery, art needlework, cookery, and housewifery lectures.

The evening attendance at these classes last year was registered at 5500, and most of the classes were open to women also.

In the basement of the institute are the rooms for the metal workers, wood carvers, printing, photography and electric classes, and here also are the lecture rooms in which is given theoretical instruction, and where the boys make the designs from which they work, all being obliged to draw their own plans before being allowed to touch a tool. In the machine shop they are at present engaged in building an engine for a small steam launch which is to be the property of the palace and serve for summer excursions up the Thames. In the carpenter shop the boys are permitted to make small pieces of furniture, such as stools, soap and coal boxes and cupboards, and these they may sell, the cost price of the material having been first paid. This thorough course of combined theoretical and practical instruction has put a premium upon lads trained in these classes and makes them much sought after by employers. In the wood-carving classroom some excellent specimens are shown as the work of a boy of sixteen, who took all prizes for designing and was promptly secured by a company of ship builders to assist their designers, at wages of £2 a week.

Everyone who investigates the condition of the poor asserts and endlessly reiterates the fact that the prosperity of the family depends more upon the skill and management of the wife than upon the earnings of the husband, since she has, practically, the management and dispensing of those earnings. The founders of the palace, having this fact in mind, have devoted much energy to teaching the women sewing, cookery, and the art of housekeeping, and the effort is as much as possible to persuade them to pay special attention to these matters in preference to joining the classes of men; the great need in East London being, not skilled workers, of which there are thousands, but of competent wives and mothers; a need, it must be confessed, quite as great in New York as in London; and should the former city ever erect a House Beautiful for her poor, it is to be hoped that she will devote even more time and money to the creation of "The Woman Admirable" than is done in London.

The social features of the palace are, after all, the main reason of its being, and here its success has been even greater than in the other departments. It offers to the poor all the joys of life that are purchased for the rich by their wealth, and this for a yearly subscription ranging from one to ten shillings according as one avails one's self of the advantages proffered. About 5000 people subscribe each year, and more than double that number avail themselves of its amusements at the price of a penny, or perhaps so large a sum as threepence when the entertainment is peculiarly choice.

Not only is the library open every Sunday, but also two organ recitals are given in the great hall, one from twelve till one, and the second from four to five. Strangely enough, many of the ecclesiastics and the lay "unco guid" set their faces against these recitals as a desecration of the Sabbath, though the music is all sacred—Handel's Messiah being a favorite selection—and does not begin till after church time. It is the curious custom in England to open the drinking shops for an hour on Sunday immediately the church services are done, and the men are apt to employ that hour in so enthusiastic and rapid an absorption of liquor that they return to the bosoms of their families and early dinner in a state of most satisfactory and effectual inebriation. How many the organ helps to keep out of harm's way is shown by the audiences of 4000 or more every Sunday.

Music is a very popular pleasure in the palace. There are several choral societies, including an excellent boy choir, and a large band of string and wind instruments composed entirely of members, who practise faithfully and furnish music for all the festivities. They play for the balls which take place about once a month in the Queen's Hall (calico being the favorite stuff for the ball gowns, as obviating rivalry and extravagance), often as many as 2000 people dancing to their music. When the palace was built not a dozen young people in the whole length of Mile End Row knew more of dancing than their own infantile caperings about a hand organ; and now the work girls and young artisans foot it as featly together as do the life-guardsmen and Lady Vere de Vere in the West End ballrooms.



At the weekly concerts considerable talent is displayed both in music and recitation. People of note go often to amuse the dwellers in the palace, but the theory is that as far as possible the people should be taught to amuse themselves and develop their own capacity for amusing others.

A refreshment room near the Queen's Hall furnishes tea, coffee, chocolate, cakes, buns and sandwiches at very nearly cost price, and the people come here in parties when their work is over, to chat, play draughts or dominoes, and have their tea or coffee as in a French café. Other rooms are set apart for young girls to do their own sewing and dressmaking in quiet and comfort, and in a row of lecture rooms with magic lanterns and blackboards eminent men give time and talent to the task of aiding the people to understanding by word and picture.

The clubs for the pursuit of study or amusement increase in number every day. And the doings of them all are recorded in the Palace Journal, which also gives prizes for the best description of the outings of the clubs, or the festivities of great occasions in the palace itself. Two or three times a year Mr. Besant invites the Rambler's club to be his guests; carries them straight away toward the country, and amuses them as they go with an endless flow of charming anecdote and history touching the course they are traversing.

Arrived at some inn in the country he refreshes them with a substantial afternoon tea, and sees them all safely back by rail.

Even the tendency of the age toward exhibitions has not been forgotten. An exhibition of apprentices' work attracted great crowds; a birdcage show, chrysanthemum, dog and cat show, each awakened the greatest interest in East London and has had a visible effect in encouraging flower raising and the cultivation of pets. There has been a show of the costermongers' donkeys, rabbits, and several picture shows.

This is the beautiful, the noble result growing out of the novelist's idea—an idea that was born from his realization of the fact that the great difference between the rich and the poor is not in the necessities of life but in the luxuries, not in the food and clothes but in the pleasures of mind and body; and it is these luxuries and pleasures which wake the discontent and bitter envy of those deprived of them and form the sharpest contrast to the dull blankness and ugliness of their lives. Here is a bridge with which to cross the gulf. It does not degrade the people, because they pay for what they get; and yet a noble liberality puts these pleasures within the reach of meagre purses, opens to these starved minds and hearts the heaven of knowledge, of art, of beauty, and of pure delight.



## THE LITERARY DEVELOPMENT OF CALIFORNIA.

BY GERTRUDE FRANKLIN ATHERTON.



CREST OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB.

WHEN the broad sweep of plains and hills now known as San Francisco was a sandy waste dotted by three clusters of adobe buildings—the Mission Dolores, the Presidio, Yerba Buena; when caballeros in gold-laced trousers and rich serapes rode through red-tiled towns not dreaming that the world held aught but pleasure, or other women than those who flitted by them, holding soft mantillas or bright rebosas about their beautiful heads; when the American only came to California to bring jewels and flowered silks and homelier articles of merchandise, a little book, two and a half inches square, was one day printed in Monterey, the capital of the department, and marked a red cross on the early pages of its history. It was a catechism bearing the date 1823, and was the first book published in California. The name of the publisher was Zamorano, and the type used had been imported from Mexico by Don Ignacio Coronel of Los Angeles. It was followed by a school book from the same press in 1835, and in 1837 General Vallejo published in Sonoma (from a hand press) a vigorous pamphlet advocating the removal of the capital to the bay of San Francisco. After this literary ambition appears to have languished in California until the American invasion of 1846; but from the beginning of the '50's until the present date, a period of less than forty years, no fewer than 2000 volumes have been published in this young state, or by Californians elsewhere, not including many hundred law books and about 1000 important pamphlets. As early as 1858 a handsome edition of Béranger's *Chansons* was brought out in San Francisco by Payot, for the benefit of the French colony, and the publisher was fully repaid for his venture in spite of the high price of materials. And today each foreign colony in the state, French, Spanish, Portuguese and German, has its press and its literature.

The most important literary work, however, has naturally been done by Americans, the representative people of California. San Francisco had crept but a mile or two beyond Yerba Buena when its first magazine was started (1854). The *Pioneer* developed a surprising amount of talent considering the madness which possessed the population at that time, and in most respects was the smartest magazine which the state has yet produced. John Phoenix (George Derby, a graduate of West Point, and member of the United States Military Engineer Corps) contributed to it a series of papers so brilliant and humorous that they are immortal in the hearts of the Californians, although too little known beyond the border. His *Phoenixiana* and *Squibob Papers*, however, have been reprinted in limited editions. A young poet, Edward Pol-

lock, sang high above the cry for gold, and his Falcon, Olivia, The Chandos Picture, and Ode to the Golden Gate were the first poems inspired by the new country.



MARK TWAIN.

The Pioneer was followed by Hutching's Illustrated California Magazine; the Hesperian, a curious little pamphlet which would be unimportant were it not for the sincere literary attempt in its pages; the California Mountaineer; Bret Harte's Overland; The Californian and the present Overland. Bret Harte put the railroad beneath the bear's feet on the cover of the magazine by two strokes of his pencil; the original design included only the bear.

It is lamentably true that with the exception of the first Overland each magazine has been worse than the last. The best work is sent out of the state or printed in the papers. During its first years the Argonaut developed a greater amount of local talent than any periodical had done before it, but it now ambles in a dignified rut of editorials and foreign letters. Occasionally it captures such clever sketches as Edward Townsend's Bohemian papers, or such a story as Ada Inchbold's Double Retribution. Henry McDowell's paper, The Ingleside, had a brief career, but published a number of good stories.

It is a remarkable fact that of California's most famous group of writers, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller and Henry George—I mention them in the

order in which they appeared—not one was born in the country, yet each derived his inspiration from it. Mark Twain never knew how great a humorist he was until such men as Hall McAllister and General Barnes listened to his stories with eager applause and clamored for more; Bret Harte drifted to the Sierras and they immortalized each other; Joaquin Miller's genius slept until the black forests and glittering snow peaks of Northern California smote it into life; Henry George needed the rich suggestions of the new country to teach him the heights and the depths of the great problem he has solved.

But, although less renowned than our immortal four, there are men in California today of equal genius, and many more of marked talent. But they have happened in the era of universal cleverness and artistic activity, and must wait for the siftings of time or an enterprising publisher. The others were born when the muse was young; her fecundity appears to increase with age, and her few stalwart sons are



HENRY GEORGE.

temporarily lost in the pygmy litter that is swarming over the face of the earth.

Ambrose Bierce sits alone on the top of a mountain and does work which twenty

years ago would have given him instant fame. He has the best brutal imagination of any man in the English-speaking race; his sonnets are exquisitely dainty and tender; his fables are the wittiest that

paper skits and published them in two little volumes, *Nuggets and Dust* and *Friend's Delight*. It may be added, by way of explanation, that Mr. Bierce, in spite of his genius, or perhaps from the

peculiar quality of it, is absolutely without ambition.

A more dramatic opening to a story has seldom been written than this: "Looking at my friend as he lay upon my bed with the jewelled knife-handle protruding from his breast, I believed that he was dying. Would the physician never come?" In this story — *A Peculiar Case in Surgery* — W. C. Morrow writes a strong and curious study of a man who lived for years with the blade of a stiletto embedded



JOAQUIN MILLER.

have been written in America. Poe never wrote anything more weirdly awful than *Chicamauga*, *The Coup de Grace*, *My Favorite Murder*, and *The Watcher by the Dead*. The reserve and the cynical brutality of these stories produce an impression never attained by the most riotous imagination. In point of art I have no hesitation in saying that Bierce overlooks Poe. In the latter's work one can pick out each stone from each structure as one reads, analyzing its shape and ingredients. But Bierce's art of construction is so subtle and his power so dominant that the minds of his readers are his until they lay down the work. It is claimed by his friends that no such English has been written since Swift, and I certainly recall no one who writes with more classic severity. And yet his work, so far, has appeared only in the local press (principally in the *Examiner*), although *Current Literature* and *Short Stories* are republishing much of it; and several years ago two London firms — Chatto & Windus and John Camden Hotten — collected a number of his news-

near his heart. Mr. Morrow's power is further shown in his *An Unusual Conclusion*, a penetrating psychological study of a dishonored husband of which Maupassant would not be ashamed, and in *A Dangerous Idea*, which treats the subject of infusion upon an original basis. I have spoken only of Mr. Morrow's studies, but he is equally a dramatic and interesting story teller, with a clear, forcible style; a man of fine and peculiar gifts, who is destined to make a mark in literature.

Robert Duncan Milne has an extravagant imagination, but under it is a reasoning and scientific mind. He takes such a premise as a comet falling into the sun and works out a terribly realistic series of results; or he will invent a drama for Saturn which might well have grown out of that planet's conditions. His style is so good and so convincing that one is apt to lay down such a story as the former with an anticipation of nightmares, if comets are hanging about. His sense of humor and literary taste always stop him the right side of the grotesque.

A most original and brilliant genius, William Henry Rhodes—"Caxton"—died in 1876. An able lawyer engaged in the active practice of a laborious profession,



W. C. MORROW.

he yet found time to write many essays, poems, tales—notably, *The Boy with the Microscopic Eye*—and sketches, many of which were extensively copied and are embalmed in a volume issued in San Francisco after his death. He was fond of weaving the problems of science with fiction, and many of his stories, illumined by powerful fancy, scientific knowledge and a reasoning power that gave to his most weird imaginations the similitude of truth and the apparel of facts, are not unworthy of Fitz James O'Brien or Jules Verne.

Mrs. Flora Haines Longhead has attracted some attention outside of California. Many of her Argonaut stories have been copied by the New York Tribune, and one of the cleverest, *The Fortunes of War*, is republished in the eleventh volume of the Library of American Literature. Several years ago her novel, *The Man Who was Guilty*, while running as a serial through the San Franciscan, attracted the attention of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and an offer of publication in book form. It was subsequently issued by the Riverside Press. She has been known for a number of years as an all-round newspaper woman of the first rank, and has managed to publish at the same time about

150 stories. A recent serial for boys, *The Abandoned Claim*, won the McClure prize of \$800, and was published by a syndicate.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson and Miss Grace Ellery Channing are just beginning to win recognition in the East. These two girls are intimate friends and work alone or together, amidst the everlasting roses of southern California. Neither was born in the state, but both have done their first work in it. They have recently had a play accepted by Frohman, and others ordered. Of Mrs. Stetson's *Similar Cases*, which appeared in a recent number of *The Nationalist*, Howells said: "We have had nothing since *The Biglow Papers* half so good in a good cause." It is a brilliant satire on the racial opposition to new ideas. The scene is laid in the "geologic ages," and the humor is so sharp and the satire so keen that any member of that sex which claims humor as its special prerogative would be glad to have written it. Her *Women of Today*, published in the *Woman's Journal*, also won from Howells the comment that it was "dreadfully true." Mrs. Stetson is a daughter of C. T. Perkins, librarian of the Bohemian club, great-granddaughter of



MRS. CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

Dr. Lyman Beecher and niece of Edward Everett Hale. She is married to a rising artist, and lives in a tiny rose-covered cottage in Pasadena, devoting most of her time to the literary work which is in increasing demand.



Miss Channing, delicate, shrinking, spirituelle, is like some fine plant of the north flowering unexpectedly amidst the riotous hues of the south, yet in conso-



MRS. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

nance with it. Her story, *The Basket of Anita*, which appeared in a recent Scribner's, was a piece of genuine artistic work and full of the true literary feeling. Her *Pity, O God!* printed in the same magazine, was a strong and spiritual poem. She is the great-granddaughter of William Ellery Channing.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, although born and educated in New England, has done most of her literary work in California, and her establishment of the Kindergarten system in this state identifies her with the scene of her labors. Her children's books, *The Story of Patsy* and *The Bird's Christmas Carol*, have been read all over the United States and England. She has recently issued an artistic novel, *Timothy's Quest*, and a book of children's stories—*The Story Hour*; the latter in collaboration with her sister, Miss Nora Smith.

Although Archibald Clavering Gunter makes no claim to literary elegance, few accomplished writers have written such a rattling good story as Mr. Barnes of New York, or achieved a more remarkable success. His books have been on every stand on three continents where our language is read, and by a large proportion of the reading public abroad he is re-

garded as the representative American author. Mr. Gunter began his career as a playwright and his books are constructed on dramatic lines; consequently they appeal to that love of incident and sensation which dwells in minds of even more than average intelligence, jaded with the seesaw of life. The book, as is well known, was refused by every firm in New York, and a good story is told of a publisher who was picking his way across Fifth avenue in the mud not long ago, and had a scramble to avoid a pair of prancing horses. Looking back he beheld, to the disgust which does assail the far-sighted publisher now and then, Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter, lolling serenely in one corner of the handsome carriage. It is rumored that the great success of Mr. Barnes was due to an accident, as success is apt to be. Gunter prevailed upon the American News Company to handle a small number of copies. These sold well, mainly on account of the title, and the company good-naturedly told him to send down the rest, supposing that a timid young publisher of his own firstling would have printed about 1000 copies. Gunter filed their letter and sent 10,000 copies the



ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER.

same afternoon. They were angry at first, then laughed, and finally "placed" Mr. Barnes in such advantageous position that he would sell as quickly as possible. The consequence was that when the people saw a yellow-covered book with a singular

title flooding the land they leaped to the conclusion that the demand for it must be extraordinary, and straightway made it so.

About four years ago Miss Julia Shafter published a story called *The Lady from Maine* in the *Atlantic Monthly*, which gave promise of much good work.

Mrs. Arthur Jules Goodman's name is constantly appearing in the eastern magazines and weekly papers, usually over a clever accompaniment to her husband's drawings, although she has also published a number of independent sketches and verses.

Edward L. Townsend, one of the cleverest of the younger journalists, has contributed a number of stories to the local press which have been widely copied in the East and attracted much attention—notably *The Gates Family Mystery* and *Old Benjamin*. Some years ago his wife, then Miss Annie Lake, wrote a novel called *On the Verge*, which created a local sensation. After the death of her father, Judge Lake, she supported herself by stories, poems and articles contributed to the San Francisco magazines and papers at the rate of \$250 a month. Since her marriage, however, she has buried herself in

in America. Clay Green supports himself by his plays, and many of them are full of spontaneous color, imagination and real talent.



PETER ROBERTSON.

Charles Shinn has done much acceptable magazine work, and his *Mining Camps*, a *Story of American Pioneer Government*, was remarkably clever. One of his short stories, *The Building of Arachne*—which is a hint to the Vanderbilts to construct a town on Bellamy principles—occupies a place in the eleventh volume of the *Library of American Literature*. His sister, Millicent Washburne Shinn, is represented in the same volume by several graceful poems. She is at her best, however, as an essayist, and has written many thoughtful papers for her magazine, *The Overland Monthly*.

Alice Ballard Macdonald has published one notable story, *15,000 Gurrero Street*, but is principally known in New York by her able adaptations from the French, contributed to *Current Literature* and *Short Stories*. As an adapter she stands with the first, for she can take the central idea of an extremely risqué story and so filter, embroider and transpose that, without injury to the creator's individuality, she makes a piece of work irreproachable for magazine use.

George Hamlon Fitch is known to the eastern public through his correspondence with the *New York Tribune* and



GEORGE HAMLON FITCH.

the lore of the past, and is probably the best-read woman in California.

David Belasco has practically kept the Lyceum theatre going for the last five years. *The Wife*, *The Charity Ball* and *May Blossom* have had runs unrivalled

Harper's Weekly, and by a variety of clever and interesting magazine articles: In a Chinese Theatre, and How California Came Into the Union, published in the



JOHN MUIR.

Century; The Pygmy Kingdom of a Debauchee, and A Night in Chinatown, which appeared in the old Cosmopolitan. The last is the best description of that famous quarter which has ever been written. Mr. Fitch was educated at Cornell, and upon one occasion took the first prize with his essay, Henry v., from a dozen competitors from leading colleges. He is the literary editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, and his scholarly reviews have won him a high position in California journalism. In fact, he is the only literary critic we have worthy the name.

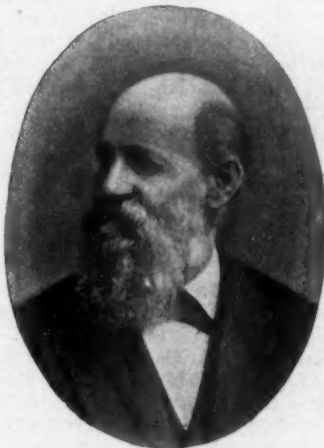
Peter Robertson, dramatic editor of the same paper, occupies a similar position. For many years he has been the leading critic in matters theatrical, for even the late Mrs. Austen (Betsy B.), brilliant writer as she was, could hardly be called a critic. Mr. Robertson's editorials are characterized by a conscientious desire to lead aright the large majority of theatre goers who wait for him to make up their minds for them, and by a very evident intention of making an art of criticism. Although a man of positive opinions, he is very exact in his judgment, and uninfluenced by personal feeling. His Undertones (published in the Sunday Chronicle

for four years) were as distinctly literary in tone as they were full of spice and variety. A collection of the best is about to appear in book form. Mr. Robertson was also the author of the dialogue of La Belle Russe as it was played at Wallack's.

J. Barr Robertson, one of the leading authorities on currency in Great Britain, wrote many of his ablest papers on the silver question in California, and lived for ten or fifteen years in the state. He is also the author of a number of political pamphlets and papers on the Chinese question, all of which have shown him a master of his subjects and given him respect and position. In regard to currency questions he has frequently been consulted by the Bank of England.

Ross Brown, at one time United States minister to China, wrote a good many years ago Yusef, a Crusade in the East, and German Experiences, both full of humor and interest. He followed these with books of travel on Iceland, Crusoe's island and the Apache country. He was connected for a long time with Harper's Magazine and he reported the proceedings of the first constitutional convention of California.

John Muir. Professor Le Conte and Pro-



THEODORE H. HITTELL.

fessor Holden are the scientific writers of the coast. The latter is the leading astronomer, and Le Conte's geological works take high rank.

John Muir, after whom the famous Alaskan glacier is named, is unquestionably

the deepest living researcher and widest discoverer of the formation, existence and influence of glaciers. He spent ten years studying the Sierras and Yosemite valley,

of the Sierras. And yet each word is so simple that it is in use by every child. His poem, *The Comet*, beginning

"Was it a star,  
Or was it a pearl,  
Loosed with a jar  
From its setting  
In the coronet moon,  
And begetting,  
As it fell with a whirl,  
Whirling far,  
A splendor that faded too soon?"



CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

and several more of observation in Alaska. The contributions to his favorite science are remarkable for their precision of detail and poetic beauty of language. Mr. Gilder says of him that he is a great man too little known, and Emerson declared him greater than Thoreau. His papers have appeared from time to time in the leading eastern magazines; he is also the editor of *Picturesque California*, and the writer of most of its text.

A gifted, indolent and—by those who know him—idolized man is Charles Warren Stoddard. The few dreamy, uplifting poems he has written and an exquisite book of travel, *South Sea Idyls*, will be treasured in California as long as it continues to produce intelligent men. Every sentence of his best work is a model of style, and one little brochure on the leper colony of Hawaii only a man of genius could have written. A coarser mind would have made such a subject either flat or revolting; he, by a marvellous adjustment of words evolved from a wholly spiritual nature, wrote a prose poem as musical and beautiful as anything ever inspired by Mount Shasta or the pine-crowned heights

recalls in a vague way Browning's "My star that dartles the red and the blue."

The three most notable books which have been written on the old days before the gold discovery are Richard Henry Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*, Alfred Robinson's *Early Life in California*, and William Heath Davis's *Sixty Years in California*. All three men came here in the '30's—the last two to remain. Mr. Davis married an Estrodillo, Mr. Robinson a *De la Guerra*. The latter's wedding, celebrated with all the pomp and lavishness of the California grandee (Spanish), is described in Dana's book.

Theodore H. Hittell and Hubert Howe Bancroft are the historians of the state. In point of literary style, richness of language, conception and portrayal of char-



HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT.

acter and absorbing interest Hittell far outranks Bancroft. His book reads like a fascinating romance, true and just and accurate as it is. On the other hand, Ban-

croft's work has a value in its minute and careful detail, and will in a great measure be the foundation of future histories of the coast. He has spent nearly a million dollars in its construction, but has made as much by its sales. It represents the work of thirty years, the employment of hundreds of men, and a library of 50,000 volumes has been collected in its behalf. Mr. Hittell's history will be complete in three volumes, and the last will contain a chapter of unique interest—the history of the life of which Bret Harte has given the poetry. He has also written a jolly book of bear stories, *The Adventures of James Capen Adams*, which might be called the historical romance of the California bear. His brother, John S. Hittell, is the author of two valuable books, *The Resources of California* and *The History of San Francisco*.

Mrs. Emily Tracy Y. Parkhurst is a distinct milestone in the literary development of California. Although young and talented, she has put aside her personal career for the sake of encouraging the struggling talent of her state. She has already organized a Literary Bureau and helped many of the younger writers to dispose of their wares, although too ambitious for California to send any but first-class work out of it. The ultimate object of the bureau was the organization



MRS. EMILY TRACY Y. PARKHURST.

of the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association, just accomplished by Mrs. Parkhurst. Newspaper women have responded from every section of the Pacific states, thankful for the immense advantage that concerted strength will give them.

The Bohemian club is the soul and centre of art and literature on the coast; from it have graduated most of the Californians who have distinguished themselves in art and letters. Unfortunately for the general public many of the cleverest and most original things that have ever been written in the state are locked up in the archives of this club—papers read before its high jinks. Its art collection (most of the paintings are by members of the club) is the most unique on the coast; according to Froude and other visitors the most unique in America. An artistic variety pervades the beautiful rooms of this club and the entertainments of its members; and it is unquestionably the most individual product of the most individual state in the Union.

Mrs. Parkhurst states that she is in correspondence with 800 California writers, journalists, authors, poets, etc., and has no doubt that she will have 1000 names on her list before long. Many of them are connected with leading eastern and English journals. One-third are women.

Considering that American California is but forty-two years old, the literary activity it has displayed is very remarkable.



ROSS BROWN.





BRET HARTE.

It makes nothing, as the French say, that much of the fiction and verse that has been printed is trash; it is the literary instinct that is significant and so unprecedented in a young and isolated country. Moreover, we have the most original and gifted of living American poets, the first humorist, the first short-storyist, the first political economist. But from the early days of California's change of government literature and art walked side by side with gold. The men who did not write nor paint made collections of books and pictures which compare with any on the other side of the Rockies.

Froude in his *Oceania* has this to say: "If Horace were brought to life again in the new world he would look for a farm in California and be a leading Bohemian;" adding, "It is likely that some original school of American art may yet start up in California."

And although the South may scowl and the North may hoot, I venture to predict that fifty years from now California will be the literary centre of America.

## INSOMNIA.

BY MUNROE SMITH.

QUIET, with weary limbs relaxed, I lie,  
 And weary eyelids closed, awaiting sleep,  
 That holds aloof; for thronging fancies keep  
 Unwearied watch, and restless phantoms fly  
 About the empty mind. Within the eye,  
 Instinct with memory, dead summers steep  
 Forgotten scenes with light; dead faces leap  
 To light again. . . . But now, with querulous cry,  
 A sparrow breaks the silence; clattering feet  
 Of early toilers echo down the street;  
 The frosty light grows warmer on the wall,  
 And dims the luminous visions of the night.  
 Over the drowsy watcher's swimming sight  
 Relenting slumber draws a dreamless pall.



PREPARING TO SET FORTH UPON THE RIDE.

### OUR RIDING PARTY.

A POSTHUMOUS SKETCH BY F. O. C. DARLEY, ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.



HICKS.

"They little thought how they might rue it  
When spurring put their cattle to it."

—HUDIBRAS.

A STRONG love of the original and peculiar induced me to preserve from time and oblivion, in the following little series of sketches, a most rare and singular exhibition of horsemanship which occurred some time since on the banks of the glorious Hudson. It is with a soothing and tender melancholy that I reflect upon that eventful and delightful day—a day, or rather morning, for it was before breakfast, filled to the very brim with wild and strange adventure which would have put to shame the tame and commonplace doings of Quixote and Crusoe, to say nothing of Munchausen and other petty adventurers. It was intensely interesting to one fond of observing the peculiar development of character which circumstances will sometimes bring forth. The party

NOTE.—This humorous sketch, and the drawings accompanying it, are from an original manuscript by the late F. O. C. Darley, first published now.

which displayed these great equestrian powers was composed of four artists, three of whom I may truly say were "born of greatness," nursed in the very lap of the old masters, raised on the pap of immortality. They were a merry crew, good men and true, literally a set of bouncing boys. We trust the reader will observe

wind and stretch, with a vertebra equal to a ridge of the Alleghanies, accompanied by a devilish determination not to be passed by anything on the road. His friends being aware of these offensive facts (alas! how little there is of the amiable and tender in this world) put him through his paces to the utter annihilation of all good

form and comfort in his rider. In the city, while walking through the streets and before gaining the turf, he was mild and highly deceptive, jogging along with half-closed eye and heavy leg—you might have placed the greatest confidence in him—but once upon the road, O Lord! what plunging and lashing out fore and aft, what a lurking fiend in those half-dropped ears and staring eyes, what dreadful rising on those high, sharp withers, what groans of suffering and broken English from that good damp piece of agony on his back. It was indeed a painful sight to all feeling men, but these, his friends, had none of it.

He and his companions eventually reached High Bridge, they to descend and look upon



LANG.

with what infinite care we have painfully followed the outline of each figure, intent alike on character and expression, with a due regard to proportion and elegance of form. The first of these gentlemen, we believe a German by birth, being troubled with that vaulting ambition which induces short men to get into high places, had procured for his purposes a horse of some twenty hands, vigorous, sturdy, high in action and of an ambition even greater than his own; in fact, a beast of enormous

its wonders, he to lay him down and groan beneath a spreading oak. After spending some time below they ascended, little heeding in their unfeeling mirth their prostrate friend. Mounting, they ambled off at a gentle pace; when, missing the man of wounds, they turned to look for him and observed four small boys, who had followed them in hopes of a stray sixpence, forming a painful pyramid for the benefit of their damaged friend, who, upon the top, was stretching to reach

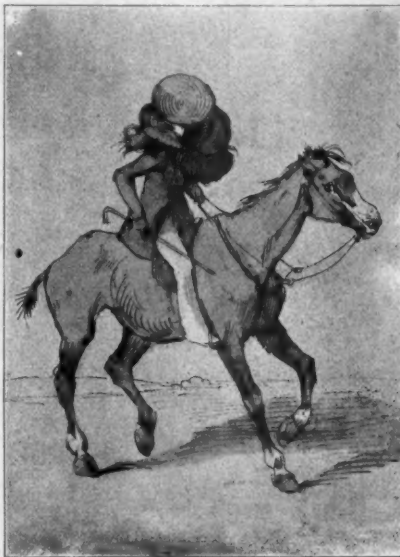


A MOST RARE AND SINGULAR EXHIBITION OF HORSEMANSHIP.

his former high position and at last succeeded, but to approach them no more that day. It was afterward rumored that he was seen carefully picking his way on foot, walking alike himself and horse, on his way home, and it was observed that "his form had not lost all its original brightness," having only a peculiar spread of limb highly suggestive of the Colossus of Rhodes.

The second of the series, who next came under our notice, was of another style, cast in a lighter mould, fashioned by a different hand; eminently gifted by nature with a pure and sound philosophy, indifferent to the opinion of the world when he should be, kind and forgiving toward the defects of his friends, and fitted to adorn society at once by a carriage easy and a person both graceful and pleasing; in fact, a thorough man of the world. This, by an observer, might have been discovered in the careless ease with which he sat his horse, the gentle swaying of his body to its motion, the peculiar manner of holding the cane, together with the very singular and original style of carrying his head, an action slightly suggestive of an excited chicken looking out for hawks. We have but little more to say of this amiable gentleman. Some are so blessed with a sweet evenness and balance

of character, so just a proportion of qualities good and bad, a superabundance of neither, no salient points to take hold of, that we are at a loss, as in this case, to pick a flaw or find a peculiarity. He was all-accom-



ROSSITER.

plished, too, as has been before remarked of Rubens, "riding, when engaged in it, seemed his profession and painting his amusement;" indeed, he rode with a marvellous skill, passing through difficulties entirely unlooked for with a confidence and security, returning in the evening unlike his less fortunate companions, refreshed and cheerful.

There was observable between the person of his friend—who takes the third position in this little gallery of portraits—and the animal he bestrode a lack of that nice union and balance which is generally considered essential to comfortable equestrian exhibition. This defect possibly arose from the intended deception of a mercenary stable keeper or perhaps from the indifference of the rider to mere external beauty, probably knowing that horses of

bility of four legs, scrambling and bolting over every obstacle without let or hindrance, rushing up one hill and down another with an intensity of purpose truly remarkable, causing, in the "heat and fury of his distemper," his rider to lose his stirrups, those valuable assistants to inexperienced horsemen. This unfortunate accident occurred frequently during the day (giving the unhappy victim of misfortune great uneasiness at the approach of all women and boys, he being but too well aware of the thoughtless levity of these people).

The last and fourth of these adventurers was of a peculiar and rigid cast, rather tall, apparently possessing much of that upward tendency of carriage which augurs the possession of a large development of self esteem; he also was mounted on a



THERE TO CLING TILL CAREFUL ACTION SLID HIM TO HIS FORMER PLACE.

this peculiar build are frequently possessed of great wind and bottom, and of prodigious endurance. Of our own positive knowledge of these things we can say nothing. However, be that as it may, we do know that such a horse appeared that day on the road and fully realized the best and fondest hopes (if entertained) of his master, being possessed of unbounded spirit, and but too willing to do everything within the capa-

horse of goodly proportions—square in the shoulders, narrow in the flank, broad in the chest and of considerable length of limb, evidently taken from the model of James's last horseman—quiet of action and swift withal, but, reader mine, of a very easy and tender movement, having been culled with infinite care from a ladies' riding school. Yet had he his defects, stopping—unlike his friends—in unex-





STRIVING TO REACH HIS FORMER HIGH POSITION.

pected places and at unforeseen times, thus putting to the blush and frightfully exposing all hitherto carefully concealed defects of horsemanship, causing the body—well-nigh to killing—to rise with sudden jerk, accompanied by a strong inclination forward; which great difficulty was much increased by the before-mentioned rigidity and singular stiffness, caused, according to current report, by the fact of early maternal nourishment having been rashly superseded by strong and improper solutions of starch. I am rather under the impression, knowing him as I do, that this inclination to expand arose from a fear of appearing small or short in any way—the same sensitiveness causing him to obtain a tall and large-bodied animal, feeling the absurdity of legs much below the stomach thereof. This desire to make the most of oneself and improve on nature's original

plan is certainly to be commended and worthy of all praise. His friends, but too knowing, suspecting some lack of skill.



DARLEY.

proposed a race ; he, nothing loath and unfortunately ignorant of the charger's eccentricity of character, agreed. They started at a hearty pace, the extremities of each coat stiffened to a right angle with the body. In this way they sped like many who in life, meeting with no impediments, sail smoothly down its stream, but if by some melancholy accident or circumstance unforeseen an obstruction, however slight, is thrown in the way, are at once completely unhorsed.

Thus it was with our friend—blind to all external objects and conscious only of the motion and a wish to pass all things

moving, "in hot haste he fled," when, from cause as yet unknown, perhaps some snapping cur or drapery unmentionable on swinging line, he (the charger) stopped. The rider, losing all command of stirrups and position, shot with tongs-like extremities toward the head, there to cling till careful action slid him to his former place. I afterward remarked with what excessive caution he checked the fire of his beast at the approach of all active nags, subduing his pace to a safe and gentle walk, giving no promise by word or action of a "letting out" to passing ambitious equestrians.



HIGHLY SUGGESTIVE OF THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES.

#### MORAL.

The strong moral lesson in the foregoing incidents will, we presume, be evident to all ladies and gentlemen of an advanced and uncertain age, much given to serious reflection and capable of advising the young. Motherly females and fathers of numerous offspring might also derive some small benefit from it, deducing a

lesson therefrom for the guidance of rash and unthinking youth, pointing out to them the absurdity of attempting things of which they have no knowledge and experience whatsoever, making evident to their immature and unstable minds, by wise saws and other pieces of advice concocted by the sage and knowing of former ages, the great impropriety and folly of leaping before you look.



## THE LANGUAGE OF FORM.

BY COLONEL CHARLES W. LARNED, PROFESSOR U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY,



GRAPHICS is a term which of late years has been used to designate that art of delineation and pictorial illustration whose application lies outside the special range of fine art. It is very

literally the language of form, and the etymology of the word gives propriety to its use in this sense. Modern technical industry is based in great part upon graphics, and were the power to delineate suddenly lost to man it is not too much to say that most of the technical industries would cease at once or perish of a lingering atrophy. In their widest scope these arts of illustration and design embrace pretty much everything fashioned by the hand of civilized man, besides a great deal that is fashioned only by his brain, and to whose expression tongue and pen are inadequate, so that a list of the professions, industries and crafts more or less dependent upon this universal interpreter, drawing, would omit very few of the practical employments, and include a great many of the theoretical and abstract occupations that keep the world busy. Without considering the fine arts and architecture we find all branches of physics, from astronomy through mechanics and chemistry to geology, forced to employ delineation for an explanation of laws and phenomena, while pure mathematics not only expounds and analyzes the laws of form but expresses certain quantitative relations by the diagram. In the scientific crafts the civil and mechanical engineer without graphics would be hard put to it, as well as surveyors, mining engineers, shipbuilders and inventors. Physiology, surgery and medicine, natural history and its many cognate ologies, geography and chirog-

raphy, ethnology, archaeology and statistics would be well-nigh lost without graphical illustration, while the whole range of constructive industries—engine and machine manufactures, ceramics and textile weaving, building and building material, including all of the adjuncts of a house, from stoves and furniture to kitchen utensils; all decorative work such as paper-hangings, gas fixtures, lamps, and the like; car and carriage building; military ordnance, fortifications, buildings, appliances, topography and logistics, and a host of other occupations, with their workers and talkers, all depend in a greater or less degree upon the art of expressing form upon a plane surface.

If we examine the literature of the day we find the use of illustration prodigious,



A PENCIL DRAWING FROM THE PLAT.

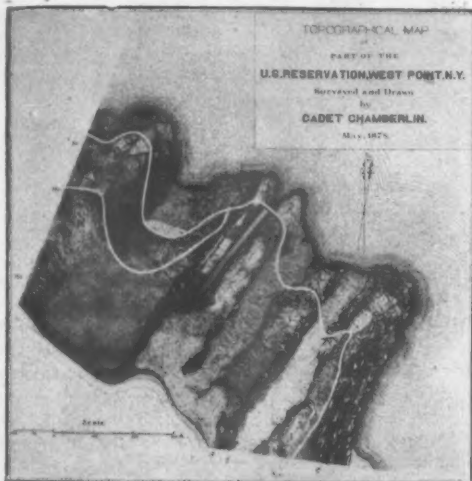
and becoming more universal each year. Among periodicals it has invaded the daily paper, and those magazines whose circulation exceeds by thousands of copies all others are the ones whose illustrations are most excellent and profuse. A very marked characteristic of this age is the universal demand for decoration. Every conceivable thing susceptible of receiving ornament in shape or on surface is decorated with a design good or bad—generally bad—and the weary eye of the city dweller longs for the repose of a few feet of blank wall, but seeks it in vain, for where all else fails the circus poster and patent medicines display their modest charms. In everything constructed by the hand of man, from a thirteen-story building to a coal scuttle, or from a washtub to an ocean steamer, is found design presupposing designing, and nearly always decoration involving a question of taste. The order of creation in the human world is first, conception, next, delineation, and last, construction.

Under the pressure of this enormous demand for illustration have developed those many processes of reproduction made possible by photography, by which the rapidity of constructive work is so very greatly facilitated, and the transient scenes of daily life in all quarters of the globe are laid before our eyes almost as soon as they occur. The limit of all process work, however, is existence.

The non-existent can only find expression through the intelligence of man, and his hand must ever remain the instrument by which are called into being the creations of his mind. In times past, before the machine man was born, every handicraftsman was his own designer, and wrought out his fancies at the loom or forge by the power of his own imagination, so that to be a master workman in a trade was to be also an artist in that trade. In those days of individual effort the creative impulse came from the workman, and often needed no translation between his brain and hand, as we still find to be the case in the Orient and among all primitive people—the design either

growing with the work or being but rudely sketched. All that we have changed, however. The workman is but a link in a coöperative arrangement of which the designer and the machine are the dominant and all-important parts. The workman for the most part no longer designs nor creates, but has degenerated into a feeder, or even an integral part of the machine, losing thereby both in intellect and skill. This loss of individualism is a very potent factor of ill both to the workman and to society, which latter, by its crude demand for quantity rather than quality, vulgarizes itself and lowers the personal pride and dignity of its most important class. It is in this line that South Kensington has done so much for England in very greatly raising the tone of public taste, and at the same time affording so many of the laboring class an opportunity for self-development and improvement. But the highest standard in both directions has resulted from the enthusiasm and devotion of William Morris, who has given his life equally to the cause of labor and of art.

However this may be, and aside from the ethics of the question, there remain the facts that the demand for industrial art is colossal and that the designers must meet it, good or bad. It is in the interest of all that it should be good, and to that end it is a matter of common interest that the taste of the consumer and the ability of the producer should be





GEOMETRICAL AND TOPOGRAPHICAL ROOM.

raised, and that as many workmen as possible should be liberated from servitude to the man of iron with the vitals of fire and be given a human interest in their handiwork, and thereby in the society of which they form a part. The demand will never grow less, in all probability, but it may be made to grow better, and although the world of today is impatient, eager for realization, anxious for immediate vision of all that interests it, it is also intelligent and able to discriminate if given a choice. But the terrific pace of the age goes on increasing. Projects do not await a natural growth to fruition, but must be forced into immediate entity and presented Pallas-like from the conceiving brain. Public buildings no longer attend their decades and centuries of construction, nor do cathedrals develop with the religious sentiment of an era and outlive in their genesis a dozen architects and reigns. By no means; the formula is somewhat after this fashion: Wanted, a cathedral taller and bigger than ever was; let us see the finished drawings next month and the completed structure next year. Required, a marine greyhound, an eighth of a mile

long, with the strength of 30,000 horses in her engines; containing every luxury for human comfort; every modern improvement; unsinkable and unburnable; to cross the ocean in twenty-four hours. Plans and drawings of exterior and interior must be presented next week, and first trip made six months from signing of contract. Conceive the activity of brain and hand needed to give formal expression to the myriad parts that go to make up the nearest approach to such a creation as this. And yet, before a hammer strikes a blow every detail, to the oil cups on the journals and the last bolt on the keelson, must live on paper, and be patent to the eye and understanding.

The language in which all this creative activity is expressed, in which the very law of its existence is written, is the language of form, and it needs but a moment's reflection to see that it is a language of very great scope and power, a language upon the correct understanding of which depends a great deal that makes the nineteenth century what it is in intelligence and material growth, and yet, until comparatively very recent years, it had but a

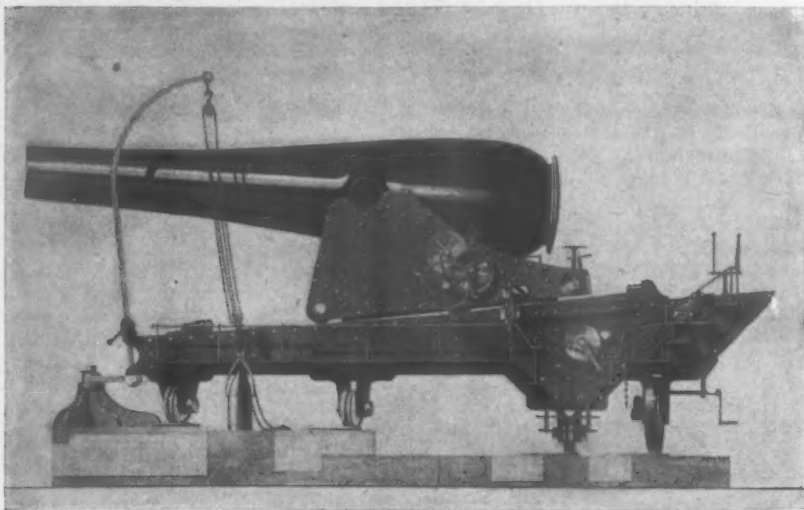


small share of the attention of educators and a very insignificant position in the curricula of educational institutions.

Through the eye the mind feeds upon form from the earliest dawn of consciousness, and through form and formal images we interpret the greatest number of the processes of thought; the evidence of the eye is taken as the most unimpeachable testimony that the senses afford—seeing is believing; and in and through form we represent our highest aspirations, our holiest conceptions, our most practical relations. Its record is the only universal language; it is the only perfect language; it is the only unchanging language; it is the only language in which a vast number of most important facts of knowledge can be expressed at all; it is the language in which are expressed many of the grandest and most beautiful works of human achievement; it is the language in whose imagery is embodied the highest and most mysterious truths of the divine law; it is

educational development, and to give it prominence in her school system, easily led the world in nearly all the products of her manufactures, in the brilliance of her art, in the clearness and precision of her exegesis in all branches of intellectual inquiry, and this same France, still foremost in art education, still holds the same relative position in the industrial and intellectual world, and has just closed her glorious object lesson to all nations surrounded by the inimitable products of her genius and her liberal and exalted policy—the clearest-headed, the most intellectually fertile, the most practical nation since Greece, and the most perfect mistress in the modern world of the language of form in the whole range of its expression.

It is interesting to observe that in every subject treated by a Frenchman of intelligence there is displayed the same precision of presentation and vivid realization as is given in a well-drawn picture—comprehension is not merely possible but com-



FROM A DRAWING IN COLOR.

the language of light; and yet, until the mechanical demands of a practical and money-making era found it indispensable, education almost wholly neglected it, and treated it as the limited dialect of a class of non-producers chiefly. The first nation fully alive to the importance of its function in professional and industrial as well as

peddled—and the language, clear, luminous and logical, is largely so through its objectivity and the sparkling picturesqueness of its idioms. Among the many things in which France is easily first, there is nothing in which she more greatly excels than perspicuity.

There was, as I have said, and still is a

curious misconception common regarding the position of the graphic art in the general educational system. It was looked upon as the special belonging of a peculiarly endowed class, and quite as remote from the grasp of the average intelligence as poetry or musical composition. It had always appertained to artists and therefore it required the peculiar artistic temperament for its understanding. Its practical value was not immediately apparent because it was not a general acquirement, and because personal vanity is prone to view with indifference or aversion an accomplishment it does not possess. Although a dozen lines would make clear what tomes of description would confuse, and although its principles were those of vision and the appearance of all things visible, yet all other languages under the sun, dead and alive, were more to be preferred and studied than the language of form, the common language of all mankind. Although it involved the skilled development of the most important organs of our intellectual and practical life—the eye and the hand—it had no value to the average man or woman.

Perhaps, to be quite fair, this was more or less true in the way in which it was understood and presented by the educator who undertook to develop it. The study of form as presented outside of the schools of fine art not many years ago had very little to commend it to the average student. But new light has dawned upon the world since those days and the force of practical utility has placed the subject among the foremost in all technical and industrial schools, and not many years will elapse before the growth of a healthy common sense in all matters pertaining to the school and the development of the young will recognize the paramount value of the training of the visual faculties and their skilled use. Already the foundation



PERSPECTIVE OF A GATLING GUN.

has been laid in this country and it has come to be realized that there are potentialities latent in this same average individual not involved in the three R's.

Quite as much misapprehension exists in regard to the scope and functions of the arts of design—drawing and painting—or rather of their various developments. The conviction that they are the gifts of a talented few is much more general than that music is an inspired endowment beyond the general grasp, or that literary distinction requires inherent genius. Were half the futile toil wasted at the piano or in inking clean paper devoted to a study of form the world would be a gainer in general intelligence and in intelligible expression of great value on both sides of any concrete discussion. Setting aside the technical value of delineation as a necessary medium of expression in productive industries, there remains that every man who cannot express himself with reasonable facility in the language of form is at a very great disadvantage in any discussion involving formal matters or formal description; so helpless in fact that his condition is not unlike that of the illiterate in the ancient days of the town scrivener. As opposed to

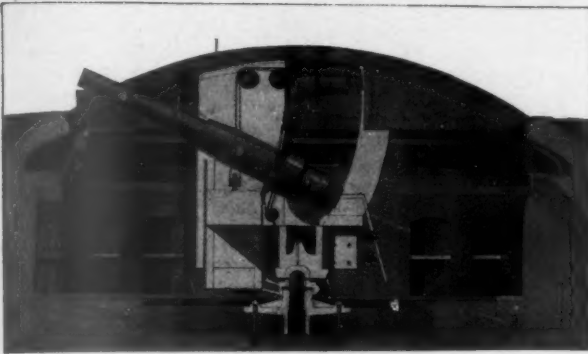
this common view of the arts of design it may be very broadly and positively stated that within a very large range of their application, and up to very excellent standards of result, they may be as readily acquired by the ordinarily intelligent student as any other branch of human knowledge to which time is given in the curricula of educational institutions, much more so than many subjects commonly studied. A greater excellence and exactness can be attained in drawing, for example, than is ordinarily acquired in the composition and rhetoric of any language modern or ancient, including English; or, in other words, an average mind can be taught to express formal conceptions in the language of form better than he can be taught to express his general ideas in the language of words. Anything approaching to fluency of expression in speech or writing is a rare possession among the great mass of those who have been fairly well educated, and not general among the college bred after many years of reading and study; yet a very considerable degree of graphical skill is certain to ninety-five per cent. of the students after a reasonable amount of right instruction. The study of languages improves the faculty of speech in the rare instances of those who acquire facility of utterance in one or more of them; the study of form makes skilful the eye and the hand, training each to be a better servant to the will and understanding; it stimulates to a remarkable degree the formal memory and the habit of attentive vision; and it gives strength to formal reasoning—the logic of the concrete. It is very certain that a particular mental bias is more necessary for moderate success in either mathematics, foreign languages, rhetoric, metaphysics, or dialectics. Properly taught, it will yield to none of them in its influence upon a high rational development outside of and beyond its practical and æsthetic results; but to attain these results as a mental gymnastic it must be taught with reference to those faculties that lie associated with and behind the eye—formal memory, comparison, association and relation; a group of activities only passively developed in the too frequently careless and irrational method of graphical instruction. Indeed, it is safe to say that as

an exact and definite method the development of the formal faculties of the mind is not generally taught at all. It is only the objective side of these faculties that is called into play in ordinary instruction; their subjective development is left as dormant as with the untaught observer, who uses his eyes from the cradle to the grave without the power to see anything but stygian blackness when the lids are dropped, whereas the accurate observation of form and its correct expression should begin with the earliest development of the child, and continue until the power of seeing clearly and intelligently and remembering with accuracy is a perfected part of the mental equipment of the man.

If the study of form and its delineation taught nothing more than characterization—that power to both generalize and unify which grasps essentials and rejects nontypical attributes, the power that underlies all great thought and action—its function as an educator would need no further justification. To look in every object for those features that give the type; to grasp it in its entirety so as to realize it as individual; to select by an educated habit of judgment



A PEN AND INK DRAWING.



SECTION OF A GRUSON ARMORED TURRET.

only those features that are essential ; to acquire the restraint necessary to omit non-essentials—these are preëminently the qualities demanded in good freehand drawing and developed by its training if properly taught, and these also are qualities of transcendent value in all original investigation and in all luminous discourse.

In the foregoing I have adverted with emphasis to the great importance of correct methods of instruction, to the enlargement of the scope of the study of form beyond the objective to the subjective processes involved, and to the employment of logical methods in the study of its laws and modes of expression.

It is possible here to give only an outline of what is meant. As a subject outside of and to a large extent independent of the fine arts and their peculiar field of application, it falls into line with those studies essential to the proper rounded development of the intellect and faculties of every educated man, and it has in addition its particular function as a science of practical necessity in many technical fields.

The organs brought under training in this study are the eye and the hand, and it is not enough to direct these by careful training to the attainment of certain objective results, but by a logical and systematic instruction the intelligence of the pupil must be directed to the processes of this attainment, and the faculties of the mind lying behind its window must be consciously aroused and stimulated.

The eye is at the same time the most im-

portant and most delicate of the organs of sense. As an instrument it is independent, automatic and unaffected by artificial efforts in the sense understood by education. Defects in its lenses, its adjustments or structure may be remedially treated by surgery and medicine, but this is in the nature of repairs to a defective apparatus.

The retinal image delivered by it to the mind when surgery has done its best to remedy structural deficiencies must be the starting point for the work of the teacher. His dealings therefore are with the faculties of the mind behind that image, operating with and upon it. They can be aroused, stimulated, trained and improved in every individual in degree just as the other faculties of the mind can be so affected in degree, depending upon the individual.

To summarize, we have as the plasmatic faculties Formal Apprehension, Judgment, Memory and Sensibility.

Through the first of these is attained the conscious realization of form before the judgment acts upon it. The open eye presents a continuous image, but its conscious apprehension is the result of will,



and a vast number of the images presented upon the retina are not consciously apprehended at all. In the case of the vacant stare when the mind is preoccupied, the eyes gaze fixedly but the mind apprehends nothing. The activity and precision of formal apprehension are, although in a measure dependent upon the clearness of



A GRUSON TURRET IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION.

the retinal image, also variable in themselves, and by no means necessarily the same for normal eyes of the same focal distance. An object or number of objects of not too great complexity of form, when instantaneously exposed to the observation of several individuals of approximately similar visual power will be often very differently apprehended.

The test for apprehension should be made for the following separate qualities :

Form (Characteristic contour, analogies and differences).

Number (Apprehended within fixed limit of time and space).

Proportion (Ratio of dimensions, discrimination).

Tone (Difference in shade value).

Color (Color-blindness and delicacy of Color-sense, including Luminosity and Hue).

These tests being for apprehension only, and not involving judgment, should all be made with reference to time, the limit varying slightly according to the complexity of the test, but in no case being of such extent as to permit the exercise of deliberate judgment.

The second visual faculty is formal judgment, by which the mind consciously estimates the values of each of the qualities just enumerated, and their relations to each other. It determines all of the attributes of form by these considerations.

The third is memory. The formal memory is susceptible of a very high degree of cultivation and is a most valuable possession. It is an absolute necessity in origi-

nal design and culminates in the highest imaginative work. It stores up the retinal pictures as a photographer stores his negatives ready for a reproduction whenever called for, and it gives force and clearness of descriptive power. Not enough attention is paid to this acquirement nor is it generally understood to what a remarkable extent it may be developed. As a stimulant to general observation and precision of description it has no equal in mental gymnastics. Training in this should always associate

verbal description with graphical representation, and should extend to the detailed narration of the formal features of a walk or reconnaissance.

The fourth is sensibility, which, as relating to sight, is distinctly a faculty and not a quality of character or disposition. It is the highest of these faculties—the soul of all great artistic work. It is that sensitiveness to all of the emotional attributes of form, such as expression, suggestion, association and contrast, harmony of proportion and relation, in which resides the instinct of visible truth, beauty and sublimity, as well as their opposites. It is the least cultivable of all, although it grows in a passive form with the cultivation of its associates, and refines and humanizes the character of its possessor.

To these four faculties can be traced, I believe, all of the subjective phenomena of form, and in all of them definite tests can be applied to the individual and his formal equation, so to speak, pretty closely determined. This determination, and the discipline based upon it, together with the usual practical and theoretical study, would constitute a systematic course of graphical education. In the theoretical study I include thorough familiarity with plane and descriptive geometry ; shades, shadows and perspective ; the laws of contrast and the theory of color.

But above all, the training of the formal faculties should begin with the child, and they should be encouraged to develop with the growth of speech and in as natural a manner. Put a blackboard in every nur-

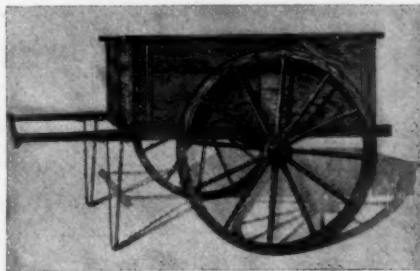


sery and it will require no demonstration to convince parents how much more natural is drawing than writing, and what an un-failing source of amusement it is, besides being the means of constant instruction. A little good sense in management will interest the child in every variety of exercise of the visual powers as readily as in any form of play, and if the parent will give the thought to the expanding of these growing powers which he owes to the life he has launched upon society, he will attain results beyond the reach of any kindergarten.

The illustrations accompanying this paper are from drawings by the cadets of the Military Academy, and may serve to exemplify some of the results attainable by systematic instruction where the subjects are in an unusual degree lacking in artistic bias or natural talent for graphical work. Perhaps there could hardly be a severer test of the possibilities of general graphical training, for the reason that the cadets of this institution are drawn from all classes of society, and from all parts of the United States and Territories. In many cases the advantages for the ordinary common-school education are poor, and very many come from remote towns and villages where contact with anything of the nature of art is totally lacking. The percentage of those who have received any form of graphical instruction varies very little from three per cent., so that in respect to any form of preparation the minds of the greater number are *tabula rasa*. The course of instruc-

tion is adapted to the special needs of a technical and military career, and is, therefore, to a considerable extent restricted in scope; but while a reasonable facility in cartography, topography, geometrical and technical drawing is its principal aim, a portion of the course is devoted to freehand work from blocks, plaster and the flat, with results not altogether discouraging. The students in this institution possess the great advantage of a very thorough mathematical training, which enables them to undertake graphical problems of a difficulty not generally presented for solution outside of special courses in mechanical engineering. Whatever merit resides in their work results only in very rare instances from a special talent, but is due almost entirely to conscientious work systematically applied.

If there could be established in this country a great national industrial and art school, with the central institution at Washington or New York, providing normal instruction in addition to science and art courses, and having corresponding branches in all of the large cities and towns, its good influence upon our industrial and social systems must be very great. Open night and day, such a school would reach and interest all classes, and instruction could be apportioned to the time and capacity of each. While similar in scope and design to South Kensington, it could greatly improve upon its prototype and fulfil a mission even nobler and more far-reaching in its aims.



FROM A DRAWING BY THE FOOT OF THE CLASS.

# THE WYLOVE

by  
Milton Goldsmith



How grand  
The scene!  
The land,  
How green!  
Tis May;  
The day  
Bright, gay,  
Serene.

In the trees  
Warbling birds;  
On the leas,

Grazing herds  
Sunbeams glow,  
Breezes blow,

Listen! what tone  
Springs from the west?    Whispering low  
   Mystic words

Tis a low moan  
From Nature's breast,  
Seeming at first,

Like the vain thirst

Louder still it grows!    Of souls accursed,

Tis the storm-king's cry; Sighing for rest.

And the west wind throws

Blinding dust on high.

Sombre threat'ning clouds,

In fantastic crowds,

Congregate like shrouds

O'er the fitful sky




Behold yon leaden veil  
Shaped like a giant cone,  
Gyrating in the gale!  
The wind to tempest grown,  
Like some infernal hand  
Sweeps o'er the startled land,  
Till nothing can withstand  
The furious cyclone.

How it echos from the rocks!  
How it rends the angry sky!  
While the frightened men and flocks,  
From a nameless terror fly.  
How the elements in wrath,  
And the flood's destroying bath,  
Through the village forge a path,  
And the work of man defy!

And ever wilder grows the storm,  
And fiercer darts the lightning's glare,  
As though a Satan's lurid form  
Were holding carnival in air!  
Great buildings from their moorings hurled,  
Are through the surging tempest whirled,  
While fear and chaos rule the world,  
And hope is turned to dread despair.

God of mercy stay the hand  
Of the devastating blast!  
All this erstwhile smiling land  
Now with gloom is overcast.  
Sturdy oaks, the forest's pride,  
Structures which have time defied,  
Man and beast dead side by side,  
In one funeral pile amassed.





The thunder far away  
Rolls o'er the startled plain;  
The distant lightnings play,  
And clouds are rent in twain.  
The angry mocking wind,  
Roams onward, unconfined,  
But grimly leaves behind  
It's seal of death and pain.

Clouds melt one by one,  
Heaven's face is clear;  
And the waning sun  
Views the prospect drear.  
In their reeking bed  
Lie the mangled dead;  
Through the vale is spread  
Ruin far and near.

Hark, far away  
Angry winds roar!  
Banish dismay,  
Heed them no more.  
Faint din they make,  
Rumble and quake,  
Like when waves break  
On distant shore.

Fun'ral bell  
Overhead,  
Rings the knell  
Of the dead.  
Sounds of dole  
Sadly toll  
For each soul  
That has fled.

All still.  
Peace reigns  
O'er hill  
And plains.  
So fair,  
Save where  
Despair  
Remains.

## DON GRACIAS.\*

BY JOHN J. A'BECKET.

IT was throwing the loaded dice of fate, but Margaret Waring was all unconscious of it as she stepped lightly into her victoria and seated herself by her aunt.

She was a fair target for the shafts of envy as she sat in her luxuriously appointed carriage, her pretty feet resting on the foot cushions, her exquisitely gloved hands crossed tranquilly on her dainty frock. Her beauty had the rarest qualities of womanly loveliness, youth, delicate coloring, mobile features, dignity, perfect repose of manner and the most winning vivacity. Add that she was absolute mistress of forty thousand a year, and the world would ask no more to round her happy lot.

Her dark eyes were so calm and intelligent that one hardly realized how soft they were, and the mobility of her sensitive mouth was brought out only by the play of some emotion. This young girl of eighteen was a singular compound of maturity of poise and clear-headedness with the intensest sensibility.

For all her splendid setting the heart of Margaret Waring was steeped in sorrow, as an opal's fire is clouded with pearly mist. It was more than a year since she had lost her father. Her mother had died before she was old enough to know what a mother means, and her intensely affectionate nature had clung to her father with a passion of regard and devotion. He, high-minded, cultivated, courteous to the verge of chivalrousness, had devoted his life to making existence one steady joy for his motherless daughter. He had educated her to be in harmony with high qualities.

He had given her but one grief in life and that was by leaving it.

So long as he lived the young girl's strongly affectionate nature had found such abundant outlets in her admiration and love for him that her very capacity for loving had simply broadened and sweetened



DON GRACIAS.

her life. But now that he was gone to the unnumbered dead, the void in her soul was an aching one. Forty thousand a year and luxury seemed poor compensation for such loss as that.

However, human hearts do not break except in the pages of romancers. Like a ship straining under a mighty stress of sea and struggling through the hissing water hungering to devour it, the delicate, loving soul of the young girl slowly and heavily worked upward through the overwhelming

\* The illustrations of Don Gracias are taken from life, through the courtesy of Mr. Daniel Frohman and the kind assistance of Mr. E. H. Sothorn and Miss Virginia Harned, of the Lyceum theatre, New York.



misery which her father's death had cast upon it. The lassitude and soothing regret which is convalescence from the agonies of grief were now hers. Nature's wise kindness dulls a little the memory of even the dearest dead.

She had only begun to go into society when her father died. It was nothing of which she had felt no need when she had him. But despite the life she had led almost in his sole companionship, she was full of the tact and address which are developed by friction with those of high caste. Underlying this perfect self-possession was a simplicity too grave and conscious to be childlike, while at the roots of her being, deepest and strongest of all traits that had hold in her soul, was this innate craving for the subjugation of love. Her heart yearned for something on which to spend its treasures, and she found it not.

Among other cultivated tastes acquired from her father's careful education of her was a refined perception of art. She was passionately fond of painting, as she was of music, and she had lightened the burden of her sorrow through the medium of sight and sound.

Moriz Schultz, an art dealer on Fifth avenue, was to dispose by auction of an extraordinarily good collection of the modern French school in its noblest phase—"the men of '49." A Saratoga gambler had gotten together beautiful examples of Millet, Rousseau, Diaz, Corot and a few other brilliant French painters, and was exhibiting his treasures at Schultz's prior to realizing considerably on his collection by an auction sale.

The victoria bore the ladies to Schultz's door, where Miss Waring intended to look at the pictures with a view to purchasing one or two of them. With her aunt she sauntered slowly through the long gallery glowing with the great pictures.

As a result of her inspection the girl ordered Schultz to bid on three pictures for her, telling him to what limit she cared to go. One was a dignified nude by Millet, in his early manner, the other was a cool autumnal forest interior of Diaz, while the third was a blaze of sunlight, revelry of clouds and glittering sea, by Fortuny.

As they were passing through the outer room Miss Waring's lace drapery caught on the projecting ornament of a teak-wood cabinet. She halted, and as Mr. Schultz

hastened to loosen it for her, she carelessly raised her eyes. They fell on a small painting on top of the cabinet.

It was the head of a young man. The face possessed one by its show of virile strength. Eyebrows, eyes, nose, mouth, through each of these features ran a sense of dominating force, firm as a bar of iron. Yet, however it was conveyed, a sympathetic sweetness breathed from the face.

The purpose in the clear eyes and chiselled lips halted just this side of defiance. A Roman youth of the imperial body-guard who had given himself to Christ with the impassioned fidelity of those early days might have looked like that as the gaunt lion sprang toward him. Thus would he have fronted the heavy Cæsar, sullenly regarding him as a spectacle, while with the voice of his soul he gladly hailed the Crucified, for Whom he was glad to die. In that direct glance there was a lofty fearlessness, so glad some that it seemed proud, but proud with a high disdain far above the narrow stoicism of the sage. The look told of an endurance that knew it would endure, whatever the onset might be. As the nostrils of the war horse dilate to the scent of battle, the clean-cut mouth seemed quivering on the verge of a smile.

Margaret Waring stood before that look and face transfixed. Pigments had never spoken to her with such an inner word before. Unconsciously as she looked her figure took on a tension, her bosom dilated with a slow inhalation and her eyes flashed a greeting. So great was the magnetism of the picture that she was betrayed into an emotional interest, strong enough to be corrected the moment she adverted to it.

"What a striking face," she said calmly to Mr. Schultz, without removing from it her glance, whose quality she had tempered. "What is the price of that head?"

She turned and looked at Mr. Schultz. That gentleman pursed out his nether lip, and said with deliberateness of tone,

"I am not quite certain that it is for sale."

The girl, without a word, arched her brows in interrogative surprise.

"It was sent to me to frame," Mr. Schultz went on, "and I do not know if the owner cares to part with it. I can find out, if you like to know," he added.

"Thanks, I should like to know," re-

plied Miss Waring. She looked at the strong young face with its subtle sweetness once more. "In case it is, I rather fancy I might buy it."

She moved toward the door, which Mr. Schultz obsequiously opened for her. With a slight bow she passed through and entered her victoria. She bade the wiry footman, whose snowy calves showed in a delightfully hard, unwrinkled way above the tops of his boots, to tell Matthews to drive to the park, and with a rattling of chains and mettlesome beating of their hoofs upon the stones her horses bore her away.

As her victoria bowled along through Central park the face rose before her fancy several times. It had spoken to her soul as no human countenance had done since the film of death had veiled the brightness of her father's loving eyes. She responded to the salutations of acquaintances with a half-mechanical air. By the time she returned home she was impatient to be the possessor of the picture. It was rarely that money could procure what this painting would bestow.

Happily, the auction sale took place three days later, so she had not very long to wait before she could go to Schultz's without betraying any unusual interest. As she entered he advanced, bowing and smiling.

"Well!" she said.

"I got your three pictures, Miss Waring. One of them ran a little lower than I expected, but the others went at



NORMAN THORNE GAZING AT HIS PICTURE.

higher prices than I thought they would. But I got them within the figure you put."

"Very well. I will write you a check for them now," she replied. "Oh, and the head! What about that?" She paused with the pen in her hand.

"The owner is willing to part with it. He wants \$400 for it, however."

"Then I will make out the check for the four paintings," said Miss Waring at once. "I would like the head framed in one of those old Florentine styles, if you can get me up such a frame. Put it in a shadow-box lined with dark brown plush, please. Why was the owner loath to part with it?" she asked suddenly, fixing her clear eyes on Mr. Schultz.

"On account of associations the picture

has with one he is very much interested in," said Mr. Schultz slowly.

"Well, send it to my house as soon as you can get it framed," she said. "And the others, too," she added. "Good morning."

When Mr. Schultz had closed the door after her and had seen her coal-black horses start away, he put his hands behind his back under the tails of his coat, and walking over to the head looked at it. Then Mr. Schultz smiled in a burst of confidence to himself.

Some days later the pictures were sent to Miss Waring's residence. There was one sunny morning room with which the memory of her father was closely connected, and most of her time indoors Miss Waring passed here. There they had talked and laughed together, and there they had planned happy years of travel with each other, Bardo, the huge St. Bernard, stretched between them as if a part of the family council.

Oh, how rapturously sweet it looked in the retrospect! And how happy the thought of the future had been! Then, he had left her to go on that journey to the land that seems so remote, and where one goes alone! Still, she loved to sit here and think of him. And here she brought the picture of the youth.

Every day she would pause for a few moments and look into the ingenuous face. It soothed her, and helped to fill the void her father's absence had created, by a new sympathetic presence. She got to recur to it, and to feel a support from it which was more tender and sustaining than she derived from any living friend.

For the reason that it stood her in such wholesome need, as something on which she could lean her loving heart, she called it to herself Don Gracías.

One day Miss Waring had prepared herself for the afternoon drive. While waiting for the carriage she stood before the grave sweetness of the strong young face. A smile of approbation dawned softly upon her lips. She thought of another young man who had asked her for herself not long before, and as she recalled the gentle way in which she had said him nay, her lips parted as she looked upon Don Gracías and three little monosyllables fell from them softly, with an emphasis on the last. Then she smiled again at her girl-

ishness, and then as she turned to descend the stairs a little sigh escaped her, for alas! Don Gracías was only paint and fancy.

A little more than a square's remove from Miss Waring's house on Fifth avenue stood a large brick building, whose model the architect seemed to have discovered in a dry-goods box. It was very plain, and numberless windows, some of them very large and square, gave it rather a shelly appearance as if it were frail and hollow. They indicated the purpose to which the building was devoted, however. It was a beehive of metropolitan artists.

Ten days before the gambler of Saratoga had sent his collection to Moriz Schultz to be disposed of to the highest bidder, a young fellow was seated in one of the upper northwest studios. It was half-past ten of a gray, heartless forenoon. The studio was ascetically bare. The walls were stained a pale neutral tint, and the dado was a faint-hearted red. A picturesque settle of carved wood stood against the south wall, and above it, the one pathetic touch of decoration, was an enormous wreath of oak leaves, withered to a pale green.

The dull light of the outer day strained feebly through the opaque glass of the large windows. It suffused the room with a sickly light. It rested coldly on the figure of the young fellow, as he sat in the middle of the room before a large easel. On the easel was a picture, and on the picture were fixed the strong eyes of Norman Thorne.

There was a tension in his gaze, as he looked from beneath the black line of his knitted eyebrows, which was somewhat at variance with his relaxed attitude. His long legs were stretched out before him, his hands were thrust in his trousers pockets, and his square sinewy shoulders were pressed against the back of the chair. It was the abandon of concentrated attention.

The canvas on which his eyes were bent so severely was one that justified a certain hardness of expression, it set forth so unfeelingly cold a scene. It was a wood interior, but one in which lost souls might wail. A sheet of steely water stabbed with dark shadows, stole back and gnawed the edge of a ghastly tongue of land in the middle distance. There was

an unutterable loneliness about it as of a dead earth, and the livid stretch, ashen with purplish lines, seemed stricken with the touch of a slow decomposition.

Bending over the icy stillness of the water was a huge tree whose branches were written in their tortuous growth as

Ariel would have shivered, and skimmed swiftly through the horror of it with ethereal shudder, while Puck would have choked, the laughter frozen in his throat. No murderer could have endured it and lived. Nothing vital seemed to have place there unless cold slimy things that would

sluggishly stir in the icy depths of the water. It was fit for a Dantesque circle of damned souls.

Norman Thorne looked upon the baleful thing that his hand had made, unflinchingly, till the grim sullenness of it made him heave a quick sigh. The slight extra strain thus brought to bear on the already overstrained back of his weak chair was the one straw too much. Without prelusive crackle or yielding it snapped squarely off.

He seemed too fine a fellow, surely, to be landed on the floor by a breaking chair, but it was only a catlike agility that spared him that mortifying overthrow. As it was he came on his hands and knees for a moment.

He sprang up at once and towered above the wreck of his chair with quick

annoyance flashing from his eyes. A vicious kick sent the shattered thing out of his way, and with his hands thrust in his pockets again he glowered at the remains. Then the cloud burst, not in a curse, but a derisive laugh.

"Picture sent back," he said savagely, "three dollars in my pocket, and even that old chair refusing to support me. To think that this weak four-legged thing



MISS WARING.

if the sap that had fed them were a stream of pain. A savage sky overhung and seemed to weigh down upon the miserable earth.

In tone and composition the picture was positively uncanny. Anything might happen on that gaunt stretch of land, lipped by the chilly water. Mephisto could have glided on the scene and felt a grim sympathy with the hard spot.

could have a tragic force in it. If I had had a pistol in my hand at that first half moment I believe I would have scattered my brains over the floor through sheer irritation.

"But I won't kill myself now that I have survived the shock," he thought, drawing himself up to his full height. "What is the need of nudging fate in that way? of throwing up the game? If something doesn't come in soon, Norman Thorne, esquire, artist, goes out by Nature's exit, and the responsibility of blasting a brilliant career rests on that good old dame."

He smiled grimly, and looked at his picture again. "Poor old Nature! She has some reason to avenge that affront," he muttered. Then he spread his legs apart, grasped his square chin with his hand, a favorite pose of his, and softly said to himself as he looked around the gaunt room: "What shall I do?" Then again: "What—shall—I—do?"

A rap on his door helped him to an immediate answer. He was hardly in the mood for visitors, and in spite of an involuntary composition of his features there was rather a stern impressive look on his face as he flung the door open.

For a moment he was taken aback. He saw straight before him in the dim corridor a darkly colored face with straight eyebrows and an air almost of defiance in the bright expressive eyes looking squarely at him.

Then he perceived that it was in a frame, and at the same instant a small head was poked out at the side of the frame and a thin voice said with listless indifference:

"Lookin'-glass for Mister Jones."

"One flight up," was Thorne's brisk reply, and the door was closed with a bang almost before the words were finished. Then, as he stepped back into the studio he realized that he had looked for a short space upon his reflected face without any sense that he was gazing at himself. A smile broke on his lips as he further reflected that he had rather admired the face for its force and somewhat aggressive air.

"By Jove!" he broke out, straightening his long frame, "I'll paint myself as I looked then, or at least as I seemed to look. There was a picture in it. Besides," he added cynically, "all the big men have painted themselves."

It was a relief to his energetic soul to find himself determined to action. He whipped his rejected canvas off from the easel and tilted it face inward against the wall. Then he picked out a mahogany panel of exquisite smoothness, brought a small square looking-glass from his bedroom, fastened it at a point on the upright centre stick in the easel where it would reflect his face as he sat, took his palette and threw himself into the task.

Miss Waring had not possessed Don Gracias for more than a month before spring was beginning to lend its caressing touches to Central park. The air was mellowed to that delicate warmth which seems to flow over a substratum of coolness, and vegetation was opening emerald eyes upon its resurrection. Sometimes, instead of ordering her carriage she would take Bardo and wander through the walks of the park, stopping to look at the new green enamelling the meads, or to gaze on the ruffled lake and the cool brilliancy of the sky.

One afternoon, when the springtide sweetness was very seductive, she sallied forth completely alone, leaving even Bardo behind, that she might commune with nature undistractedly. She strolled leisurely along, paying little attention to the human concourse—not a picturesque feature of Central park—but drinking in with indolent content the beauty of the earth and sky. There was a voluptuous keenness in this saturating of herself with nature's wine. The joy of healthful young existence bubbled within her as it might in a dryad surcharged with the spring.

As she sauntered meditatively along the path where it led by one of the lakes, she saw an artist painting industriously. He was some distance in upon the turf between her and the lake, and his broad back was turned to her so that she could not see the sketch he was making.

With more interest in that than in the unknown sketcher, she walked a little farther on and half paused in idle curiosity to see what he was painting. At that moment a puff of air, as rudely playful as a rustic coquette, blew her hat completely off, and rolled it along over the grass toward the artist.

She started after it with an effort to be as dignified in her chase as was compati-





"I AM AFRAID YOUR HAT IS AWFULLY WET."

ble with the capture of the truant hat. Just as she caught up with it and was stooping to pick it up, the playful wind again bowled it along past the painter. He saw it, and turning quickly to discover the owner, saw a graceful, bare-headed girl walking toward him with her eyes fixed upon the rolling hat. She did not remark him, but the glowing face with the hair blown about it, and the perfect lines of her neat figure, appealed to several springs in the artist. He dropped his palette and started after it. But the tricky wind had caught it again, and was now propelling it so rapidly toward the lake that he used his long legs to run very swiftly. He was too late. Before he had caught it the wind had blown the hat into the lake too far out to reach.

An overhanging tree offered some hope of still getting it. He grasped it and it sagged down so that he was able to reach the hat as it amily rode the water. When he had secured it and endeavored to pull himself back, he realized that the slender tree, while capable of sustaining him where he was, could not assist him in the least to regain his perpendicular.

As he grasped the situation he coolly dropped into the water and then, holding his spoils up in the air, made his way out. He was as wet as possible as he toiled up the little slope, keeping the rescued hat stretched out from him. His trousers clung to his legs tightly and he could feel the swash of the water in his shoes as he walked.

He bowed with laughing courtesy as he approached the girl and held out to her the hat. He looked at her lovely face with the keenest delight. The color that charged her cheeks was too vividly bright to leave him in any doubt that she was blushing tremendously.

"I am afraid your hat is awfully wet," he said, with a frank smile, as he handed Miss Waring that moistened object. "I am sorry I could not have spared it such a soaking."

The perfectly unembarrassed smile lingered on his lips as the girl took the hat, the vivid color still dyeing her cheeks almost painfully. He fell into an easy pose, the drenched clothes that clung to him only bringing out more strongly the symmetry of his figure.

"I am extremely sorry you have given

yourself so much unnecessary trouble about it," the girl answered, with sufficient composure in her voice despite an inner sense of guilty consciousness which made the blood tingle in her cheeks.

Don Gracias stood before her!

For several weeks she had been keeping a young man's portrait in her sitting room! Yes, and had taken a wilful, glad delight in looking at it two or three times a day. She had even told the pictured young man that—there was a new rush of blood to her cheeks as she recalled what she had told it. She continued hurriedly:

"It was really not worth the trouble. Why did you not get it with a stick or a boat, or—let it go altogether? Of course, I am extremely obliged to you for your extravagant courtesy."

Thorne, with his smiling face and the pleasantest self-possession, listened to her, wondering how such a pretty girl and one whose language was perfectly at her command could be so dreadfully bashful. It rather pained him to see her blushing so. He shifted his weight to one leg and, putting his hands behind his back, answered as coolly as if there were not a drop of moisture on him:

"I am afraid you are exaggerating my good will. However gladly I might have precipitated myself into the lake in your service, there was very little option on my part after that weak little tree showed such a shameful abuse of my confidence. But I assure you, except that I must appear so ridiculously wet, the plunge was rather exhilarating."

He straightened himself. The water trickled down his legs and he felt the sucking of the wet shoes on his feet. He was ridiculously wet, and Miss Waring could not repress a smile as she looked at the dripping figure. It was a very friendly sort of smile and he smiled in answer. Her small teeth were very white and regular.

"It was kind of you, but I am sorry to have interrupted your work. Still, I hope you will go home at once and change your clothes. You are very wet."

The smile came again to her face. Thorne laughed good-naturedly.

"Oh, I shall go home, because I look so like an ass, you know," he replied promptly. "I am afraid your hat will be



"I LIKE TO SHOW YOU MY WORK."

very uncomfortable. In spite of me, it shared my fate to a great extent."

"The hat has received more attention than it deserves," said Miss Waring, "and I have not far to go." Then she added sympathetically: "I trust you have not to go very far yourself."

"Oh, no. My studio is quite near."

She hesitated for a moment. Then she said:

"If you have any day, I should like to come and look at your paintings some time. I am very fond of paintings."

"My day is Monday. I shall be charmed to show you what things I have any time you will come." He had thrust his finger and thumb into his pocket, and laughed as he drew out a limp, watery card. "Never mind! My name is Norman Thorne, and my studio is at No. — Fifty-seventh street."

"Thanks: I shall try to come some Monday. I am Miss Waring. And now won't you let me see you start for home at once? I should be very sorry to have

you catch cold, and ought not to have kept you standing here for a moment. Thank you again, very much."

There was not such a painful flush on her cheek now, and the interest she showed in his taking care of himself made Thorne feel grateful. He raised his hat and bowed. Then he started for his easel. As Miss Waring was moving down the path she cast a backward glance. She saw he was putting together his traps, and she walked on with a very springy, animated gait.

Her cheeks were still hot, and she walked fast and with her head very much in the air as she recalled her con-

fidential moments with the portrait. That she, Margaret Waring, should have even unconsciously let the portrait of an unknown young man assume the place in her feeling that Don Gracías had done!

"That wretched Schultz!" she murmured to herself. "How can I ever repay him for such treachery."

As she walked along with the wet hat perched on top of her head, she felt the spring in her blood more keenly than ever. She was not aware of how lightly her feet seemed to press the ground, nor of how briskly she was walking. She was chiefly aware that Don Gracías in the flesh had not belied the beauty of the friendly picture.

When she reached home she ran upstairs, tossed her hat on the table, and going to the picture looked at it fixedly for a few moments. Then she took it down and with a great care, somewhat as a mother might handle a sleeping child, put it on the floor and turned the face to the wall. As she turned the face out of sight

in this way Miss Waring realized that it was not a very heavy picture with some content.

Her feelings were strangely mingled. The delightful freedom with Don Gracías was gone. She could not look upon the pictured eyes and mouth of a handsome young fellow who lived just a square away, and hail them gratefully as true and warm comforters. So long as Don Gracías lived nowhere but in her heart, or seemed no nearer an actuality than Saint Sebastian, for instance, she could cherish him as dearly as she chose. But a healthy young man who cheerfully dropped into a cold lake to rescue her hat, and smiled with the most charming nineteenth-century grace in asking her to his studio, was quite a different thing. Decidedly.

She would go to the studio, yes. She had been to dozens of studios in New York, and the young man was entirely unacquainted with her. She was putting the damp hat away when it occurred to her that but for that vagrant headgear she would be utterly unacquainted with the young man. She gave it a caressing pat, as if it were a good little hat that deserved encouragement.

The young woman was a little coy about admitting to herself that the living Don Gracías had one advantage over the hero in her Florentine frame. The cheery good nature which breathed in his smile was more than fulfilment of the picture's promise. Since it was a portrait, and since she had found it very winning, Miss Waring admitted to herself that it was a solace to know that the real face had not been disillusioning. It would be too hard to have been in bondage to a pictured lie.

The loss and recovery of Miss Waring's hat occurred on Tuesday. For the next five days Norman Thorne found himself frequently dwelling with artistic delight on the picture of a charming girl with the rosiest red in her soft cheeks, and the loveliest expression in her dark limpid eyes. Occasionally he would ask himself the question: "I wonder if she will come here?" Then he would snub his impatient desire that she should by saying: "Of course she won't. She simply said what she did about pictures to be nice and civil. She has forgotten the number and the whole business by this time. Gad! what a stunningly pretty girl she was! How

the deuce could such a girl blush like that?" Then he added, with what relevancy must be inferred: "By Jove, I wish she had fallen into the pond and I had fished her out."

The following Monday he gave the woman who looked after his studio directions to smarten it up as much as possible. She could do but little except give an extra rub to the waxed floor. Thorne sighed as he looked at it, and muttered: "I wish it didn't look so confoundedly bare!"

The day seemed longer than usual. Miss Waring did not come. Why she did not the feminine heart may perhaps conjecture. Norman Thorne certainly did not come anywhere near the reason. He threw himself on his bed that night with a good deal of irritation. That fair face with the rich color tinting the satiny skin had taken hold upon him. The unconventionality of their meeting had charmed him, too. It had seemed to convey more acquaintance than an ordinary cut-and-dried presentation to Miss Waring would have done. He was indebted to no one for knowing her, and he liked that. He smiled a little to himself when he found that he was calling it an "acquaintance." "When I only know that she is awfully pretty, is named Waring and lives probably on Fifth avenue," he jeeringly thought.

The following Monday he heard the lift stop at his floor, then the click of a pair of heels along the corridor, and then a light tap at his door. He sprang to his palette in hand, with suspicious alacrity. It was Miss Waring, accompanied by her aunt.

His face lit up with pleasure. He hastened to place chairs for them. Miss Waring seated herself with graceful ease, and in one swift glance had taken in the gaunt bareness of the room. It was where he worked! Thorne noticed the glance.

"I am sorry I cannot receive you in a more comfortable studio, Miss Waring," he said, with real regret in his voice. "It must look horribly bare to you. I fear it can't seem very hospitable."

"Hospitality is entirely resident in one's host, is it not?" said Miss Waring, with a bright smile which made Thorne feel as if he could throw himself at her feet. "I do not know what sort of things you do, but I think it far more creditable in an artist to draw on himself for inspiration,

model and effects, than to be dependent on studio accessories."

"It is awfully kind in you to say that," replied Thorne, "and I only hope you will not find the place too chilling."

"Oh! did you find your bath the other day too chilling?" she quickly replied. "Did you catch cold from your wetting the day you saved my hat?"

"Not the least in the world," Thorne answered energetically. "In fact I think it warmed me. I have felt a glow ever since whenever I have thought of it."

"I am very glad you did not suffer any inconvenience," said Miss Waring, airily ignoring his last remark. "Now you will show us your work, won't you?"

"With pleasure, if you would enjoy seeing it." He passed out several of his paintings one after the other for her inspection. Miss Waring expressed herself on them so appreciatively that he was delighted, while Miss Waring's aunt cooed conventional indorsements. The girl seemed to grasp intuitively the true sentiment of his pictures, and felt what he had aimed at expressing. The admiration even of inferiors is not without comfort, but how precious the praise of a keenly discerning taste!

"I like to show you my work," he said, quite simply; "you are so sympathetic and you really say what you feel, though you are too lenient in your criticism, I fear."

"There is no reason why one should not say that one is pleased when one is," returned Miss Waring cheerfully. "I really like your pictures. Why do you not show me that one against the wall?"

The moment she had spoken the words a soft flush rose into her cheeks again. She thought of a picture which she had turned against the wall. Poor Don Gracias!

"I am afraid you will not like that," Thorne replied, wondering why she seemed to have such a facility in uncalled-for reddening. "It is not a cheerful picture. Still, I will show it to you," and he went to get it and place it on the easel. He paused for a moment half way and remarked: "If I show you all my things now, you won't come again."

"Oh! I shall come to see your new ones," she said.

Thorne lifted the picture to the easel,

and turned to study Miss Waring's expression as she looked at it. It was the lonely wood interior. She regarded it fixedly for two or three minutes. Then she looked at him with a little shudder, slightly elevating her eyebrows.

"There! I knew you would not like it," cried Thorne.

"I do not, I confess," said Miss War-



"SHE IS PROBABLY A HOWLING SWELL."

ing resolutely. "I do not believe you like it yourself," she continued boldly. "It is too desolate, it seems to me. I do not see why art should perpetuate or care to create what is painful or saddening unless there is some good aimed at by such work. Your picture makes me unhappy. Were you not suffering when you painted it?"

She turned her beautiful eyes full upon his face. An unconscious sympathy



seemed to soften them. Rather a responsive expression crept into his own gaze as Thorne looked at her.

"Miss Waring, I painted that picture," he said, "at a time when I was suffering as I never can suffer again in my life, it seems to me. It is not necessary to tell you the details. Let it be enough to say that the blow came from one on whom I pinned my greatest hope, whom I would have trusted with my life. At a moment when this hope needed to be justified, and I turned as confidently as a child that runs smilingly to its father, to this source, it failed me in the most unexpected, most bitter way; selfishly, without excuse."

Thorne paused for a moment, his lips tightly compressed, his nostrils dilated, while his straight eyebrows seemed to meet. He went on:

"To me it was like the overthrow of life! I simply writhed in an agony that I could not ease by taking any one into my confidence, for there were interests of others involved. In that gasping for some outlet I turned to my art. I poured my suffering on that canvas, painting with a mad energy. It is a perfect allegory of my sense of life at that crisis. It was unpremeditatedly so, but I discerned it myself later, when I looked calmly at my work.

"If you analyze it you will see that the desolation comes from an absence of life, of sunlight, of warmth. The composition is not ungrateful. If that pool reflected the blue of a smiling sky, that stretch of land were fleshed with its native green and warm light lit up those russet leaves, it would be graceful, alluring, fair."

Thorne paused again and drew a long breath. Then he turned to Miss Waring with a look she knew full well. It had brought her comfort and strength before, when she had seen it on Don Gracías's face.

"It left a deep wound, Miss Waring, but it strengthened my life instead of blasting it, as it threatened, and that commemorative picture speaks to me of hope."

The girl had followed his words with painful sympathy. He read it in her eyes as she looked at him and then turned to the painting again.

"With the explanation you have given it seems another thing. It touches me now like the dumb cry of some great pain. I feel its strength."

She was silent for a moment and then turned her beautiful face, full of sympathy, toward him.

He smiled and continued: "I have one pleasant association connected with this sombre picture. I sent it to an exhibition and it was returned. I had hoped there was strength enough in it to overbalance its horror. But they sent it back. I was out of temper, I suppose, for it bowled me over completely. But I read the lesson of that past bitterness, and the hope that the picture told me to bear in mind. I determined not to yield.

"It may amuse you to hear what I did." Thorne smiled. "I painted my portrait and sent it to Schultz to be framed."

Miss Waring looked rather steadily at the picture. She even drew her handkerchief from her pocket and applied it delicately to her mouth. Thorne went on when she neither looked nor spoke.

"Some days after he told me that he could sell it, and asked if he should. When I tell you that at that time I had not five dollars in the world, you may not despise me as being too shabby that I consented. The sale of the picture tided me over my difficulties and I have been working better ever since. So you see I have one thing pleasant associated with that picture, outside of its value as a support."

Miss Waring stole a glance at him as he stood there in the grace of his youthful manhood, his thoughts on the picture. What a strong, direct young fellow he seemed! And that look of determined endurance in Don Gracías's eyes had been his look when he fronted the hardship of his lot! Her expression exhaled sympathy as the calyx of a flower distils its perfume. She averted her gaze quickly as Thorne turned toward her. She felt there was a moisture in her eyes. Were it not for this picture he might never have painted his portrait with that look in the face. Then, there would have been no Don Gracías.

"I would like to buy the picture, if you will part with it," she said. "It seems so different to me now, and it has a fascination for me. I cannot but think that it must be saddening in what it recalls to you. Will you not let me have it?"

"I see you are very kind," he said softly. "But it could not be a pleasure to you to possess that sorrowful thing. The

best way would be for me to destroy it. It has served its end enough."

"Oh, no!" cried the girl. "It is too much a part of you to do that. It would be a sort of suicide. You had better let me have it. I really wish for it."

Thorne was reluctant to do this, and it was only after further importunity that she won his consent. Finally he gave it, however. Then Miss Waring rose to go.

"I have enjoyed your pictures extremely," she said, extending her hand. "You must come and see some things that I bought lately at the Lossner sale, and tell me if you like them."

"I should be delighted to come," said Thorne. "What is your address?"

She drew from its case one of her visiting cards. He had held her hand with the faintest pressure for a half moment, but the touch sent the blood coursing through his whole body at a quicker pace. Then they were gone, and Thorne had never found his studio so coldly bare.

He raised the card to his lips and kissed it. As he glanced at it and saw "—Fifth avenue," his smiling expression died away. "She is probably a howling swell," he said ruefully to himself. "She couldn't be buying pictures in this way if she weren't rich. Come, come, Thorne, don't be an ass. That sort of girl has no use for a poor devil of an artist. But, good heavens! if she were only poor or I were only rich!"

The thought of the radiant girl stayed with him notwithstanding his reasoning. Her sweetness, gentleness, exquisite beauty and breeding were nearer something ideal than he had ever hoped to



"HAS SHE TOLD YOU SO?"

meet. And he was young! Love sets young blood a-tingling with such ease. He began to calculate how soon he could call on her. He walked past her house on Fifth avenue several times with the hope that he might see her again, forgetful that people who live in Fifth avenue houses do not go to the windows.

He got so impatient after three days that he determined to go. With a little extra care in the arrangement of his scarf, and a careful brushing of his clothes, he started one bright afternoon to make his call. The man who opened the door seemed to be expecting him, for he led him upstairs and left him in the morning room while he went to call Miss Waring. His mistress, who thought her lawyer

would call, had told the servant to show him into this room.

Thorne felt a strange delight in the spot. It seemed perfumed by her presence. There was the subtle cosey feeling of home to which the young New Yorker is so frequently a stranger. Naturally, he ascribed the good taste everywhere to the girl's refining touch. The pictures engaged his attention especially, they were so good. While he was looking at them Miss Waring entered. It seemed to him that there was the faintest suspicion of embarrassment in her manner, as she drew forward a chair in front of a small painting tilted against the wall and motioned to him to take another opposite to it. Had he been in too great a hurry to accept her invitation?

The conversation did not flow with the ease which had marked their talk in the studio. That is, at first. Gradually he felt the sweetness of her manner, so maturely caressing in its simplicity, as he had before.

"Miss Waring, you have an admirable sense of art," Thorne said. "I have been looking at the pictures while waiting for you."

The strange blush crept to her cheeks again. He could not understand this girl's play of color in her face. It did not tally with her perfect self-possession.

"Most of the paintings here were my father's selection," she said. "The Fortune there is one of the paintings I bought at the Lossner sale. That is the only picture in the—" She hesitated, and the color crept again to her cheeks as she said: "All the other pictures that you see my father bought."

The accent with which she uttered the words "my father," the slow reverence, a tender lingering on the name, caught Thorne's attention.

"Your father is no longer living?" he asked, with a sympathetic cadence in his lowered voice.

"No. My father has been dead over a year," she replied simply, but a mist seemed to steal over her soft eyes.

Miss Waring's lips gave a tremulous little flicker as she endeavored to smile faintly. She could not have told herself why such a rush of feeling swept over her as Thorne put his question with that brotherly touch of sympathy. But it recalled the thought-

ful sweetness of her father. The tears rose to her eyes, and she dried them quite unaffectedly with her handkerchief.

At a certain stage in love one touch is enough to crystallize the whole feeling into a rapturous conviction. Thorne five minutes ago could have honestly said that he did not know whether he loved Miss Waring or not. At that instant he could have done anything that love could do for its object. The passion took possession of him tumultuously.

"No one could love a father more," the girl said, smiling bravely through her tears. "Oh, he was so good!"

"Pray forgive me for touching on a painful subject, Miss Waring. I should have been more thoughtful."

"Nothing was more natural than what you said," she answered quietly. "I am surprised a little at my own weakness. But he was dearer to me than words can tell."

Thorne gradually worked the conversation around to other things, and soon after rose to go. Miss Waring extended her hand and said: "You must come again."

"I ought not to," he answered impulsively. And then a feeling of contempt for the remark rose within him as he saw the simplicity and the dignity of the graceful girl, her sorrow sealed again in her heart. "Dissipation is bad for an artist, you know," he added, with a light laugh. "You saw what my studio was, and you know what this is."

"Your studio is to you what your fancy makes it. I do not think a little less application will demoralize you."

Thorne's thoughts on the way back to his studio were of a conflicting nature. "My God, how I love that girl!" he cried to himself with exultant conviction. "But who could be fit for her? And what a fool to forget that I am a poor wretch of an artist whom she probably thinks of only as an object for pity, if she thinks of me at all when I am out of sight."

For several days he worked in a fitful way. At times he felt the delicious sweetness of the young girl intoxicate him, and he painted with smiling fervor. Again, and more frequently, he told himself brutally that he was wild to dream of her, that she could have no thought of him. But he could not resist the temptation to go again, and after a little, again. He marked with a sort of despair the same

even kindness, the soothing interest, the quiet self-control of Miss Waring. She had promised him that she would come to the studio again.

After these few visits his pride chafed him so sorely that he vowed he would not call again until Miss Waring had come to Fifty-seventh street. The days passed after this with provoking alternations of hope and despair. He knew that for weal or woe her fair face and fairer soul were what he coveted most in life. She meant to him hope, happiness, success. She did not come and he was fretting himself into a fever.

One day he took a canvas and began another portrait. If he could not see her he could think of her, and he could by his art have her with him. He secured a remarkably faithful likeness, but in his dejected proud spirit of rebellion at the poverty which barred him from the woman he loved, he gave to the beautiful face an expression cold though smiling. It was as if he needed a reminder that he must not hope.

It was a radiant morning not long after, when he had almost forced himself into the belief that Miss Waring had forgotten that such a creature as Norman Thorne existed, that a knock came at the studio door. He had her portrait hung upon the wall in front of his easel. When he opened the door and saw that it was she he felt some little confusion. He pulled himself together, and hastily stepping up to the portrait turned it facing the wall as she came in. He hoped she would not observe it.

But it was not so. After a few minutes' talk, in which she explained that while a lady friend was visiting another studio she had taken the chance to drop in and see what he was doing, she exclaimed,

"There is another picture turned to the wall! Do you do that to excite the curiosity of your lady friends? Or is it another Dantesque picture?"

"It is certainly not to excite curiosity," said Thorne. "Nor is it Dantesque."

"Aren't you going to let me see it?" she asked.

"You would not enjoy seeing it." Then he said quietly, with an air of dismissing the subject, "It is a portrait, and not a very good one."

"Very well, then, you must show me

what other things you have been doing," said Miss Waring.

"I have done nothing of any account except that. I have not felt in the mood for painting. At least, I have produced nothing that has satisfied me."

"You are probably your hardest critic," she returned. Then raising her eyes to his face she said gravely, "I hope you have not been ill."

"How can she throw such feeling into a mere commonplace?" thought the young fellow to himself. Aloud he said, with a faint touch of bitterness: "No; not ill, thanks. Only a little disgusted, and in doubt whether fate makes a man's will or a man's will makes fate."

He straightened himself up as was his wont when taking himself in hand and the look of Don Gracías came into his face. He turned his eyes slowly on her, smiled, and gave a slight shrug.

"You are not feeling yourself," the girl said quietly. "I am sorry. But a barren sympathy is not much help, I fear."

Her eyes turned for a moment unwittingly to the back of the picture with its face to the wall, and then slowly dropped. Thorne fancied there was a tired expression on her countenance which he had not remarked when she came in.

"You can rest assured that if you are kind enough to feel any sympathy for me it cannot be barren. Oh, it is not so strange a thing. I am in love with a girl whom I cannot possess."

"Why?" she asked. She saw his state of irritable tension and wished to soothe him.

"Why?" repeated Thorne. "Because I am a poor artist, without even fame, and she is rich and would care very little for what I could offer her."

"Has she told you so?" inquired Miss Waring, raising her head rather quickly.

"No," said Thorne slowly. "Do you suppose I can ask her when she is what I have said and I am only a poor artist?"

"If I were a man, the woman I loved should at least tell me that I loved in vain," she cried, with a low intensity of tone.

She rose, her graceful figure as erect as an Indian's. There was a proud confidence in her expression, an air of conscious force with a suggestion of disdain, that thrilled him. He drew himself up to his

full height, kindled by her fire, his eyes fixed upon her.

"Miss Waring," he suddenly exclaimed, "I will show you the one woman in the world whom I can ever love, and you will

stood as motionless as a statue. He turned it around and waited, with his face set.

She flamed a vivid scarlet. A strange thrill made it hard for her to keep from trembling. He had her portrait, and she—had his. And he would not ask her to share his lot, although he loved her and she was faint with a yearning tenderness for him!

"Well?" she said, turning her eyes upon him, with a merciless grip upon her feelings. There was the dignity of a young empress about her as she stood there fronting him.

"Do you not recognize it?" he asked.

"I should have thought it myself could I fancy a look like that upon my face," she answered a little coldly.

"It would not have had that look had I not painted it with my heart saying 'I love you' at every stroke of the brush," he said desperately.

"You think it would wear that expression if you were to say such a thing?" she asked, her eyes bent unflinchingly upon him.

"I fear so," replied Thorne gloomily.

"Then," she cried with indignant scorn, "I would never say the words."

She turned, trembling, her bosom heaving with stormy feeling. Did he think she would cast herself upon him and beg him to tell her of his love? She moved toward the door.

"Now that I have said them you wear a look that beggars all I could have fancied," he said sadly.

"Ah! You have said them!" cried Miss Waring turning on him.

"My God! what other reason than this can have roused your scorn?" he exclaimed vehemently.

"I have not heard you, if you have said



"IT WAS I WHO BOUGHT YOUR PORTRAIT."

know whether I am right in not asking her to share such a lot as mine."

He pushed his easel aside and went to the picture with its face turned to the wall. Miss Waring's eyes followed his movements with a sort of feverishness. She



such words as those," she said, trembling now, in spite of her efforts at control.

"Then hear me now," cried Thorne, his eye kindling while he came a step nearer to her, pouring forth the words impetuously. "Miss Waring, I love you with my whole soul, with a force that is killing me. I love you so much that I ask you with your wealth, your beauty, with the feeling that you are the noblest woman I have ever known, to give yourself to me, to be my wife!"

He was so swept on by his passion that his pleading had the imperious ring of a demand for his own. It was the face of Don Gracías, with a burning love fire in his eyes that Don Gracías had never worn.

As he spoke the tension of the girl relaxed. A tender smile crept to her lips, while bright tears sprang to her melting eyes. An unutterable expression of the most pathetic love beamed from them through the brimming tears. She stretched her open hands toward him and in a mo-

ment he had clasped her in his arms. With one little sob of joy her head fell upon his neck, her soft cheek pressed to his.

For two or three moments they clung each to the other in an ecstasy of impassioned content. Then, a delicious faintness stealing over her, she gently disengaged herself, and with his arm supporting her, moved toward the chair. She sank into it utterly overcome with the reaction from the tide of feeling which had overwhelmed her. For a moment she lay with her head resting on the chair, her eyes closed, and a dreamy smile parting her lips. He knelt before her, his fingers clasping hers, his gaze bent eagerly upon her.

She raised her head slowly, with the searching love light in her eyes, put forth her hand upon his forehead, and brushing back the thick hair said softly, with smiling lips, "You foolish boy! It was I who bought your portrait of Mr. Schultz."



## THE CASCADE.

BY WILLIAM A. LEAHY.

OUT of the mountain  
Flows the wild fountain,  
Ripple on ripple fast following after,—  
Through the wood shadows,  
Forth o'er the meadows,  
Down to the bed of its ocean home.  
Hark! in its leaping  
And upgathering of emulous  
Rivulets, tremulous  
Melodies, sleeping  
Softly, awoken.  
And the forsaken  
Wanderer, sprinkled with dew of their laughter,  
Dreams in a glamour  
Shapes that enamour  
Mortals, sing in the fountain's foam.

## SOME FAMOUS HERMIONES OF THE PAST.

BY CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

WHO it was played Hermione on that occasion when Doctor Simon Forman, at the Globe theatre of Shakespeare's day, became so impressed with the story of the play as to write down its synopsis in his diary, would scarcely be a matter of much interest even if that was the first "run" of the *Winter's Tale* after the prompt-book left its author's hands. The beardless youth who then took on themselves the mimicry of fair ladies may be forgotten without much loss, and the Hermione and Perdita of that month of May 1611 left unrecorded in the memory. But around the actresses of later days clings an interest freshly aroused now by the fact that Miss Mary Anderson's recent marriage has made the two chief characters of the play her farewell rôles on the stage.

Fairly popular for a while after its initial performance, the *Winter's Tale* then disappeared for nearly a century, reappearing on the 15th of January 1741, at Goodman's fields. Then it was that Miss Hippetley danced through the rôle of Perdita. She was an actress who could claim rivalry with Kitty Clive, inheriting talent from a father who dared play against Garrick, and improving her natural gifts even after she became Mrs. Green; so



HELEN FAUCIT.

that she won the distinction of creating, in later life, the characters of Mrs. Hardcastle and Mrs. Malaprop. The Hermione of this January, nearly 150 years ago, was a Mrs. Giffard, a mediocre actress, but the wife of the manager and so the recipient of the plums of the theatrical pudding.

Hippetley, father, a little after this time was playing the Clown at the first production of the play at Covent Garden, but the Perdita was not his daughter. It was Mrs. Hale. Hermione was "one of the most beautiful women that ever trod the stage," Mrs. Horton, at one time a wretched strolling player, content to



MRS. MOUNTAIN.

picture Cupid at the country fairs; then, in the opinion of Booth and Wilkes, the worthy successor of Mrs. Oldfield; then so lowly as to receive the offer of a paltry four pounds a week for her services, and that offer, too, made out of pity. From bottom to top and then down again on the professional ladder, but retaining even into advanced age her singular beauty, powerful to bring youth and age to her feet. Had Mrs. Horton been a player of the natural, instead of the stilted, school, she might longer have retained the place of honor from which Peg Woffington and Mrs. Pritchard drove her. Pritchard it was who played Paulina at this Covent Garden production.

A few years later Mrs. Pritchard was playing Hermione to the Perdita of Colley Cibber's daughter-in-law, for whom, 'tis said, Handel, in admiration of her musical talent, arranged one of the airs in his *Messiah* to meet the requirements of her voice before she changed her ambition from the concert hall to

the theatre. Garrick was Leontes, and the version used then upon the Drury Lane stage was his "alteration" of the play, an alteration that, in its effort to avoid the incongruity of a babe in one act appearing as a woman in the next, gently dropped out half the play, and to dodge the maritime question changed Bohemia to Bithynia. This last idea Kean imitated in his famous revival just a century later. They say that Garrick's version was well acted — these critics and gossips of old say — that Mrs. Pritchard, whom Johnson called a vulgar idiot because she said "gownd," but who was inspired by gentility on the stage, was excellent; that Garrick's performance in the statue scene was masterly; and, in curious wording, that "Mrs. Cibber's

neat simplicity in singing a song made Perdita appear of the greatest consequence." Mrs. Pritchard could then better play Hermione than she could the light-footed Perdita, as her stoutness had reached that point where it was exceedingly difficult to stoop with grace, as was shown to humorous disadvantage in the ineffectual attempt both she and Mrs. Clive (suffering from a like unflattering fleshly abundance) made in reaching for the letter dropped on the stage when *The Careless Husband* was performing. As Hermione her picture was painted by Pine, and the copying print of 1765 showed strong and expressive rather than pleasing features.

Garrick's version kept the stage till Kemble revised the original, though a benefit performance in 1771 saw Shakespeare's work presented in entirety with Hermione cast to Mrs. Mattocks, she who would have shown the actress even under the influence of a nunnery and who was an actress for the extraordinary period of nearly sixty years. Perdita was cast to

Mrs. Bulkley, the original Miss Hardcastle and Julia (*The Rivals*).

Beauty was almost always well represented in Hermione's gracious features if the olden chronicles are to be believed. Mrs. Hartley, who played the part in the very year when she retired from the stage (though, to be sure, she was then only of the age that claims Miss Anderson now),

and an unloved husband dissolute and neglectful, little wonder the homage of the town turned her head to frivolity. She was but twenty-one years of age when she played Perdita at Drury Lane.

"You will make a conquest of the prince tonight," said Smith, as he stepped forth to the greenroom, clad in the garb of Leontes. "I never saw you look so handsome as you do now."

The prince's ardent glances raised hot blushes to the cheek; the prince's letters, that soon followed, raised ambitious affection in the heart; and the young Perdita, relinquishing her profession, too easily became the companion of him who delighted to sign his epistles "Your Florizel," and who swore over his miniature that he was unalterably hers. When his establishment came, however, his royal highness cast off the incumbrance of the pretty woman for whom his fondness had palled, and even refused the payment of the bond which he had given her in earlier days. Perdita's



ELLEN KEAN.

was pronounced "the most perfect beauty that was ever seen," with voluptuous loveliness that drove even stage lovers to real adoration. The Perdita that then appeared was of like distracting prettiness. But, alas, poor Mrs. Robinson! Her sad, romantic story is a twice-told tale, yet always affecting however often heard. Born in the midst of a terrible storm her life never left the gloom of the clouds. Inflicted with a father inattentive and cruel,

life was wrecked, and death came none too soon, though she was but six-and-twenty years of age when the shadows for the last time crossed her sad life.

Then there was Miss Farren, tall, beautiful in face and elegant in person, though in figure far the opposite to Mrs. Pritchard, perhaps too far, an actress whose fate was to be more happy than poor Mrs. Robinson's, since she not only won her nobleman but married him. And there

was Mrs. Yates, whose tragic power was so great as to frighten every actress except Mrs. Pope from attempting Medea against her, but whose comedy power was an absent quality, to use a phrase that borders on the "bull." Of her Hermione Campbell writes: "Mrs. Yates had a sculpturesque beauty that suited the statue as long as it stood still; but when she had to speak the charm was broken, and the spectators wished her back to her pedestal."

That same Mrs. Pope who played against Mrs. Yates's Medea, and who is more interesting from having played Portia to Macklin's last character, his Shylock, when the poor old man lost his memory, and Cordelia to the last Lear of Garrick, receiving then a most theatrical blessing from the great actor after the curtain had fallen on this last performance but one in David's career, she, Mrs. Pope, toward the end of her life impersonated Hermione.

A daughter of Miss Farren's Hermione was that frail creature, Mrs. Crouch, and

that of Mrs. Pope's first Hermione was Mrs. Mountain, an actress whose assumed characters strongly resembled Mrs. Crouch's in acting and singing, but whose real character strongly contrasted with the other fair one's. Another Perdita to Mrs. Pope's Hermione was chiefly noteworthy for the difference the married state made in her popularity: as Miss Wallis she was a favorite; as Mrs. Campbell she would not be received.

With the dawning of the nineteenth century Shakespeare's entire play returned to the stage, driving out the mutilated fragment by Garrick and that still worse arrangement by Morgan, which held the stage at times between 1754 and 1798, and in which the play was reduced to a two-act afterpiece under the title of *The Sheep-Shearing*, or *Florizel and Perdita*. One of the most interesting heroines of *The Sheep-Shearing* was the fair and delicate Miss Nossiter, who fell in love with handsome Spranger Barry and, though all the town was in the secret, did not hesitate to display her real affection when

her lover played the princely Florizel. Her career was brief and unimportant, but her love endured till death; and after death, too, for in her will Barry was most handsomely remembered.

The great revival of *A Winter's Tale* at Drury Lane saw a notable cast, John P. Kemble as Leontes, Charles Kemble as Florizel, Miss Hickes (for the first time on any stage) as Perdita, and Mrs. Siddons (for the first time in this character) as Hermione. Of Miss Hickes, however, comment is not enthusiastic. Boaden some years later declared "the Perdita was a very delicate and pretty young lady of the name of Hickes; this much I remember of her; but whether she had more or fewer requisites than other candidates for this lovely character I am now unable to decide." Again and again the play was repeated until at Covent Garden in 1812, on the 25th of



MISS JENNY MARSTON AND MR. F. ROBINSON AS PERDITA AND FLORIZEL.



June, Mrs. Siddons appeared for the last time as Sicily's queen, just four days before her farewell of the stage. She played Isabella (*Measure for Measure*), Belvidera and Lady Macbeth on the succeeding days, and with the latter character made her formal exit from professional life, though she returned for a few scattered performances in after years. She "looked the statue," says Campbell, "even to literal illusion; and whilst its draperies hid her lower limbs it showed a beauty of head, neck, shoulders and arms that Praxiteles might have studied." The words of Boaden, picturing her conception with more detail, declare she "stood, one of the noblest statues that even Grecian taste ever invented. Upon the magical words by Paulina, 'Musick, awake her: strike!' the sudden action of the head absolutely startled, as though such a miracle had really vivified the statue, and the descent from the pedestal was equally graceful and affecting."

One evening while Mrs. Siddons was posing as the statue her long, flowing drapery caught fire from a stage lamp. Quick as thought a scene shifter rushed to her side and with a ready and unfeeling hand extinguished the blaze, saving the great actress from disfigurement, perhaps from death. That she appreciated the danger and the worth of the rescue was evident, for her purse overflowed its gold into the pocket of the poor stage worker, and, better still, her aid helped save his son,



LOUISA C. NISBETT.

a deserter from the army, from severity of punishment. The shock of the occurrence never faded from the mind of the actress; whenever, after that, the *Winter's Tale* was mentioned it caused her an uncontrollable shudder.

Mrs. Siddons's successor in the rôle was Miss Somerville, afterward Mrs. Bunn, that actress whose initial performance, but for her undoubted talent, would have been spoiled through the malignity of Kean's action when, after the manner of a crafty old stager, he persisted in taking his position back of the young débutante, compelling her constantly to turn her face away from the audience. This was a trick of Macready's also, of whose action Punch said that it supposed he thought Miss Helen Faucit had a very handsome back, for, when on the stage with her, he always

managed that the audience should see it and little else. Miss Somerville was but nineteen years of age when she played Hermione, but was of fully matured figure—in fact, the story exists that Kean with effrontery refused to act with this same well-developed young lady, except in one play, because she was "too big for him"! Yet Mrs. Somerville-Bunn was not "too big" for Macready to play Leontes to her Hermione some four or five years later, when that tragedian for the first time in London acted the rôle of the jealous and tyrannical husband. It was then, too, that Wallack gave his first impersonation of Florizel, and then that Mrs. W. West, another of the paragons, "one of the most beautiful women the British stage can boast of," pictured Perdita for the first time.

The Covent Garden Hermione of four years later date was Mrs. Faucit, she whose queen was termed most brilliant and who received the very high praise that "since the retirement of Mrs. Siddons no actress has exceeded our heroine in representations of majesty." Tall and of voluptuous figure, with a charming even if not strikingly handsome face, she made a fitting picture of Hermione. The Perdita of that date was Miss Jarman, a lady with a lisp and an unconquerable desire to play parts for which she was not fitted.

A little less than ten years later Mrs. Faucit was playing Paulina in the Winter's Tale, while about the same period, though at another theatre, her daughter, Helen Faucit, was sustaining the rôle that her mother once had filled. Helen Faucit (late Lady Martin) was one of those few Hermiones who by reason of youth seemed better adapted for the rôle of Perdita. She was at that time but seventeen years of age, and had enjoyed barely two years of stage experience. Macready, when he leased Covent Garden, engaged her services, and on the opening of that house, when the actor-manager, as he records in his *Reminiscences*, "acted Leontes artist-like, but not until the last act very effectively," the graceful, sympathetic young actress played Hermione. Her impersonations years ago were pronounced as nature itself in its finest and most beautiful aspect, and her Hermione accorded a success. In 1837 and '38 Paulina was Miss

Huddart (Mrs. Warner), who made known the character of Hermione to American theatre goers of three or four decades ago. The accompanying Perdita of 1838, Miss Vandenhoff, was the daughter of John Vandenhoff, who on this latter occasion took Macready's place in the leading male rôle. Miss Vandenhoff, we are told, was a woman of "handsome and expressive features, dazzling fairness of complexion and a manner perfectly graceful and natural."

An earlier Hermione to Macready's Leontes was Mrs. Sloman, a coldly classical performer, whose history is uninteresting to Americans save in the fact that she twice visited this country, only to find that during the interval of ten years she had been almost forgotten and her popularity become a thing of the past.

The productions by Macready, by Phelps, and by Charles Kean have been the glories in the history of the play since the day of the Kembles. Isabel Glyn (Mrs. E. S. Dallas), one of the Hermiones at Sadler's Wells during that wonderful series of revivals when all but six of Shakespeare's works were reproduced, died in England one year ago last May. Twenty years after the performance under the management of Phelps, just as she was retiring from the theatrical stage, she repeated her Hermione at the Standard theatre, Bishopsgate, and then turned to America for a time, here reading selections in one of her best characters, Cleopatra.

Following Miss Glyn as Hermione at the famous Sadler's Wells came an actress "in the alarm of fear caught up." Manager Phelps, at his wits' end to find a new heavy-tragedy lady, without a minute's hesitation accepted the advice of his prompter when that Fidos Achatas of all stage heroes and heroines, and villain as well, recommended a certain Miss Atkinson. Phelps's first dismay can be conceived when he found the young lady not only homely in face but entirely destitute of elementary education; yet he liked her tall, stately figure, and soon discovered that those plain features were remarkably expressive. Assiduously coaching this illiterate but crudely talented player he made of her an actress capable of sustaining with success such rôles as Lady Macbeth and Queen Katharine as well as Hermione.

To her belongs the distinction of being the original Duchess in Tom Taylor's *Fool's Revenge*, just as to Frederic Robinson, now so well known as one of the sterling players in the Madison Square company, belongs the distinction of being the original Dell' Aquila in the same play. It was Mr. Robinson who played Florizel

with costly Greek antiquities and superb scenery. Mrs. Charles Kean's (Ellen Tree's) Hermione was pronounced full of womanly gentleness and tenderness. Her first appearance in the character had been made under Alfred Bunn's management at Drury Lane twenty-one years before, when Macready played Leontes, Mrs.



MISS MARY ANDERSON AS HERMIONE.

in the *Winter's Tale* revival, thirty and more years ago, when the Hermione was Miss Atkinson and the Perdita was Miss Jenny Marston, an ambitious little juvenile lady whose mother was the Paulina in the production, and whose father, Henry Marston, was for a long time a well-known figure on the London stage.

The Princess's production of '56 saw an elaborate setting of the *Winter's Tale*,

Yates Perdita, and Mrs. Faucit Paulina. Ellen Tree was then thirty years of age. At the Princess's production Mr. Kean was Leontes, Carlotta Leclercq was Perdita, and Miss Heath (afterward Mrs. Wilson Barrett) was Florizel, that being the first time the character of the princely lover was ever given to a woman. The Mamillius of '56 was a child, then making her first appearance on the stage, now known as a

leading actress of England, Miss Ellen Terry.

The last Hermione on the London stage previous to Miss Anderson was Miss Ellen Wallis. She took part in Chatterton's attempted reproduction of Kean's arrangement at the reopening of Drury Lane in 1878, but her acting was not entirely satisfactory, and the production itself proved a total failure. She, like her predecessor Mrs. Giffard, became a manager's wife, and is known to the London stage as Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis of the Shaftesbury theatre.

Few indeed have been the productions of the *Winter's Tale* that America has viewed, and the two performances previous to Burton's day were only single-night benefits. Mrs. Bartley was the original Hermione here, when with her husband she made her last appearance in this country on the 5th of May 1820 at the Park theatre, New York. She was then only thirty-six years of age, but had been on the stage a quarter of a century. Mr. Bartley, the original Max Harkaway in *London Assurance*, played Autolycus. They made a great deal of money in America, but Mrs. Bartley—poor woman!—could not enjoy it, for her body suffered fearfully for many years from paralysis, and her mind became weakened as well. She had given promise of taking Mrs. Siddons's place as the tragic leader until Miss O'Neill drove her from the pedestal.

At the Park, ten years later almost to a month, lovely Mrs. Hilton impersonated Hermione and Mr. Hilton Autolycus. The great metropolis, of course, saw the most of the American revivals, three at Burton's, with Mrs. Warner and Mrs. Parker as Hermione; one at the Bowery, with Mrs. J. W. Wallack, jr., in the leading female rôle; and then that magnificent production at Booth's with

Mrs. Mollenhauer (Ada Clifton) as Hermione and Isabella Pateman as Perdita. Of these people Mrs. Warner and Mrs. Wallack gave their interpretations elsewhere.

Mrs. Warner, as a leading heavy actress



MRS. WARNER AS HERMIONE.

of England, and the possessor of the personal friendship of the queen, came to America with a great prestige, and with the *Winter's Tale* began her tour. In comparison with the many who have played Hermione in their younger years, it is interesting to note that Mrs. Warner was over fifty when she gave the part in this country. Curious enough it seems, in contrast, to find that she had played *Lady Macbeth* when she was but fifteen years of age! The stage companion of Macready, Phelps, Webster, Power and Forrest; the lessee with Phelps of Sadler's Wells, and the manager of Marylebone theatre, Mrs. Warner's stage experience was of wide extent. Her death occurred three years after her American début. Of her ap-



FROM THE WINTER'S TALE. AFTER THE BOYDELL ENGRAVING.

pearance as Hermione the Athenæum declared: "Mrs. Warner in the statue scene looked passing beautiful."

When Mrs. Parker for the second time played Hermione in New York, J. W. Wallack, jr., impersonated Leontes, and the next year Mr. Wallack showed his portrayal of the part to Bostonians at the famous old stock theatre, the Museum. His wife then starred as Hermione. Of the principals in the cast (which included William Warren as Autolycus), one, Mr. Nolan,

remained in the Museum company, and is still living, though not playing; another, J. A. Smith, that prince of stage fops, is at the Forrest Home; while Joseph F. Wheelock and Lawrence Barrett are still in the harness. But these are the only survivors. This production was the last of the three which Boston saw previous to Miss Anderson's appearance. Of the participants in the corresponding last production in New York, Mary Wells was Paulina, Augustus Pitou was Florizel and Robert Pateman was the Clown.

Another Hermione of repute to be recorded is Madame Janauschek. On a Cleveland, Ohio, playbill of seven years ago we find that the Perdita to Madame Janauschek's Hermione was Miss Anna Warren Story.

In all this list of Hermiones and Perditas not one player is found venturing to assume both the characters. Miss Anderson was the first to break in upon tradition, and her lovable and gracious, even if not thoroughly regal, Hermione, combined with her sprightly, winsome Perdita, certainly gave the old play a new lease of theatrical life. It is possible that the example set by the young American actress, offering as it does better chance for the "star," may lead to more frequent productions of the Winter's Tale in the years to come.

NOTE.—DATES OF PRODUCTIONS OF THE WINTER'S TALE REFERRED TO.

#### LONDON.

DATE.	THEATRE.	HERMIONE.	PERDITA.
Jan. 15, 1741.	Goodman's Fields.	Mrs. Giffard.	Miss Hippeasley.
Nov. 11, 1741.	Covent Garden.		
Jan. 21, 1742.	"	Mrs. Horton.	Mrs. Hale.
Mar. 25, 1754.	"	(Sheep-Shearing.—1st time.)	Miss Nossiter.
* Jan. 31, 1756.	Drury Lane.	Mrs. Pritchard.	Mrs. Cibber.
* Jan. 27, 1762.	"	"	"
April 24, 1771.	Covent Garden.	Mrs. Mattocks.	Mrs. Bulkley.
* Mar. 12, 1774.	"	Mrs. Hartley.	Miss Dayes.
* Nov. 20, 1779.	Drury Lane.	"	Mrs. Robinson.
* Dec. 1, 1779.	"	Miss Farren.	"
* May 19, 1783.	Covent Garden.	Mrs. Yates.	Miss Satchell.
* May 1, 1788.	Drury Lane.	Miss Farren.	Mrs. Crouch.

\* Garrick's version.



DATE.	THEATRE.	HERMIONE.	FEDITA.
* May 11, 1792.	Covent Garden.	Mrs. Pope.	Mrs. Mountain.
* Dec. 22, 1795.	"	"	Miss Wallis.
Mar. 25, 1802.	Drury Lane.	Mrs. Siddons.	Miss Hickes.
Nov. 28, 1811.	Covent Garden.	"	Mrs. H. Johnston.
April 9, 1812.	"	"	
June 25, 1812.	"	"	
Jan. 7, 1819.	"	Miss Somerville.	Miss Beaumont.
Nov. 3, 1823.	Drury Lane.	" (Mrs. Bunn.)	Mrs. W. West.
Dec. 5, 1827.	Covent Garden.	Mrs. Faucit.	Miss Jarman.
Oct. 23, 1833.	Drury Lane.	Mrs. Sloman.	Miss E. Phillips.
Nov. 3, 1834.	"	"	Miss Taylor.
Oct. 10, 1835.	"	Ellen Tree.	Mrs. Yates.
Sept. 30, 1837.	Covent Garden.	Helen Faucit.	Miss Taylor.
Oct. 6, 1838.	"	"	Miss Vandenhoff.
May 30, 1843.	Drury Lane.	"	Mrs. Nisbett.
Oct. 19, 1845.	Sadler's Wells.	Mrs. Warner.	Miss Cooper.
August, 1847.	Marylebone.	"	
October, 1848.	Sadler's Wells.	Isabel Glyn.	
1853-4.	"	Miss Atkinson.	Jenny Marston.
April 28, 1856.	Princess.	Mrs. Charles Kean.	Miss Leclercq.
1868.	Standard.	Isabel Glyn.	
Sept. 28, 1878.	Drury Lane.	Miss Wallis.	Miss Fowler.
Sept. 10, 1887.	Lyceum.	Mary Anderson.	Mary Anderson.

## AMERICA.

May 5, 1820.	Park, N. Y.	Mrs. Bartley.	Mrs. Barnes.
May, 1830.	"	Mrs. Hilton.	Mrs. Austin.
Sept. 22, 1851.	Burton's, N. Y.	Mrs. Warner.	Miss L. Weston.
Dec. 4, 1851.	Howard, Boston.	"	Mrs. Ayling.
Dec. 6, 1852.	"	"	Mrs. A. Knight.
Feb. 13, 1856.	Burton's, N. Y.	Mrs. A. Parker.	Miss E. Thorne.
April 6, 1857.	"	"	Miss Sara Stevens.
Nov. 3, 1858.	Museum, Boston.	Mrs. J. W. Wallack, jr.	Rose Skerrett.
Sept. 10, 1860.	Bowery, N. Y.	"	
May 25, 1871.	Booth's, N. Y.	Mrs. Mollenhauer.	Miss Pateman.
Oct. 8, 1881.	Academy of Music, Cleveland.	Mme. Janaushek.	Miss Story.
Nov. 13, 1888.	Palmer's, N. Y.	Mary Anderson.	Mary Anderson.

\* Garrick's version.



W. C. MACREADY.



## MADemoiselle RÉSÉDA.

BY JULIEN GORDON.

### CHAPTER I.

N a beautiful room of a beautiful house whose windows looked out on an unbeautiful street of the great North American metropolis two young women were engaged in what seemed an agitated tête-à-tête, one of those in-

timate dramas that it is perhaps impious to profane. One of them was buried in a deep Louis XVI. chair drawn near to the wood fire, whose large logs gave out a cheery though unstable crackle and flame. She had crossed her slender limbs, and held out one foot, which protruded from the hem of her skirt toward the blaze, dainty in its pale-rose silk stocking and satin mule. The draperies of her soft tea gown fell about her in shadowy folds. Her head was thrown back and supported against a white silk cushion, while her thin hands, laden with rings, lay idly in her lap, or were clasped convulsively together, according to the degree of her mental excitement. Her whole figure denoted that relaxed and somewhat dejected attitude of one whose powers as a listener and probable sympathizer have been long and painfully taxed.

Lying face downward at full length in a sort of helpless heap on a sofa close at hand was a second figure. It was that of a tall and elegant woman clad in street garments, the abandonment of whose whole pose could not conceal these salient traits. Her handkerchief, now a small damp ball, had fallen to the floor, and she was violently wiping one of her tear-stained eyes with the gilt-edged tassel of the sofa pillow in which her face was buried. Her little dark velvet toque had fallen awry, her hair was dishevelled and undone, her furs

had slipped from her shoulders, and bursts of loud anguish ever and anon shook her prostrate frame. She projected upon the bright surroundings a picture of wild and uncontrollable grief.

"Here, dear, take mine," said the lady in the tea gown, handing, as she spoke in a muffled voice, her transparent white handkerchief across the arm of the sofa to her friend.

Eagerly seized, the delicate morsel was soon deluged like its predecessor in that fast-falling flood of tears. It seemed as if the appellation "Queen of Tears" might be disputed by this modern Niobe with Mary of Modena.

"I ought to have a sheet," said the weeping one, "and that would not be wide enough to dry my crying."

The first words had been spoken with an attempt at humor, but they had miserably failed in a surging self pity which had ended in a fresh outbreak of sobs. The other lady moved in her seat with a half-stifled weary sigh, but made no effort at consolation. The small stock of philosophy that she possessed would, she knew, be of no avail, and she intuitively felt that religious aid, even if she had had such to offer, would be ill-timed. All she could do for the sufferer was to listen and be silent.

"Where was I?" at last asked the latter.

"You said to him, 'Dog, I will support you no longer! Leave my house forever! I—'" and the lady by the fire raised one of her slender arms, from which the sleeve fell away at the elbow, and pointed to an adjoining doorway with a dramatic gesture.

"Ah, yes! I said 'dog'—I said 'dog,' and I was right. He was—he is—a dog, a cur. Norah, he could not speak the truth—never; he was a liar always; lies were his daily food; his entire nature is honey-combed with them. But he is poor; I am rich. I have turned him into the streets, and it has nearly killed me!"

"Why poor? Because he is lazy and good-for-nothing. He has had every chance; his father so brilliant and successful. You are the one I pity."

The lady addressed began to gather herself together a little with jerky, harsh, discordant movements, reaching for her furs, settling her hat on her low-growing hair—she had dark eyes and very full lips.

"But now it is all over," continued the hostess. "Who knows? perhaps you'll be happier"—and she sighed.

"Happier! happier! happy! Norah, do you say this to me?"

"My child, what do you wish me to say?" The lady of the house rose with some impatience, which she hastened to conceal under a compassionate manner. She came over and sat down on the sofa by her friend, helping to smooth the tangled hair and adjust the disordered garments.

"I suppose I am a perfect sight!"

"Ah, dear! What will you have? Such an hour!"

"And to think at the last for such a woman!"

"Don't think of her."

"Ten years at least my senior, dowdy, hideous."

"Yes."

"She had a small foot," she added, as if such deep wrongs as hers might afford to be just.

"Heavens!"

"But mine is not enormous."

"I should say not! I have always admired your feet."

"I am a big woman." After a pause—"Men call her intelligent."

The other lady rolled up her eyes to the ceiling asking of its frescoed cupids the secrets of male hallucinations.

"But—but—if you could see her—see her undressed! Her corsets—trimmed with tatting!"

"Why, my dear, however did you—"

"I was an idiot, blind. I used to invite her to the house. She lunched there once, and had the audacity to remove the body of her gown."

"What! Before everybody?"

"Well, no; not quite that," and the lady of the toque could not help smiling; "afterward, in my room, said something was sticking into her, and I saw—I saw then—and oh, she wore those horrible long undersleeves like our grandmothers, and her arms were skinny, and on her stays, the tatting!"

Had it been some stain of human gore drawn by the criminal's own hand and

convicting her of a foul murder, the lady in the tea gown could not have gasped forth more tragically—"Horrible! She is a low person! How could he!"

"You may say so. But, Norah, never let me hear you speak of any possible happiness for me. That's over," with a deprecating wave of a large white hand.

"Will you be offended if I ask you a question I have long had on my lips?"

"Offended? I? No; speak!"

"I dare not."

"Don't be childish, Norah. I am past offence."

"Then I will, but it takes all of my courage."

"What is it?"

"I wish you to tell me frankly, absolutely frankly—did you really love your husband?"

"I think not. I never loved but one man, and he is dead."

"Yes, I know. But then why were you jealous of him?"

"Of whom—of my husband?"

"Yes. I don't understand—"

"What don't you understand?"

"Why should one care if one doesn't care?"

"There are two kinds of jealousy, Norah, the love jealousy and the conjugal. The latter, I suppose, should have some other name."

"Ah!"

"The conjugal jealousy is the feeling one has that a person who has wrecked—made a mess of all one's life has no right to—to—to—have a nice time," and she shook her head defiantly.

"Ah, yes; I see."

"All I expected, all I asked, was that he should be decent."

"Everyone takes your part."

"That won't last. People get tired of taking one's part for more than six months."

"How cynical you are."

"Why should I not be?"

"But now you are free."

"Ah, Norah—free! What freedom is mine? What shall I do with it? Free, with a brand on my brow! Free, with this ringless married hand," and she held out the finger from which the law, that grim jailer which binds and releases, had just shaken the loosely fitting wedding ring. "Free and divorced! Oh! that horrible



LYING FACE DOWNWARD AT FULL LENGTH WAS A SECOND FIGURE. (See page 34.)

word which covers a sneer ! That hydra-headed, cruel monster ! One must indeed have a light nature to accept that freedom and its cost gayly, little Norah," and the proud face was again drawn up and convulsed, albeit the fountain of tears seemed finally to have run dry. After a moment's silence : " But it cannot be possible for you to understand these things any more than my mother does."

" I have some imagination," said Norah. Her lips trembled. She felt lonely and wounded at being thus thrust out from all possible knowledge of pain.

" Yes, and mamma has none, not a particle," her friend went on, heedless, with the selfishness of her trouble, " and no experience. Married very early to a man who was her slave, the only man she ever looked at, she has never known or understood any of the phases of my bitter experience, and she has repudiated all my attempts at a free confession of them. She was a good mother while we were tiny babies, saw us safely through our childish diseases, watched our first steps gently enough, no doubt ; but, when our hearts and minds awoke, just when our needs were the greatest, it seemed as if her own closed forever. Everything human and real seemed to shock and hurt her. The innocence of childhood, Norah, is lovely, but an undeveloped woman of fifty maddens me. Her boys were the first to feel the want. They early shrank from her questionings and took their confidences elsewhere, and then it was my turn. While I was dancing the two or three cotillions with Ralph which were to lead to my foolish, terrible marriage, mamma, who should have been probing my girl's heart, learning its secrets, its struggles, its ambitions, and proving to me that this caprice was only the glamour that seventeen years casts over one's first glimpse of romance, mamma, I say, was learning French. She sat for hours locked up with Madame Beauprè. Poor madame—with her succulent, rich nature ! How I pitied her, listening to mamma while she read aloud expurgated editions of the classicists and romancists, and oh, so badly ! Mamma has not the slightest facility. Of course the realists cannot be mentioned in my mother's presence. All such unclean carrion are to be thrown on the dunghill."

" You speak hardly of your mother, Arden."

" I feel hardly."

" You had no guidance then, I suppose ? Your father——"

" Oh, poor papa ! He was always struggling down in the heated forum while his women scattered his hard-earned ducats."

" He won plenty of them !"

" Yes, but this has almost broken his heart."

" Your mother——"

" All she says is : ' I have a perfect horror of divorced people,' and insists it must have been my fault ; I ought to have been satisfied with my husband's admiration. In her day young women loved their own husbands, and were satisfied with their admiration. I do believe once, when poor Bertie was alive, Ralph must have said something to mamma. It was like his cowardice to try and set my own people against me. He was incapable of a sustained noble jealousy, but only of peevishness when his vanity was wounded. So mamma harps on and says it was my fault ; that I was the first to begin this separate life. I wonder why she is always against her own sex ! I would have liked her to test my husband for a week."

" But you——"

" Oh, yes. I've demonstrated to her a thousand times that one cannot be satisfied with an admiration which does not exist and is never expressed. I have explained to her that the times have changed ; that progress will go on, that tiny pebbles pushed under its wheel won't stop its course ; that women now have indefeasible rights, some claims, some reparations for injustice ; that even society is ordered differently ; that women must take their place, their share, in the world ; be the friends of men in their own drawing rooms, which is their only vantage ground. How could one stifle and dwarf a woman like me ? I cannot breathe in the atmosphere which has always nurtured her. I, at least, have lived ! But there is no use ! You might as well talk to the winds and waves—much more, for nature has loving arms that shield and comfort us. My mother is a good woman ; virtuous, but utterly narrow. All she finds to say to me is : ' You are a casuist,' and she feels that I am lost. I suppose she suffers. She hates the exposure. But what she has made me suffer !"



"And you were cruel enough just now to tell me I was no better."

"Dear, how can you, who are so happy, understand?"

"So happy!" echoed the one thus ad-jured, but without conviction.

"What is lacking? Youth, wealth, intel-lect, beauty, lovely children, a husband who adores you——"

"Adores" is a strong word."

"Does he not? He seems always fond."

"Oh, yes, fond."

"And such an excellent man; so irre-proachable, so respectable!"

"Very."

Was there a slight, a very slight sar-castic inflection in the simple assent, a moment's quiver of an upturned eyelid? Who can say?

"And so good-looking."

"Y—e—s." The straight Anglo-Saxon word sounded somewhat wavy in its vibra-tions.

"How can your undimmed eyes, accus-tomed to the light, pierce through my darkness?" said Arden Ayrault a little theatrically.

"Oh, oh! I am ill! I am faint! The room is reeling!" Norah rose and stag-gered to the window. "Air!" she gasped, "air!"

"My beloved friend, what have I done to you? How have I worried and worn and torn you?" said Mrs. Ayrault, full of compunction, practical once more, help-fully pushing up the window, understand-ing now the depth of egotism which had for two mortal hours kept another on a rack of wonder and pity until the tired nerves were spent.

"It is nothing. Since baby's birth I am not quite so strong." Norah leaned out and drank in the cool air which swept the street from among the trees of a neighboring square.

"Oh, my darling girl! Do forgive me."

"There is no forgiveness to ask. It is all over. We will have a cup of tea and then I will take a drive. That will refresh me. I feel so much for you—too much. It gives me a pain in my side."

"Feel no more. I have been very thoughtless. Give me a kiss instead of the tea. Help me rearrange my veil, so. My brougham has been at your door an hour. I ordered it at three. Good-by!

Good-by! Shall I ring for your maids to come to you? No? Have you really re-covered? The color is returning to your dear cheeks."

At this moment a nurse in the full para-phernalia of the modern nourrice, with a long gray cloak tipped with velvet and yards of fluttering ribbon at her back, ap-peared amid the loopings of the curtained door, with a child of eight or ten months in her arms.

"Tiens! Nounou!"

"Give me the baby a moment!"

The nurse held out her charge to Mrs. Ayrault's outstretched arms, not without a glance at this lady's tell-tale swollen eyelids.

Any signs of perturbation on the coun-tenances of their superiors are always hailed with keen appreciation by the un-educated. It is agreeable to them to know that no class is exempt from annoyance; and to empty minds any emotional stim-ulus is pleasant.

The mother came from the window mur-muring such words as mothers do to their little ones in greeting.

"Hush, madame!" said the nurse, with warning finger. "She is asleep."

Mrs. Ayrault remained motionless in the middle of the room, still holding the sleeping child crushed against her breast. Its head, covered with a fuzzy golden down, nestled lovingly close to her tumultuous heart in that helplessness and secur-ity of childhood which is so pathetic to our own restless distrust and care-taking. A large tear—the last of so many, let us hope—a pearly drop shaken from the past tempest, detached itself from her eyelashes and fell upon the baby's forehead.

"It calms," she murmured softly; "but I must not baptize her with the chrism of my sorrows." She turned quickly and placing the child in its mother's arms she almost ran from the room, disappearing like a lovely wraith beneath the heavy portière.

Mrs. Eustis's first sense was one of in-tense relief. Others' woes have not to us the sustaining elements of our own. It had been a terrible ordeal to her keen sen-sibility.

"Madame is pale."

"Yes, I have been kept in-doors all day. I suffocate!"

Nounou afterward heard down-stairs

that the pretty lady who had paid such a long visit had had her troubles.

Her troubles at present were the world's property.

## CHAPTER II.

After the cup of tea which she ordered brought up to her bedroom by her old French butler, instead of being served more ceremoniously in her boudoir with candles and samovar, Norah Eustis shook herself free of her loose house garments while her maid brought her a charming new costume lately unpacked from Worth boxes, and prepared to robe her mistress in its intricacies, but she was stopped by a hasty denial.

"No, Marie, not anything new. Give me my gray and my big fur coat."

"What! That old gray?" said Marie, disappointed. "Madame insisted to me she would never wear it again."

"I have no courage for a new thing today. I am tired. Bring me what I asked for."

"Is madame ill? Madame is pale."

"Am I not always pale?"

"Madame is not très colorée, as one can say, ever; but today it is different."

"No, I am not ill."

Wrapped to the feet in her great Russian coat she looked older than she was. It concealed the girlish slimmness of her figure, while her large, picturesque black hat, tipped forward over her strange hair, half concealed her forehead and eyes. Her hair looked like that of the ladies in Bartolozzi's engravings, and was dressed in a somewhat looser method than modern fashion dictates. It hung a little about her neck, and was caught above her brow in great rings by an antique comb. It seemed as if someone had shaken a powder puff lightly over it, for its black mass was streaked with gray. With her young face narrowing at the chin and mouth, broad and noble about the brow and eyes, she bore a resemblance to some quaint portrait of the past, and had withal a certain dignity and poise, an exquisite distinction of carriage, unusual in one so petite.

Seated in her luxuriously appointed coupé, her slender feet slipped into a fur foot-muff which rested on a bowl of hot water, she ensconced herself in a corner and gave the order, "To the Park!" But she had not driven a mile, had not even

reached the Park entrances, when she pulled the bell hastily and lowering the pane bade her men take her back into the town, giving them a street and number. She felt that strange dislike to solitude and meditation which we sometimes experience after a mental strain; a desire for human companionship and of a kind usually distasteful to her; some prosaic commonplace intercourse with some prosaic common place people was what appealed forcefully to her fancy at the moment that she ordered her horses' heads turned backward. A contemplative progress under trees and near snow-besprinkled fields where silence and quietude would reign failed at this moment to attract her. From the perturbations of the afternoon's conference there had remained with her a dull pain across her brows, and an unreal sense of some vague wrong done to herself.

She tried in vain to fathom its mystery. Her headache was haunted by three distinct utterances which somehow seemed to throb through her hair and whose refrain was hurled round and round on the wheels of her carriage over and over again upon the rattling paving stones. The first was, "You so happy;" the second was, "A husband who adores you;" the third, "I at least have lived." Ay! To live! She had for a moment today seen life, writhing, seething, tossing before her, life in its tangled tresses and disarray; life in its confusion, ferment, anomalies, discordances; and she dared hardly admit to herself, or whisper it to a long-imprisoned heart, that, while it had frightened and made her ill, it had secretly allured her. People were rarely drawn to her in sympathy, and today was the first time that splendid, possibly misguided, unhappy creature had told her all. For a long hour before we found them the floodgates had been open to her.

Mrs. Eustis had of course stood in the house of mourning; but she was one of those unobtrusive, delicate ones of earth who err through overmuch scrupulousness, and she generally drifted in on the third day, when the first violent burst of bereavement had been assuaged with discussion, at least by the sex which parleys, upon the proper length of a crape veil or the width of a tucked sleeve. Her late arrival, being generally attributed to coldness—delicacy is rarely understood—she

was not treated to any loud demonstrations of grief.

We live in a social convention whose tenets lead us to hide and cover. We read of horrors and sin and anguish, but the culprit or the victim faces us with lifted head and smiling eyes. The wounded have their false limbs, their stick, their crutch; they hobble along as fast as we do and we forget that they are crippled. The sick man, admitted to the hospital ward, is at once cleaned and shaven and covered up; the sheet is reverently drawn over the face of the dead; the blind man, Fawcett, goes to Parliament, or like Herreshoff, builds his ships by the sense of touch; the armless painter plies his toe; the legless torso is strapped to his horse and hunts the fox; the poor old world shuffles along, hurrying too fast to stop and pick up its useless ones, and these are quickly trampled under and seen no more. To the children of luxury and of fashion life is often a dream, not a reality. Of its tumults and its conflicts they have seen only the distant dust and smoke, while its mud and grime have not splashed or soiled their garments.

Mrs. Eustis's had been a sheltered existence yet let us do her the justice to say that she did not judge her friend; she was content to love her, and she loved her all the more tenderly because she knew that she herself could not really fill or meet that storm-tossed soul. She had followed her career, sometimes marvelling, sometimes not entirely understanding, but always admiring, and even with a secret envy which was never ungenerous. Her latent romance, cramped and dwarfed, had found its only aliment in the passionate interest with which she had watched her friend's imperilled course, that course of gayety, brilliancy and superficial success which had terminated in such disaster. Today the wreck had been tossed at her feet and her gentle nature had been wrung. With it all was a sense of loneliness, of being too old, too young—what? An old young woman? A young old woman? Which was it?

She had married very early, had tasted the deeps of maternity, had gone through what others did, and yet she felt that she had never known great joy or pain. Of one thing she was certain, she had never been "adored." She had had a mad de-

sire, as her friend talked to her, to disclose herself too, to cry out all. Then suddenly she asked herself—what? and the pallid tameness of her own fortunes had made her shrink ashamed. Yes, she had envied her, and then, in horror at herself, she had rung the bell. She felt that she must seek absolute distraction. She would go and call on Mrs. Dolph, make that long-put-off, long-urged visit.

Mrs. Dolph was the wife of a client of her husband's, and he had at frequent intervals during the winter, when social duties and exigencies had pressed upon his wife, begged her kindly, but with that persistency which characterized him, to drop a card on Mrs. Dolph. "It is no great hardship," he had said, "and Dolph would be gratified." The months were slipping into springtime, but "Mrs. Dolph" had not yet been written down in Mrs. Eustis's visiting list.

"It is such a bore," she said. "People whom one never meets."

"There is a girl coming up," her husband had answered; "a very pretty girl, and they'll make an effort for her. You could so easily give her a push into the right set."

"Mon cher ami," she answered, "the name is enough. I don't like 'Miss Dolph.' Besides, what could I do for her? I am a very insignificant person."

She always depreciated her own power and position, which invariably irritated her husband. It wounded his self love. Her power was not quite as limited as she pretended to believe, and her position was of the best, not meteor-like, as was Mrs. Ayrault's, but solid and safe.

She was ushered by a rather slatternly man servant into the Dolph drawing room, which was heavily upholstered in crimson plush, an attempt at variety of color being effected by innumerable Turkish and Oriental draperies pinned across the backs of the stiff-necked chairs. A very large and elaborate Venetian table in the centre of the room was laden with an array of finely, gaudily bound volumes, which looked as if they had been lying in the same spot and the same orderly trimness for months or even years. Curtained bookcases against the walls bore up a few vases and knick-knacks of uncertain value and certain ugliness. The ceiling was heavily or-

named and decorated. The cold, light walls were hung here and there with photographs of Italian art studies. Reminiscences of this poetic clime seemed ill at ease in the general stuffiness of an apartment where money had been liberally and taste sparingly expended. The room was close, but fireless, cold and very dark. Mrs. Eustis, always a bit frileuse, kept on her great warm coat. The light streaming from the hall lit upon its massive contour, and upon the knot of her gray hair, making their first impression upon Mrs. Dolph as she tripped across the door-sill.

"How do you do? I am sure you are very kind to come and see me," said Mrs. Dolph, extending a fat, short hand.

She was a woman of about forty-five, rotund in face and figure, and with a bright, cheerful smile.

"I have heard of you often, seen your name in the papers. Mr. Dolph says you are very gay. I suppose," she added, "you like to see the young people enjoying themselves. It is the same way with me. I like to go out and watch them. I think one ought to try and keep cheery for the children's sake."

"You have a daughter, I believe," said Mrs. Eustis, trying not to be frigid.

"Oh, yes, four of them. Adèle is the only one in society, and Adèle's twenty. Then there is one eighteen, but she is still at school. She had the typhoid, and was put back a year. One seventeen, and little Mary is only fourteen. Is your girl out yet, Mrs. Eustis?"

"My children are very young," said Mrs. Eustis. "My daughter is eight years old."

"Ah! I was under the impression you were chaperoning her, you went out so much."

"I am afraid I go out to amuse myself," said Mrs. Eustis in a voice keyed somewhat higher and more emphatically than usual. She felt the hopelessness of explaining her world to this dreadful person, but some protest had to be entered. One could not be trampled thus without protest into old age and indistinctness. "I am fond of dancing."

"Are you now?" said Mrs. Dolph indulgently. "Well, why not? After all, we ought to keep as young as we can. That is what I am always telling Mr.

Dolph. Grown-up people need recreation for all the bother and care they have—what with children and servants and everything. I guess I'd enjoy it myself if I wasn't so fat," and she shook in her tight brown satin walking suit like a kernel in its shell. "I suppose your husband's very busy! Do you have to breakfast very early? It must make it hard, going to balls and dinner parties. The parties are so late here. I can't see how you ladies manage to do it all! Where I came from everything was over by twelve o'clock."

Mrs. Dolph was a provincial.

"I breakfast at twelve. I have a cup of tea in my room before," said Mrs. Eustis faintly. "Mr. Eustis breakfasts by himself." The conversation had to be kept up.

"Why, that must be lonely for him! Mr. Dolph always expects me and the girls to pour his coffee for him at 7.30, winter and summer, and we are down in that dining room punctually if we have been up ever so late."

"That is a devotion to duty of which I am quite incapable." Mrs. Eustis felt she was appearing flippant and heartless, but only regretted she could not prove herself more so in the short five minutes which were left to her.

There are certain dispositions of the spirit when everything wounds. This being treated like a contemporary by a woman greatly her senior, the hideous bourgeois surroundings, the catechism to which she had been subjected, aroused in her an antagonism which seemed far more violent than the occasion warranted. It all so jarred upon her highly civilized and cultivated taste that it became positively intolerable, and as soon as decency would permit she rose to go. As she did so a young girl entered the room.

"This is my Adèle," said Mrs. Dolph.

The girl was very unlike her mother. She was tall and finely built, with bright brown hair and eyes the color of the euclase stone seen under water in the sunshine. She had a small head superbly set on a well-developed throat. She was dressed in a pale réséda-colored cashmere, which fitted her to perfection. She evidently studied her own figure.

She came forward and took Mrs. Eustis's hand without embarrassment, but with a slight gaucherie which in a less hostile

mood Mrs. Eustis would have been the first to pronounce adorable.

"I have seen you before," she said, smiling.

"Really," said Mrs. Eustis, unbending.

"Oh, often, and I have admired you intensely." Here was a drop of balm.

"Yes, driving, and walking, too, sometimes. Once you were with Mr. Eustis and I was with papa; so I guessed it was you. I have seen you again with another lady that I think beautiful, too."

"Mrs. Ayrault."

"I didn't know her name. She is dark, with a very low forehead. She is very stylish."

"Yes, that is the one."

"Adèle's always raving about somebody," said Mrs. Dolph. It must be conceded that this lady's tact was not her culminating trait.

At any rate, thanks to Miss Adèle, Mrs. Eustis, when she got herself once more into her brougham, felt a little less shelved and relegated to the dais among faded matrons and elderly dowagers.

It may be said here that she was a little prone to relegate herself there without outside assistance. She belonged to a gay coterie, but had never yet felt herself quite of it. All the women liked her and spoke well of her—too well. They placed her by the side of their admirers and lovers in a proximity they would never have granted for a moment to Arden, and with a frank absence of anxiety which was hardly flattering; while the mothers were always charmed when they heard their dissipated sons had danced with her; it seemed a first step toward possible reformation. The lovers and admirers and sons chatted with Mrs. Eustis, called her "very distinguished," "excellent form," a pretty woman. Some admired her eyes, others her figure; that was all. They would not have dared make love to her. She wasn't "that kind." Norah wondered what "that kind" meant. Then there were occasional excursions when she found herself rather unexpectedly left out; parties planned impromptu by her own friends to the country, to other cities, for skating, for sleighing, for a ball. She would be suggested and then voted down as "not larky enough, you know." She dimly understood this herself in a mystified fashion, and was nevertheless a trifle piqued,

for way down in the bottom of her soul she knew that there lay a distinct taste for these "larky" amusements from which she was tacitly excluded.

"Mademoiselle Réséda! What a pretty girl, and how well her gown's color suited that white matte skin," she thought now as she drove away.

"By the way, Horace," she said later to her husband, "I hope you will be duly gratified. I have been to the Dolphs'."

"Have you, my dear? I am much obliged to you." He was always punctiliously civil and correct.

"Yes, and Mademoiselle Réséda was at home, and a great improvement on the mother."

"Mademoiselle Réséda?" He looked across the dinner table at his wife with his calm, puzzled eyes.

"Isn't that prettier than 'Adèle Dolph,' more poetic?"

"Why, yes, but——"

"I rechristened her," she continued.

"She wore a réséda gown. That is pale green, mon cher, as I presume you must know. I should look like a North American Indian in such a frock, but she is fair and it was effective."

"So the visit was not as terrible as you expected?"

"On the contrary, much worse. The mother treated me as if I was some old thing, and I shocked her every other minute. She considers me a disreputable, antique coquette, a devoted votary of pleasure and neglectful of my marital duties."

"How so?"

"Oh, I can't go over it all. The Dolphs are done—rest content."

Her husband urged for no further enlightenment. It was one of her secret grudges against him, if she had any, that he displayed no curiosity about the details of her life. A woman likes to be questioned, and there is a degree of indulgent confidence in her movements which does not please her. No one wishes to be thought entirely incapable of vagary, and the placid security of others is often the irritant which causes shock. The larger history of nations abounds in such paradoxes. She sometimes dreamed of a companionship whose pleasure her imagination had only dimly conjured. She fancied it might be delightful to have the book one was reading—she was a great



reader—drawn away from one's hands and to be asked one's opinion about its contents. She thought it would be agreeable to be listened to with attentive eagerness. It is a woman's instinct to like an audience. She would have liked to be led to speak more of herself, her feelings, and her intimate convictions. But she lived in an atmosphere where such disturbing subjects were rarely broached. Du reste, in studying her married friends, who seemed perfectly contented with their lot, she noticed that husbands in general were not greatly given to such concern.

Her own husband passed for clever; he was cultivated, with prepossessing manners, had had early advantages, was a gentleman in a land where this is peculiarly appreciated. But she knew that he was not clever. Men can live with a woman twenty years and get not even a glimpse of her real being. A woman of average ability has usually gauged her man in twenty-four hours. Mrs. Eustis had appraised her husband more slowly; it had taken her exactly eight days of her married life. As she had lived peacefully with him ever since she had concluded that good breeding was of more importance in human intercourse than native wit.

But there were other things which had puzzled and distressed her, particularly in the early days of her married experience; only she never acknowledged to herself that it was not something wrong in herself. Her senses had remained perfectly unawakened and cold. She decided—she had read two or three French novels—that she had no "temperament," or else that she was wicked; probably the latter, for everybody said Mr. Eustis was charming, and he was certainly kind to her. She had married him at seventeen, first, because he had asked her to, which is always an excellent reason; secondly, because he had a blond beard which she thought handsome; and thirdly, because her mother, who was ill at the time and dreaded to leave her child alone, had urgently desired the alliance. Norah was an only child.

Her mother had since died, leaving her a large fortune.

### CHAPTER III.

The Eustises had a delightful country place not far from the great city; yet it was

situated in a spot which the captious freaks of fashion seemed somehow to have skipped over and forgotten. It lay at some distance from the railway which had stopped just short here of its habitual Philistine enterprise, and had turned in another direction, one could hardly explain why. At any rate it was a secluded place, and solitary enough, except when they woke it up at their arrival, and later with their numerous guests. This domain was bounded upon its northern side by the Sound, upon that shore of Long Island which the Revolution has made historically famous. It consisted of two large farms, and it had been in the family of Mr. Eustis's father since the old Indian deed somewhere in the remote antiquity of 1680 had made it theirs. General Simcoe's troops had been quartered at the nearest village, where one of General Washington's front teeth and a hair of his wig were kept by the oldest inhabitant under a blue glass preserve jar; but whether the good general had really dropped the tooth there or sent it back as a souvenir was not authenticated. The young English officers, if we are to believe the Lollus of the day, had captured the hearts of the native belles; for Simcoe's battalion of "The Queen's Rangers" were dashing fellows, and bold in both light and active service, and there were many traditions of their gallantries and their exploits. Of such mythic historians, however, let us speak with due deference and doubt.

The beach at "Liesse," which was the name of the Eustis property, was an especial joy; low, sandy, sunlit, lonely, it glittered for a mile, all their own. The dwelling house, large and rambling, in the old colonial style, covered with creepers, modernized into luxury, stood facing the water on a wide plateau of grassland. The plateau had a noble sweep eastward and southward, down to the woods that flanked and skirted it and through which wound the narrow lane which led up to the front door. The woods themselves had been left intact with uncut undergrowths and a riotous tangle of vines in their tree tops. To the eastward was a copse which came closer to the water, for here the bank sloped more rapidly and had been cleared of all but some tall old pines, where Mrs. Eustis often brought her friends to tea on the long summer afternoons, heralding their advent by sending sofas and chairs

and rugs and huge pots of bright flowers from the verandas out to the clearing.

Her neighbors lived from six to eight miles away; for there was a settlement of summer flitters at this distance, near the village of Clam Harbor, but she had persuaded them that the long drive was an added charm to the excursion, and they were always glad to sail across the bay or be driven through the quiet fields to pass an afternoon at Liesse. And then, at frequent intervals, she had a houseful of guests. The place, thus, could not be lonely. It was, in fact, a beehive of activity, as must be the case with a household mounted on its capacious scale. The two older boys, the little girl, the baby, necessitated that array of servitors, tutors, governesses, maids, nurses, pets, ponies, donkeys, dogs, goats, birds, etc., which formed, when they moved, a cortège as imposing and conspicuous as that of a wandering circus, while the dairy farm, the cattle pens, the sheepfolds were incessant objects of interest and entertainment.

This year the "caravan," as Mrs. Ayrault named it, had moved earlier than usual, Mrs. Eustis having declared herself weary of the town, and Mr. Eustis desiring to settle his family definitely for the summer before taking a run across to the "other side." He was going to some European baths which his physician had recommended as salutary for a tendency to over-stoutness.

He was assiduous at his profession of the law, which, with the care of his own and his wife's estates, kept him well occupied through the winter, and in the spring often took a sea voyage for his holiday. His wife only accompanied him when his stay could be prolonged to at least six months. She was fond of pleasure sailing—their pretty yacht swung at anchor in the bay which lay behind their place on the other side of the public road, the neck of land they inhabited being almost waterlocked—but she disliked ocean travel, less on account of seasickness than because its discomforts tortured her sybaritic fastidiousness. She was a woman eminently unfitted for "roughing it," as the phrase goes.

Mrs. Ayrault, declaring that she could not stand a season at Newport in her new equivocal conditions—she owned a house there which had been part of her marriage

portion—had taken an old farmhouse half a mile from Liesse, to be near her friends during this first summer of her reconstructed life. Norah did not hear of this decision without certain misgivings, fearing that the brilliant Arden, who always somewhat overshadowed and made her feel insignificant, would find the "real country," to which she was so unaccustomed, very dull.

Arden, however, laughed at this solicitude. She emptied half of her town house's treasures into the ill-adapted, rickety old homestead, swung hammocks in adjacent shrubberies, covered its wide piazzas with costly rugs, sent down a grand piano, a harp and a banjo, two saddle horses, a phaeton pair and a hack, and declared herself well established. It may as well be said at once that she was rarely, if ever, truly alone; that her friends—they were principally gentlemen—found it very convenient to slip away from the cares of state or of affairs, to dine and sleep at the metamorphosed farmhouse, and that notwithstanding her determination to be miserable, she had a fairly agreeable time of it. "It is impossible," said Mrs. Eustis, "to pity anyone who is so very good-looking. I have tried in vain;" and she found herself saying of her friend, not in the past tense "She has lived," but, "She lives."

The ladies came up together on the same bright spring morning to their respective summer abodes. In the distance the children, piled into two or three chairs of the drawing-room car, were making it alive with their pertinacious inquisitiveness and the ever-fresh wonderment of early childhood, that happy time when steam engines and railway stations are a subject of absorbing interest. Childhood seems gray and colorless enough to those who have tasted of youth and manhood's profounder experiences; but its freedom from ennui, like its insouciance, must always commend its memories.

Sitting behind the children, in a green cloth gown and a black straw hat, was a young lady whom Mrs. Ayrault had never seen before.

"Who in the world is that girl?" she asked of Mrs. Eustis. "Another animal added to your menagerie?"

"My dear, open those velvet orbs and prepare to be dumfounded."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"That girl is Mademoiselle Réséda."

"You don't mean to say! What! That Dolph girl?" Mrs. Eustis had told Mrs. Ayrault of her call of the winter, and the name had stuck to the latter lady's fancy.

"None other."

But we will enlighten the reader as to how it happened. It was very simple. Two weeks before they left the city Mr. Eustis had said to his wife one evening, with a gloomy commiseration of voice, "Well, poor Dolph's gone under."

"Gone under what?" replied madame, who was thinking of other things.

"Haven't you read the papers?"

"Not coherently today."

"It is astonishing that you don't see these things," said her husband a little fretfully. "What in the world do women read in the daily journals?"

"Foreign news, book reviews and deaths."

"Well, my poor friend Dolph is as dead as a door nail financially, and I could not save him—no one could."

"Ah, the poor things!" Mrs. Eustis vaguely wondered if the sheriff's wife would have all of the plush furniture. Her idea of a failure was that someone in authority came into one's house and took away everything—everything at once, including one's beds—and that the women immediately fell to making preserves. She had been one of those called upon to eat these preserves, the result of catastrophe, and had found them a terrible fate.

"Yes. I wish I could help him. He has been one of my best clients; a good fellow. It is hard on his women."

"If there is anything I can do—" said Mrs. Eustis, without much warmth.

"Dolph says the girl—don't you remember? The pretty one—you called her Mademoiselle Réséda—has behaved splendidly; has held them all up; declares she will do something to help her family. I fancy she's a trump."

"Ah! The poor plucky little thing. She was indeed pretty. I will go and see them."

"She is very well educated. Dolph passed for rich, but he has been foolish; speculating, I am afraid, and others have despoiled him. He gave his girls advantages; they travelled in Europe; had excellent masters,"

Mrs. Eustis was silent for fully five long minutes. "Why, Horace," she then said, "would she do?"

"Do—for what?"

"Why, for the children. It is just what I am looking for; a girl, a lady; some one intelligent and refined, so they shall not be too much with the nurses. That influence is so unfortunate for them. Miss Griffiths cannot come back this year; she is going to see her mother."

"What! Dolph's daughter a nursery governess? You forget they are proud Americans, my dear Norah. They could not stand it."

Her husband was apt to be obstacular when she ceased to be so, and Mrs. Eustis allowed the subject to drop. Nevertheless, the next day at five o'clock precisely, in answer to a mysterious note despatched at noon, Miss Adèle Dolph was ushered into Mrs. Eustis's boudoir. The older woman came forward with outstretched hands to greet her. "I hope, my dear, you have not forgotten me."

"No one could forget you," said the girl, who was certainly not her mother's daughter.

"Ah! why not?" said Mrs. Eustis, to whom the implied flattery sounded sweet. People thought her cold, but she longed for appreciation.

"I have never seen or known anyone exactly like you," said the girl simply.

"Am I so peculiar?"

"Very," said Miss Dolph, smiling. Then they both blushed, Mrs. Eustis faintly, the girl deeply.

"It's my hair," said the married woman.

"Your hair! Oh, it's you. You don't look like any of the rest of us. You have just stepped out of a picture, some beautiful picture one sees in the galleries of old palaces abroad."

"What a charming and very clever girl," thought Mrs. Eustis. Then in low voices and after nearly an hour's talk the compact between these two had been made and sealed. Miss Dolph was engaged at very high pay, whose figure was suggested by the children's mother, to be with them, a teacher and companion; and the girl with flushed face and beating heart thanked her benefactress.

"I was determined to this step," she said rising. "Mother and the girls can-

not do much, and we are going to be very, very poor. Papa is so upright; he gives up everything to our creditors. He is not one of the kind who fail rich." Her voice trembled but she did not weep.

"She seems to have strong nerves," thought Mrs. Eustis. "I am glad she isn't hysterical: it would be bad for Olga, who is already so nervous." Olga was her eight-year-old daughter.

"There will be some trials for you, I am afraid," said Mrs. Eustis, following Miss Dolph to the door, with the honest intention of concealing nothing. "The—*the governess*"—she forced the word courageously out—"has always dined with the children, and only breakfasted with us when they were allowed to do so. Of course they are very well arranged, have large, comfortable, and very pleasant quarters, and she has a good deal of time, of independence; but what I want is companionship for them, not—not—" she was going to say "myself," but prudently stopped. "It is a very quiet place, too. You will find it dull, I fear."

"Thank you for telling me everything so frankly," said the girl. "I greatly prefer staying always with the children; it will suit me much better, and I love, I adore the country."

"Very well," said Mrs. Eustis, "then it's only your mother's consent to win."

"Oh," said the girl with a rather surprised intonation, "mamma does whatever I say."

"I took a fancy to you the first time we ever met," said Mrs. Eustis kindly, parting at last from her visitor. "You wore such a sweet frock. I christened you '*Mademoiselle Réséda*.'"

"That is my favorite color," said Miss Dolph. "But what a pretty name! I wish it were mine."

"Au revoir! then, *Mademoiselle Réséda*."

That night Mrs. Eustis received a note from Mrs. Dolph. One clause in it very nearly imperilled the new governess's career. "She will be as devoted as a daughter to you," she wrote. Mrs. Eustis winced. "I am afraid I have made a mistake," she thought. But *Mademoiselle Réséda* was so desirable that in spite of her parentage her bark rode safely even over this breaker.

"She is the most ridiculous-looking

governess," said Mrs. Ayrault in the train.

"She certainly is too handsome. That is a serious objection."

"Why, she is a regular houri; positively appetizing. Such an odd style for a governess."

"Yes, it is a sensuous sort of beauty; fancy a sensuous nursery governess!"

"Is she no more than that?"

"She will be treated like a lady, of course. But I could not stand anyone always with me, hanging about, and at the table. She must keep her place; stay with the children. It is hard, but I told her exactly how it would be, what to expect."

"Socrates!"

"Don't laugh at my feeble efforts at philanthropy. One needs to be a sage indeed when one attempts to be charitable. I really mean well for the girl."

"So it is *elemosynary*?"

"Partly."

"Fancy—that goddess! It's fortunate the boys are young."

"Oh, pshaw! She is nothing so remarkable."

Two weeks later Mrs. Ayrault came over one afternoon and found her friend sitting on a garden seat within the parapet, as they called the rustic railing they had constructed on the bank in front of the house, a boy in her arms.

"*Étude de la Madone*," said Mrs. Ayrault.

The child was asleep, and there were traces of tears on his long, curly eyelashes, blotched on his cheeks with some admixture of sand and clay. He was a thin, sun-browned little lad, much too tall and heavy for his slender mother's lap.

"'L'enfant' has just been very naughty, very wicked indeed, and this is only a lull after a terrific storm." Mrs. Eustis leaned down her cheek and pressed it against the boy's freckled one. His brown legs, covered with bruises and scratches, honorable wounds and scars won in a praiseworthy attempt at tree-scaling, and also more or less soiled with sand, dangled against his mamma's delicate lace skirts; one thin, tanned arm was drawn tightly around her neck; the other hung limply at his side.

"You make a graceful picture at any rate."



"I often wonder if I am a good mother." Mrs. Eustis flecked away an insect which buzzed near her son's chin.

"You don't look like a mother woman."

"How should they look?"

"You know a great French writer has said that women belong to one of two types."

"And those are?"

"The femme mère and the femme courtisane."

"I am afraid I belong to neither, and therefore, as a woman, I am a failure."

"I don't know anything about you," said Mrs. Ayrault, leaning back and laughing that full, warm laugh that stirred the blood of men. "If I ever held the key of your nature I have lost it."

Mrs. Eustis was busy with the butterfly. She did not join in the laughter.

"You always seem to me to love Cyril best."

Mrs. Eustis gave the sleeper a hug. "He is a dear fellow; the most affectionate of my children; a real mother's boy."

"How you do crave love!"

Mrs. Eustis looked up quickly.

"Yes, I have often remarked this trait in you, when others thought you indifferent."

"But you have not explained the mother woman," said Norah lightly, ignoring the last words.

"I am more her type than you are. I resemble a statue of Charity I once saw somewhere covered with little babies."

It was now Mrs. Eustis's turn to laugh.

"This is the first time I ever heard you mention such a view of yourself."

"It is nevertheless true, ma chère. I am a mother woman who has missed her vocation."

"You with babies! I hope I am not the other type, who has missed mine."

"If I had had children," said Mrs. Ayrault, "I would have loved them dearly. Tell me, Norah, do you love all yours very, very much?"

"I don't know."

"That's just it; you're not awakened."

Here Cyril stirred, kissed his mother, gave a last sob, forgotten before he went to sleep, and slipped away to join his older brother in digging an artesian well, as he called it, on the beach, which had occupied three entire afternoons.

"Your Percival's a glorious child!"

"Yes, so large and muscular for his age, and clever too. He has an unusual taste for drawing. Miss Dolph is teaching him. She is quite an artist herself. I would like him to be an architect and, of course, a great one. What a delightful profession! So refining. How nice to marry an architect; to creep in under the arches of some wide dim cathedral which he was building, to hide in its shadows, and dart out to him unexpectedly when his day's work was done, to plan with him, to suggest, to encourage!"

"Norah, you are lyric! By the way, Count de Beaumont is coming up for Sunday, and he will poetize with you by the hour; he is romantic. Cousin Mary will play sheep-dog."

Cousin Mary was one of those convenient poor relatives who come and vanish at will, wear the cast-off clothes, eat the cold scraps and expect only such superfluous and wandering attentions as no one else claims.

Norah remembered her friend on that December afternoon when she had lain prone before her in her drawing room in all the abandonment of her wild weeping, and asked herself if this indeed could be the same person. Mrs. Ayrault affected a certain severity of costume since her "misfortune," as she called the legal fiat which had released her from a detested bond; but she was certainly now clothed and in her right mind, and there was even a suspicion of coquetry in the adjustment of a red rose which had found its way into her belt. Another crimson blossom was caught in the diamond which fastened the black lace at her neck. "She is fascinating, but frivolous," thought Norah, for the first time judging her friend a trifle severely.

But Mrs. Ayrault was not particularly frivolous; she was only the happy possessor of a perfectly sound body and mind, which are often mistaken for frivolity, and their entirely natural reactions for an abnormal lightness of disposition. The generality of people are invalids. The flower in Arden's corsage was only the outcome of her fine digestion. So does the morale lean on the material. The fascinator of the world, the magnets, are recruited from these ranks of the disaffected who have powers of recuperation.



"We will make plans for De Beaumont's amusement anon. In the meanwhile I have something to tell you which will amaze you."

"What! More than Mademoiselle Réséda?"

"Yes, far more. Who do you think is coming up to-morrow or the next day with Horace?"

"I have no guessing cap on. You deal in surprises lately."

"A celebrity, a man whose name is on everyone's tongue, a great person. Yes, and he's coming here to stop for weeks, for ages. Horace sails Wednesday; but he'll stay on and on," and Mrs. Eustis made a circling cycle in the translucent ether with her umbrella. "Think of my excitement,

all alone with genius."

"I cannot imagine."

"Maynard."

"No?"

"Yes."

"Fancy! Is he in America? Is he coming to paint you?"

"No, the children."

"What, all of them?"

"If he likes."

"But why not yourself?"

"Horace wants it but I do not. I am not pretty enough."



AS SHE DID SO A YOUNG GIRL ENTERED THE ROOM. (See page 331.)

"What absurdity! Besides, if you were not you would appeal to him far more. He scorns 'le joli,' and adores defects. He says that in them lurks all the likeness."

"What will he say to the baby?"

"He won't like the baby."

"He must do her though, blue eyes and pink flesh and dimples and all."

"He'll color her in a bilious moment."

"Don't you like his art?"

"He is a young giant, but a rude one."

"You know he carried everything before him at the Salon."

"Oh, I know! Here comes Réséda. Ask her if she likes his pictures. I want to see her nearer and hear her talk."

"Mademoiselle Réséda," called Mrs. Eustis to Miss Dolph, "come here and see us a little while."

She had herself liked the name, and it had been adopted by the children, and at last in a half-laughing way by the entire family. So far, she was a success. She was young enough to take to romping; she taught Percy drawing; she amused Olga, who worshipped her; she found time to copy and write notes for Mrs. Eustis in the evenings—this was a self-imposed task—and she was full of tact and unobtrusive. She came up now, fresh from a frolic, her wide hat half off, breathless, charming.

"Have you ever seen any of Maynard's portraits?" said Mrs. Eustis, while Arden Ayrault's curiosity thoroughly "took in" the newcomer.

"Yes, in the Salon two years ago. There was nothing better."

"Ah! you see; and Miss Dolph's a good judge. Do you know him?"

"No. He once was to come to the atelier where I painted for two or three months; but he failed to appear, and I only know him through his pictures."

"You like them?"

Adèle Dolph sat down on the veranda step, took off her hat and fanned herself.

"Like" is hardly the word. It is as if one asked if they were pretty."

"You mean—"

"I mean they are hard to understand, hard to accept at first; never, never pretty. But they have immense force, power, originality."

"I believe in the bottom of his soul Horace thinks them hideous," whispered

Mrs. Eustis to Mrs. Ayrault. Her husband's natural conservatism, she knew, would probably have preferred Angelica Kauffmann to Maynard, Bellini to Bach, but he affected to be entirely in sympathy with the modern movements in literature and art; he read Zola, though it made him sick; followed Wagner with the score, though it induced sleep—his wife once caught him napping, but he explained to her that it was a windy ride which had made his eyes ache—and he never missed a painstaking visit with the catalogue to any passing "impressionist" collection.

"His art bears the impress," continued Adèle earnestly, "of Velasquez's influence. He has made a profound study of the great master. He has the same fidelity, the same directness born of an immediate contact with nature, the same strong individuality. He is not a painter of the imagination—he is a realist. But they are the only ones, after all, who have intensity and pathos. His people breathe, enjoy, suffer. They say his technique is wanting, but that will improve. I believe he is young. He seemed to me very great. Of course I am not a critic. I only have seen one other man's pictures which reminded me of his."

"And that was—"

"Raeburn's. Maynard has some of his square, bold, firm touches."

"He seems to have formed himself upon good models," said Mrs. Eustis, smiling at Adèle. "Velasquez was too personal ever to have exactly founded a school, and I fancy this is the same with our friend. Everyone says 'individuality.' Personally, I know his work but little. Well, Mademoiselle Réséda, he is coming up here."

"Mr. Maynard!" The girl opened wide eyes.

"Yes, Mr. Maynard. He is in America, Mr. Eustis has seen him, and he is coming up to paint my babies."

"He has done some children beautifully." Mademoiselle Réséda stopped as if trying to quell all signs of undue excitement. "I remember a wood scene in which were some children. They were like flowers, like the smiles of the sombre forest."

Adèle finding herself listened to with attention went on, flushed at her own temer-

ity: "Of course, there is diversity of opinion about him. In the atelier there were those who said that 'Salon' was exceptionally mediocre and flat. Dalou and Roll, whom they called the 'thinkers,' Puvis de Chavannes and Lerolle, with their splendid execution, Jean Beraud and Gervex were among the restless malcontents that year; while I remember our master said that Henner, Bonnat, Aimé Morpt, Albert Maignant, and even Gérôme had donned their dressing gown and slippers that season, had given themselves no trouble, merely 'left their cards,' as he expressed himself, so that Maynard had it all his own way. But at any rate he was a great success."

Adèle was so proud of being admitted to this talk that she was filled with a shy pleasure.

"It is certain," said Mrs. Eustis, "that the great armies of the future, in art as in literature, are now being marshalled for new fields, those of ideas, of thought, of philosophy. I confess that in painting I shrink still, a little alarmed at the frank realists who have been the pioneers of change, although I appreciate that they are the painters 'par excellence,' while the others, the raffinés, are poets. The first paint nature; the second their own souls. The first give us truth, the second charm. Which will you have, Arden?" and she turned lightly to her friend.

"Oh! I am rugged, I like the truth," said Mrs. Ayrault. "I can stand it. I am not squeamish. What I hate is the taught. I don't want art which has become a trade."

"Ah, well!" said Mrs. Eustis, "we are all lazy. It is far easier to cry out our admiration where other people have already acknowledged merit, and sadly enough 'trade,' as we call it, seems to remain the test of power. How few of us dare to admire without precedent! It is contemptible!"

"What do you think of her?" asked Norah later, when Mrs. Ayrault prepared to go.

"She is striking certainly, but——"

"But what?"

"No matter. Au revoir! I will bring De Beaumont over to tea on Sunday. May I? He'll get tired of Cousin Mary's everlasting tremolo. Your place is such a paradise—well named Liesse, 'a place of joy-

fulness' indeed. But won't you please have that big mastiff brute who met me at the gate muzzled before the next time? He nearly swallowed me. Such a mouth! I was frightened to death. You are always so calm. Were you ever very much frightened?"

"I was never very anything."

"You are an odd little lady, Norah. But you are only asleep. You will wake up one of these mornings."

#### CHAPTER IV.

It was two days after this that Horace Eustis and Maynard landed in the yacht at the foot of the bank. They scrambled up together under the parapet, helping themselves by clinging to the bushes, scorning the winding pathway, and arrived, perspiring from the exercise, at the piazza steps. They found Mrs. Eustis and an old lady, a great aunt of hers, who had come to pass a few days at Liesse, indulging in tea amid the setting sunbeams. Its rays fell aslant the heads of the old and young woman. The hostess had donned a quaintly made poppy-hued gown, with dead gold bands at throat and wrists, and had a curiously wrought golden arrow stuck through her black and white hair. Maynard was impressed by her peculiar distinction. There was something fine, delicate and unusual about her. She appealed to his artist eyes. He decided immediately that he would like to paint her just as she stood there, in that queer red frock and the crimson sunbeams, and some scarlet flowers in her hand which Olga had brought to her, and that he would ask her to sit to him. He had been explicitly told that the children were to be his models.

A man is not usually improved by beady signs of warmth about his mouth and forehead, and a shirt collar which is about to succumb, even though he be a great painter and correspondingly picturesque. It must be conceded, however, that Maynard bore these handicaps with becoming grace.

"Il a l'air galant," thought Mrs. Eustis. He had more manner than the average American, who has reduced his social code to slipping mildly about, noiselessly and without emphasis.

Provincial Americans consider good

manners a mark of insincerity, while the "man about town" has killed them more effectually by dubbing them "bad form." His bow was lower, his hat was doffed with a slight flourish, and his feet were brought together with that click that European courtiers affect; yet there was no suspicion of effort or of over-politeness, and he made Eustis's civilities appear a wee bit studied and artificial. It might be said of the young artist that he was absolutely natural, and with his rumpled collar, his damp, disordered curly brown hair, his broad, stalwart figure loomed up, in spite of disadvantages, easy and elegant against the evening sky. One saw at a glance that he was polished, a man of the world. He had, indeed, been the pet of many an exclusive drawing-room in that aristocratic atmosphere of an older civilization where good manners are waning, no doubt, and nearing their horizon, but have not yet quite dipped below.

On the following Wednesday Norah's husband sailed. She was sorry she could not be more sorry. It would have delighted her to see him depart with a larger degree of regret. Probably, however, any undue exhibition of feeling on her part would have ill suited his taste. He was a well-regulated person, who hated scenes with a true Anglo-Saxon's fervency. It is only Latin nerves that can undergo incessant "situations" and come out of them ready for more. They seem to have springs of their own which bend but never break. The Saxon nervous system is less supple and lacks this elasticity.

She did, however, cling to his arm affectionately at the last moment, and wave to him as far as her eyes could follow him, and even farther. He would be back shortly, she argued to herself. There was no use in a fuss. Europe to them meant merely the crossing of a ferry, so she consoled herself for her widowhood more easily than she herself desired. The aunt was to remain for a while. She was an old lady and not a very active one, who kept her room a good deal, where her maid read aloud to her, and who rarely appeared before afternoon, when she would take a quiet drive with her niece or the children; but she of course always joined Mrs. Eustis at the eight-o'clock dinner, and at half-past nine generally returned to her apart-

ments, having a great fear of increasing her rheumatism or of contracting pneumonia, that enemy of age. She shrunk timidly from the night air. The old fear death. Life has become a habit hard to shake off. The young, who are less alarmed at contemplating their own possible dissolution, should remember that it is only when a peril is an imminent one and near at hand that it grows really startling. This is no doubt a platitude, but a respectable one. When the hour comes that we shall say, "five years at the best," we may shrink just a little, and not be cowardly for all that. Even the dying suicide struggles upward and cries "Air! Air!" The animal in us which fights for its breath dies slowly.

During the elderly relative's stay, Norah decided to have no large house parties; they might fatigue and bore her aunt. They often fatigued and bored herself. The summer was in its youth; there was plenty of time. She would herself go to Newport later for a visit or two, making this concession to social exigencies, and on her return she would have guests all through the late summer and autumn. Now she longed for repose. Mrs. Ayrault's near presence brought companionship, and there was the studio to fit up for Maynard's uses. It had been arranged in an empty cottage on the grounds which had a billiard room in its basement, and was sometimes used as a colony for an overflow of guests. And then there would be rides and drives and sails for him when he was free from his work. Almost immediately he begged her to sit for him, but this she positively refused. He assured her he would be content if she would but pose for a sketch which he wished to keep for himself. She was secretly delighted at his request; it quite made her heart flutter with pleasure. But for some unexplained reason she remained firm in her denial.

"All I ask is that you shall sometimes let me come and paint in the studio when you are at work, and that you shall criticise my poor efforts and help me. I am fond of painting, but I fear I have not much talent," she had said to him.

So it came to pass that of a morning she brought her palette and brushes and daubed at an easel, while he began to sketch in Percival's head. Cyril and Olga

were to be done together, and then, if his patience was not exhausted, the baby. He was delighted with the children, particularly with Cyril, whose refined and spiritual face pleased him. He was the child that other people noticed the least, thought the least pretty.

A few days after his arrival Norah was scolding the gardener about some vines which she accused him of neglecting. She was standing in the garden path with a large white parasol over her head.

"I've been sweatin' blood over these yere," said old Davis, "for two year and more, and there ain't a blessed blade come up where it had ought to."

"What am I to do about it, Davis? I can't sit out here myself and hold the things up. One of the men must see to them and run them up on strings, as we did last summer with the morning glories, until they attach themselves and cling to the walls."

"What with the childern and dogs rampin', rompin' and tearin' up," said Davis, who was privileged by a long and faithful service, "I can't keep anything decent round these yere premises," and he shook his scant locks with the profound pessimism of all agriculturists. "It's a regular circus," he added. To the tiller of the soil the most common phenomena of nature are manifestations of demoniac forces for arresting growth.

It was at this moment that Adèle Dolph and Maynard appeared simultaneously at opposite house angles. Miss Dolph dined when the children supped, in their wing of the house, and rarely appeared in the evenings, so that the two had not met. The girl bowed with her somewhat awkward shyness of movement which was not without charm, while the man uncovered with that "air galant" his hostess had remarked the night before. How thick and curly his hair was, to be sure, and how bonny his broad shoulders! A few years might make him heavy. Today his physique was perfect. His bronzed skin shone with health. His lips were ruddy, like a woman's. There was a certain animalism about the chin with its cleft—"un menton amoureux," Mrs. Ayrault said, when she saw him for the first time—but the brow was full of thought. He was not regularly handsome, but he was very manly.

When Norah named the girl to him, Olga,

an excitable elf, who was always hidden under Adèle's petticoats, jumped wildly about her.

"Mademoiselle Réséda! Mademoiselle Réséda! That is her real name, that is much prettier! You must call her Mademoiselle Réséda!"

"Mademoiselle Réséda," said Maynard, "je me prosterne à vos pieds." He noticed that she wore a bunch of the flowers at her girdle. His eyes sought hers, and something in them seemed to tell the girl of her beauty. There are men who grant these agreeable assurances to women with peculiar readiness. She blushed. She was, in fact, rather upset at meeting this great artist whose fame had rung in her ears in the Paris atelier two years since, where teachers and pupils chattered incessantly of his honorable mentions, medals and successes, and whose pictures had so touched her young imagination. She was fast becoming accustomed, however, to this new and strange existence in which nothing happened but the unexpected. She had not dared to hope for so much happiness. Yes, she was actually happy. She had never been with such people; she had never seen such a home, where everything seemed to move on rose leaves without jar or fret. She had known a certain comfort and ease of circumstance, but her parents were Philistines of the Philistines, and the lack of beauty in her own home had always wounded her artistic tendencies. Yet she had not known wherein the fault lay.

This place, with its exquisite and low-voiced mistress, its beautiful children, its wealthy surroundings, filled her with wonder. The very servants were civilized beings, courteous, respectful and silent. She remembered her mother's loud quarrels with cook and housemaid, acrimonious complaints and recriminations, and winced at the recollection. Then hers was a strong, self-reliant nature, and the sense that she was independent and helping others was pleasant to her. This was her form of pride—she had no other. She could save enough out of her bountiful salary to pay the rent of the tiny cottage her father had taken at a quiet seashore place, and the letters from her people lately had been more cheerful, more encouraging. Out of the ashes of ruin a hope had awakened in the child's heart, brushing



it with its white wing. At twenty all possibilities lie in the palm of the hand. The fairy prince would mayhap moor his boat some day upon the yellow sands below, look up and see the flutter of her garments amid the tall grasses, and beckon to her, "Come!" and she knew that she must needs fulfil his summons whose invitation would be a command. He would help her to his side with warm protecting arms, weigh anchor, unfurl his sails, and far, far in the shadowy distances where the skies lay low over the slumbering waters, where the gulls dipped their snow-capped feathers, where the blue mists fell at evening, and where the crisp breezes filled the sails, in that alluring future full of love's promises, they would be lost, forever and alone. Not a whisper of passion disturbed these reveries, clean, wholesome and intangible as the soft sighing of a sleeping infant's breath.

On the Sunday morning following everyone was going to church. Norah exacted this tribute laid upon duty's altar. Besides it was something to do. The fact that one sailed across the bay was held out as an inducement to the impious who rebelled. The pill thus sugared became a pleasure trip, and was swallowed with fewer grimaces. Then there was always the chance of being becalmed, and one might not get there after all. She told them they must be sure and put a great deal of money in the plate, and thus help support the clergyman, who had twelve children and was a most worthy person.

On this particular morning the water was rough and the ladies would get wet if they essayed the boat. Therefore two or three traps were called for and brought around to the front door. They would drive. There was the tub, the cart and the pony phaeton. At the last moment it was found that there was a screw loose in the tub's wheel. There might be danger; a chance must be effected. Peter, one of the grooms, said it would only take a moment.

The boys, in clean pink shirts, sailor collars and knickerbockers, were standing on the grass. Their tutor was away on a six-weeks' holiday, and they were more or less their own masters. Miss Dolph, in a white gown, with a nosegay of her favorite flowers at her throat, was holding Olga's kid-gloved hand in her own. Olga

had on a new hat and was resplendent and full of childish vanity. Mrs. Eustis had intended driving Maynard, but a slight headache had robbed the anticipation of its charm. She suddenly said: "No matter; the children can all crowd into the cart," and "Here, Miss Dolph, you shall drive Mr. Maynard. I think you can manage my ponies. Of course, with Mr. Maynard, and Peter behind, there will be no trouble. Hold them well in hand. I shall remain at home." She herself gathered up the reins and impulsively thrust them into the girl's hands.

"Here, jump in!" she ordered despotically.

At Liesse she was an autocrat. "De par la reine!" was the motto.

Maynard showed no enthusiasm, but he was too well-bred to offer demur.

Before she knew where she was Adèle had driven off in her lady's smart equipage, the groom perched behind them rocking in his narrow seat, off and away into the open country.

"Just this once," thought Mrs. Eustis, turning back through the portals of the wide, cool hall, and loosening the pins which held her veil and hat. "Just this once. It is a bad precedent probably, but I like to give the girl a little fun. She has had a hard time. Maynard seemed rather aghast," she thought, laughing, and it was not altogether distasteful to her that he had not appeared particularly to relish the change of companions. She sauntered aimlessly about the dim house and glary, hot verandas, thankful that they were all gone and that she was to be alone.

In the afternoon Arden and the sheep-dog "Cousin Mary" and Count de Beaumont meandered over to Liesse across the fields. Arden still wore a severely simple costume, but had compromised with its sobriety by carrying aloft a mandarin-colored gauze parasol. It made an odd arpeggio of color with the varied tender greens of the trees and shrubs. De Beaumont thought it cast a charming light into her velvet eyes. The count, with Gallic effusion, expressed himself delighted with everything. He had condescended to represent his republic at our capital, but it was noticed that he made his sojourns there as brief as possible, relegating the duties of the legation to his secretaries. He certainly thought Liesse

far better than Washington, and Mrs. Ayrault suited his taste. Prudent, of course, in the expression of his personal views, he always spoke politely of his president, whom he declared to be well-born, and even "*bien élevé*;" but he had not yet decided whether his honors as ambassador were honors or obloquy. He belonged by birth and opinions—which he dared not express openly, but which the transparency of his race veiled ill—to the ancien régime, and while admitting that the Orleanists were donkeys and their cause hopeless, they still kept his secret sympathies. What will you have? His first secretary is suspected of having been somebody's coiffeur, while the second is a young gentleman whom malignity points out as having sold ribbons across the counters of the "*Magasin du Louvre*." When he thinks of it the blood of all the De Rohans surges up in a purple flood from his heart to the roots of his hair, and his lips blanch. He has cut his beard into a point, wears a single eyeglass and spats, has abjured absinthe, and will swallow for you with many a contortion a glass of half-and-half. He might be, therefore, mistaken by the uninitiated for an Englishman. At least he thinks so.

Mrs. Eustis sees immediately—such indications as the mandarin parasol and a certain excitement in her friend's hand-shake being sufficient for an astute woman—that Arden is flirting with the count. She is secretly glad she did not let her go to Newport. Here, at least, she will be safe from comment, and nobody the wiser. The count has a certain unmistakable ardor in his left eye. Norah wonders how long he will be satisfied to kiss the finger tips of Arden's coquetry. Should his "*court*" be "*sérieuse*?" complications might arise. It is only the American, that most romantic of male creatures, who can continue to worship without hope. So at least women say—but does he? De Beaumont, however, as yet, is gentle as a lamb in blue leading-strings with bells tinkling about its neck, or as the pet bull that Cyril drags about by the brass ring in its nose.

Cousin Mary watches his distant gambols from afar with approving nods. A rooster with his spurs cut off always appeals to females of her tremulous type. Cousin Mary trembles when he speaks to

her. For her the male has never been robbed of his terrors. De Beaumont, I say, is charmed with everything, and above all expresses himself enchanted to find his friend Maynard again. The men had known each other in Paris, had walked together on the boulevards, been welcomed in fair ladies' drawing-rooms, and been as intimate as men of their world ever are. Maynard is cordial in his greetings, and they all adjourn to the studio down the garden walk with its parterres of bright flowers. Once in the cottage Maynard shows them some of his sketches. One of them is a portrait of a Spanish dancing girl whom De Beaumont recognizes directly, and he and the artist exchange masonic glances, as if at some amusing reminiscence. "*She was wonderful!*" they say simultaneously, and laugh.

"Ah! It was impossible to seize her evolutions. She was a contortionist, a gymnast. I did her at rest," said Maynard.

The ladies approach to look at her. She is scraggy and black, and seems to them hideous.

"What is this?" they ask, excavating the profile of a lady in a light blue satin, cut very low at the bosom, from under a pile of aquarelles.

"The Marquise de Maure," he answers indifferently, still looking intently at the Spanish woman.

De Beaumont is critically examining some old original etchings of Largillière and Trinquesse, which had found their way into Maynard's portfolio.

"I hate painting fine ladies," he continues.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Ayrault. "We are broken, crushed, mangled. We thought ourselves very fine ladies, and felt sure you were dying to paint us."

"I am talking of blocks for French mantua makers, and not of goddesses," he replied with his ready tact.

"You have a great deal of *savoir faire*, monsieur," she answered smiling.

They fell to speaking of tact. Mrs. Eustis declared that if a man had too much she always doubted his honesty. It was such a rare masculine virtue that it became suspicious.

"Liszt," said De Beaumont, "had more tact than any man of this generation and

I think he was sufficiently sincere. Too much sincerity is indelicate. I remember an anecdote of him which was charming. He played once in London to a splendid, enthusiastic audience, which rose to its feet and applauded his magnificent performance until the walls echoed. Royalty was present. All were wild in his adulation. As he was leaving the stage a burly, red-faced old fellow from the City stepped up the aisle. He held a roll of banknotes in his hand, and reaching the composer, shoved them into his.

"Here! here!" he said in a loud whisper, "it is worth more, it is worth more! Take it. The tickets were too cheap!"

"The people paled. They waited to see this king throw the dirty bills into the old gentleman's rubicund face. But no.

"Thank you, monsieur," he said, bowing gracefully and putting the money in his waistcoat pocket. When questioned afterward:

"Why hurt the poor old fellow's feelings?" he said, "why insult him? He knew no better; he meant kindly."

De Beaumont was encouraged by the success of his story to recount examples of the great pianist's famed prodigality.

From Liszt they naturally turned to talk of music and musicians. De Beaumont praised Saint Saens. "What soul! What sentiment!"

Then they came back to the discussion of modern painting. Munkaczy's ceiling for the Art Museum of Vienna was discussed. De Beaumont was proud that it was in Paris his maestia had developed itself. After all, Paris—Paris! There was nothing else. Here was the cradle of all aspiration. Its verdict alone crowned or deposed. Munkaczy had come there to paint his Titian teaching the reproduction of Nature and of Truth. These two figures of the ceiling were superb. So they sat chatting until the day waned and slipped into darkness. Maynard, while his friend entertained the women, seemed distraught. He walked to the window several times and looked out to where the children were playing at hide-and-seek in the copse with Mademoiselle Réséda. He could catch the sound of their laughter, and just see the gleam of their light clothes against the dark trees. He would have liked to go down and join them, but something held him back. Since the long tête-

à-tête drive of the morning she had seemed to avoid him.

## CHAPTER V.

She continued to avoid him, and the fair châtelaine took no further measures to bring them together. With Mrs. Eustis he was soon on terms of a courteous familiarity. They were thrown together constantly, at the studio, where she came to pass nearly all her mornings, or after dinner in the moonlight, when they sat out late together upon the parapet after the aunt had gone up-stairs. Norah all unconsciously found herself growing very dependent on this companionship. Once, when he went away for a few days, she could settle to nothing, was restless and listless, nervous and irritable. She quarrelled with Arden, chid the boys sharply for a fancied dereliction, dismissed a housemaid for a fault she would ordinarily have indulgently overlooked, and when Miss Dolph spoke to her once or twice she seemed to answer her at random. Upon his return these peculiar symptoms suddenly disappeared. The housemaid was forgiven and reinstated, the children petted, Arden taken back into her good graces, and Miss Dolph listened to and almost caressed.

One trait of his she liked especially. He was one of those men who give the woman they are with at the time their absorbed and undivided attention. She felt sure it would have been the same not only in the quiet country tête-à-tête but amid the most exciting surroundings, than which nothing is more flattering. A French marquise had once, when he was very young, reproved him for not replying to a word she had said to him during a closely contested horse race. "Remember," she had said to him, "if you wish to please women absolute attention must be accorded, or at least feigned, even when the horse you have bet on is nearing the goal. Depend upon it, my young friend, in the end it will pay." He was one of those men who like women and desire to please them, and the lesson had been remembered. When the laurels won by his genius had crowned his brow he had not forgotten, now that such homage from him had grown intoxicating.

The servants all adored him. One

night, engaged in disrobing her mistress, Marie, the Frenchwoman, had a word to say of him. "Dieu!" she exclaimed, "what a contrast there is in men."

"How?" asked her mistress, surprised.

"'It is very queer,' madame, I was saying to myself yesterday when Monsieur Maynard came up and took off his hat to Mademoiselle Dolph and the children on the beach, 'that there are some men who are nothing to a woman, and others, others, qui font battre le cœur.' And Monsieur Maynard—est-il un de ces messieurs-là?"

"He seems to have fascinated the household, Marie," said Mrs. Eustis, smiling; and then after a short pause she added with an almost affected insouciance: "And when was it he joined you all on the beach, did you say?"

"Yesterday, while madame went out driving with her aunt. He and Mademoiselle Réséda—pardon me, madame, but Mademoiselle Olga always calls her thus—took a walk. They were looking for shells."

"Don't pull my hair out by the roots!" cried Norah, impatiently—her maid was combing out her long locks—"you grow careless and rough. There, that will do. I want to be alone."

"Madame has her nerves; she is unjust," thought Marie angrily, when she found herself upon the stairs. "Rough, indeed, when she has told me a hundred times my touch was gentle and agreeable."

The next day the southwesterly wind brought the heat. It was very warm. "Mademoiselle Réséda is going to take us in bathing this afternoon," said Olga at breakfast, the twelve-o'clock breakfast to which they were admitted only by special permission and when there was no company.

"What a good idea!" said Mrs. Eustis.

Mr. Maynard had asked to have his meal brought over to the cottage. He often did so when he desired not to interrupt his work, or to profit by a peculiar and advantageous light. He had nearly finished Percy now, and had fancied to begin sketching the other picture of Cyril and Olga.

"If you are willing," said Adèle, "I would like to bathe."

"Why, of course, why not? and you may all do so daily when it is warm."

The breakfast over, the children's governess came back and lingered in the doorway for a moment. "Mrs. Eustis," she said.

"My dear?"

"Mrs. Eustis, I have never told you, I feel as if I wanted to tell you now—but I am rather shy sometimes at expressing my feelings—how happy I am here! You are so kind to me, all of you, all—and you, oh, you are so exquisite! You have been such an angel to me."

Mrs. Eustis's habitually serious face was brightened by a radiant smile. She came forward with gracious hands, and taking the girl's in her own, drew her down suddenly and kissed her on the forehead.

"There," she said; "now off with you, everyone of you, to look up your bathing suits. Shoo!" and she ran around the table with a darting balancement of her graceful, lithe figure after the flying Olga, who shrieked with delight, clapping her little brown hands.

"Oh!" said Adèle, swallowing a lump in her throat and disappearing out of the doorway with a lovely backward glance of gratitude and admiration. She ran up to her room two at a time, as the children say, that room which seemed to her a very nest of luxury and comfort in all its elegant appointments, and in a few moments, having suppressed the lump, and an inexplicable desire to weep, was singing to herself in a low voice.

She was surprised when once in the Sound's waves, which ran rather higher than usual, to see Mr. Maynard emerging from one of the bathhouses. He looked very tall in his taut, dark-blue tights. She swam out seaward, distancing him with white, strong arms. The children stayed nearer the shore with Marie, who had also ventured. They were shouting their glee, screaming and splashing each other. By and by she became conscious that Maynard was following her, with his slow, strong, regular stroke. Womanlike she pretended not to see him, but did swim less violently. In five minutes he was abreast of her.

"Isn't it fine?" he said, spluttering some sea water out of his mouth, and blinking his besprinkled eyelids.

She turned lazily upon her back, clasped



her bare arms upon her breast, and replied, thus balanced upon the waves, "Delicious."

The young man was very close to her. "You seem to be a fine swimmer," he said to her, "quite an adept indeed in the water. Is there nothing that I can teach you? Would you like to learn to tread water? Perhaps you know how already."

"No, I do not. I wish to learn that and everything else."

"Everything? What else? You are ambitious. What else shall I teach you?" His eyes were fastened on her arms, which were uncovered nearly to the shoulder. They were admirable. "What a line!" he thought.

"Why, you might teach me to paint."

"Ah! There are other things I would much rather teach you, interesting things that should be pleasures, not lessons. Would you be my pupil for these, Cleopatra?"

She had turned over again and was swimming now. Her heart gave a leap. "I seem to have a great many aliases," she said, trying to laugh.

"Your mouth is just like Cleopatra's. I noticed it the first time I saw you, the corners turned up and inward like a statue of her I saw once. Most women's mouths grow hard and stern in repose, but yours is always tender and soft and—and—" he remembered just in time that she was a very young girl.

"You said you would teach me to tread water." She did not deign to notice his compliments.

"Yes. Here then, rest on my elbows."

She put out one hand timidly. He took it, and drawing her toward him supported her slightly, beginning to explain the motion to her, beating out with one arm to keep himself afloat. But the contact of her warm loveliness, the extraordinary surroundings, the loneliness, her half-opened lips, were too much for him. He suddenly encircled her with one powerful arm.

She gave a faint cry, slipped from his grasp and sank. He plunged, caught her, but gave her freedom at once. With one long, reproachful look, she swam back slowly alone toward the shore.

"She drives me insane with her quiet," he said to himself for all excuse. "I could not help myself. The devil take me! I was hypnotized."

The doctrines of hypnotism have their uses as a moral salve.

He swam far out to sea, and did not appear again until dinner time. Miss Dolph was, of course, not present.

He passed the evening with Mrs. Eustis on the bank, she leaning back with indolent hands gazing out at the water, he enjoying his cigarette and the night wind on his forehead. His talk was desultory but always full of color. He told her much of his student days abroad, of that Bohemian existence of the Latin Quarter she had read about in Murger's *Vie de Bohème*, and of which *Le Mancheon de Francine* was the story which had clung to her memory with the most insistence. There was also another, a most improper little tale, of a girl who had arisen to water the flowers, her lover's gift. Throwing them on her lap he had said to her: "I will love you till these fade," and at the dead of the night he had found her on the moonlit balcony, watering pot in hand, deluging his roses. They both remembered it. It was a pretty conceit, so Norah had thought. He had lived in Germany too, and they talked of Prussia, the brilliancy of her immediate past, and the uncertainties of her future. Norah had been at many of the courts of Europe, and declared that she found the higher classes everywhere were exactly alike, had the same prejudices, ambitions, pettinesses and predilections. It was disappointing. Of course, in *Spielhagen's* novels one read of the insufferable arrogance of the Prussian aristocracy. They, as Americans, had seen little of this. She should have known that a handsome American woman with a generously lined purse is usually well treated upon the Continent. He, of course, had mixed more with the people, hungry artists, over-fed burghers and dull peasants, and he thought the stories of the nobles' insolence hardly exaggerated. With it all there was no country, in his opinion, where patriotism so pervaded all classes. The Germans had a natural reverence for authority, for the divine right of kings. Their strong conscientiousness went out to faith in the sovereign, their sense of duty was expressed in an allegiance which to a republican seemed extraordinary and puerile. He felt sure that at the first war blast the Socialists, the agitators them-



selves, would shoulder the musket and fight for the Fatherland. "Au fond," he said, "the German is intensely conservative. The French, on the contrary, are Reds right through. The Marquise de Maure calls her modiste "madame," and her coachman "mon cher ami." There is no bowing down, no servility in France. The sentiment of all classes is democratic. As to English liberalism, it is all bosh, skimmed milk. They bark and howl, but let a duke invite the wife of a Liberal on his coach and he and she and their daughters and sons will lick his boots into polish. The fiercest home ruler that ever drew breath is cowed at the first appearance of a royal highness. Even the Irish are chicken-hearted when they see the royal liveries. Why! weren't the Prince and Princess of Wales cheered in the very streets of Dublin! The British isles are peopled all through with flunkies.

He talked and she listened to him. Even had she not heard the words, the sound of his voice was pleasant in her ears. When she did answer him, that respectful homage of his interest, those earnest, searching eyes upon her, as if jewels were dropping from her mouth. Once a vine, wind-swept, got tangled in the young woman's hair. He sprang up quickly with his easy grace and stooped to disentangle it. For a moment she felt his breath upon her temples where the low locks grew. "It is late," she said suddenly, rose and withdrew, with a somewhat stately "good night." He remained alone and thought of her for a while and not of that other one, but his thought was uneven and jangled.

"My hostess," he said to himself, shaking the ashes from his cigarette, "is an eternal puzzle to me. These willowy women one could break in two, so," and he snapped an imaginary twig, "can be implacable, hard and even cruel. This little lady—I don't know—there is something unique about her. Could that calm placidity be ruffled, I wonder; that will conquered, that proud head made to bow? She is not vain but she is intensely proud. I can see that she is not sure of herself, of her own charm, and that to me is her principal attraction. Only artists see the charm of women who do not know their own power; others will not. After all," he said to himself, yawning, "perhaps she

is commonplace and only looks otherwise. There are so many women who are poetic through a trick of gait or manner or of dress; they have nothing deeper. Their personality awakens our curiosity while they sit supporting a pensive chin on a delicate hand. We imagine them to be dreaming of passion's ultimates, when they are really only planning a new frill for their children's petticoats or a menu for tomorrow's dinner party. I don't think this one is quite as bad as that. It is an intellectual face, rather noble, too, from the eyes upward, but probably there is no temperament. How coolly she parted from 'Hubbie,' to be sure. She certainly didn't spend herself in tragic adieus. I would like to paint her; I could make a splendid thing of her. The girl, Cleopatra—God! how beautiful she was in the water! I could not do her to save myself from the gallows. That innocent expression of hers is elusive. At twenty nothing is fixed. I prefer older faces. To think of a gorgeous creature like that shut up teaching those brats! Nice children, though. Cyril's a trump. She says Mrs. Eustis is kind to her. Why shouldn't she be? The girl's a lady from the top of her head which she carries so well down to the tips of those dainty feet of hers. How she could love a fellow—whew! She's in dead earnest about everything, that young woman. What I said to the other one, the Ayrault, is a fact. I hate fine ladies. They kill in themselves all the natural impulses. Their very motherhood is artificial, a thing of custom and proprieties. They never yield to an inspiration—never; they live forever in terror of consequence. Why couldn't she have asked Mademoiselle Réséda to dine with us today? It is stupid, keeping that girl cropped up and out of sight. Ah, well! Women must rule in these matters, I suppose, and perhaps we men would make a muddle of them. We are rather jackasses on the society problem, while they manage to keep the machine wheels well greased for its grinding. Gad! what an ennui it all grows!"

He was sleepy and sought his rooms.

If Mademoiselle Réséda had been the heroine of an old-fashioned novel she would have fallen unconscious upon reaching her room at the horrible affront put

upon her, after which she would have kept her bed for a week with her eyes bandaged from the light, and on a diet of tea and muffins, feeling herself indelibly stained and soiled. This seclusion she would have enlivened by despatching mounted cour- touch upon a virginal arm, she neither fainted, dieted nor sent for an irate parent. She made a fairly good meal with the children, and even laughed when Percy put vinegar into Olga's rice pudding. She was, as I say, an American girl; she had



NORAH WAS SCOLDING THE GARDENER.—(See page 342.)

iers in search of her father, who, with becoming paternal rancor, would have immediately arrived in a postchaise and put a bullet, or more probably a sword-thrust, through the heart of the heartless profligate. Being in fact a healthy American girl, whose innocence had sufficient robustness not to be swamped at the first male

read history, the daily papers, and some novels. She had travelled, studied art, heard her elders talk, and she was no fool. At thirty one has a hundred explanations for actions for which twenty can give only one or two. Life at the latter age is simpler and people less complex. Either the man was falling in love with her or else

he had simply lost his head for a moment. She knew that such things happened—although they were undeniably very reprehensible—or else she had herself been over prudish. Yes, she rather inclined to the latter idea. He had thought she was slipping and had caught her, and in the water with no footing these things were difficult. Yes, no doubt; he had felt himself going down and had clutched at her for support. It was a well-established fact that drowning men would clutch at anything. She ought to have been delighted with this last theory. Had she been the heroine of the novel in question, and could such a possible elucidation have penetrated her obtuse brain, she most certainly would have been so. As it was the explanation appeared to her a little pale, not entirely satisfactory. It did not give her the rapture that it should.

The idea that he had intended to grossly insult her, that he had chosen to make her the target for his hellish designs be-

cause he was a libertine and she a poor dependent girl, never blurred for a moment her sound and sane vision. She was a young woman of good judgment. She would dismiss it all, avoid him if she could, and when forced into his company treat him as if nothing had occurred. Upon this very wise maidenly decision she went to bed. But once in her warm nest she found that the remembrance of the bath returned to her persistently, and she started up once and cried, "Oh, no!" pushing back an arm which clasped her as with fire under her bosom. Wakeful now, she asked herself if she would indeed have the courage to avoid him on the morrow, and the morrow and the morrow, for the dream had had a wild terror which had shivered through her with a sense of strange, delicious sweetness. Burying her blushing face in her pillow she said to herself softly, "Who knows, perhaps he—" and then she had slept profoundly, the sleep of early youth, dreamless.

(Concluded in our next number.)

#### NOCTURNE.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

HERE, at the garden gate,  
In the dusk and dew,  
Under the stars I wait  
For my sweetheart true:  
Here is the trysting place,  
Here I shall see her face,  
Like a lily bloom  
In the fragrant gloom,  
Marvel of light and grace!

Softly the leaves above,  
In the winds that blow,  
Whisper of her I love  
While I linger so;  
Dreaming, I linger here  
Under the starlight clear,  
Till the wind goes by  
With a joyous sigh,  
Telling me she is near!

Hark, on the grass how light  
Fall her footsteps now!  
See—like the crescent white  
Of the moon—her brow!  
Under the stars alone,  
Hither my Sweet has flown;  
She is here at last,  
And her heart beats fast,  
Happy against my own!

## THE TRANSATLANTIC TRIP.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.



FROM THE FORETOP.

IF one could read between the lines of the log-books of Captain Brooks, Captain Hains or Captain Parsell, and expand the concise entries in them, what winds would howl and what savage seas descend upon us in the gray Atlantic weather! How the elemental fury would shake us, and peril creep upon us, phantom-like, through the fogs of the Banks! What pictures there would be of pitchy, pitiless, starless nights with the ship groaning between the opposing ranks of the sea, yet defying them; of cyclonic tempests hurling the spray high above the fore-yard-arm, and crusting the funnels with white brine; of anxious, chilly watches in the fog-enveloped Channel. But logs are logs: laconic, mathematical, scientific, with nothing in them more eloquent than "N. N. W., a fresh breeze

and moderate sea," or similar remarks, and never a touch of color or romance. Between the lines one might also read of pearly and opalescent moons; of marvellous dawns tintured with the bloom of apple blossom and rose leaf, and of sunsets that unseal all the glories of heaven. But of the pleasures of the voyage no note at all is taken, except in the brief mention of favorable breezes.

Truth to tell, usage and familiarity despoil all things of romance, and in the speech of the captain there is no more about beauty or peril than there is in the log. The veteran of 400 voyages, he looks upon his experience without sentiment and scorns any attempt to throw a glamour over it. A hurricane in the "roaring forties" is no more to him than a gust of wind in Madison square, and in the thunder of the seas over the bows he has no fear.

The reader is expected to find in the foregoing remarks a justification of the present writer, who, though no novice, comes to the subject with no lack of appreciation of its picturesqueness. Something of this picturesqueness has been lost in recent years, however. The sound of the bosun's whistle, rising and falling in the blast like the piping of a seabird, is not often heard nowadays, and one may cross again and again without once hearing the "chanteys," which, like "Pull Away for Liverpool Town," once mingled with the music of the breeze as sails were set or furled.

On vessels of the newest type, like the *Teutonic*, the *City of Paris*, the *Normannia* and their sisters, square sails have been abandoned because any benefit coming



BEEF TEA AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

from them in favorable winds is more than offset by the resistance which the weight of the additional top-hamper necessary to carry them causes in adverse winds. These Titans are not dependent on the whims of Boreas: it is not for them to tack this way and that to suit the humor or caprice of either Boreas, Zephyrus, Notus or Eurus. Three bare poles serve for their masts, and above deck they have no resemblance beyond these poles to sailing ships. This it is that makes them appear smaller than they actually are in comparison with more heavily rigged vessels, and with the augmentation of their self-contained power they have lost the poetic beauty which belongs to a great spread of canvas.

For many years the dominance of steam power was not quite recognized by owners and builders, and the sails were as much counted on as were the engines. All the Inman ships were ship-rigged, and all the Cunard bark-rigged or brig-rigged, and when anything happened to their engines they were still capable of making fair progress under sail. On one occasion, when the engines of the little *City of Brooklyn* were disabled soon after she left port, she continued on her voyage and completed it under canvas at the rate of ten or eleven knots an hour, though the heavy propeller was dragging astern.

It was a fine thing to watch one of these ships running before a propitious wind, with topsails, topgallant, royal and studding sails all drawing; and especially fine was it at night, when the sea was thrown from the stem in furry white ridges gemmed with diamond points of phosphorescence, and we were thrilled with the sensation of being swiftly borne along by the huge wings which could be vaguely descried and more clearly heard flapping and rustling aloft. Sailors were sailors then, and as long as the wind blew there was heaving and hauling and bustle along the deck, and the bosun's whistle was hardly ever silent. The passenger came ashore from the transatlantic trip with a distinct impression of the flavor of sea life.

Under the new condition of ships that are practically sailless Jack is not the man he was, and he has little occasion for his "chanteyns," or those conjugations of the vowels with which from time im-

memorial he has lubricated his sinews and eased the toil of hauling a rope. We see him slouching along in an undistinctive costume with a paintpot or a broom in his hands, doing those things which only befit a landlubber; and it is only when there is a muster, or when he has to go down into the saloon on Sundays and hear the captain read prayers and the purser solemnly chant the responses, that he puts on his blue Jersey shirt and looks clean and respectable. Only at one or two points is he observable with due dignity—at the wheel and at the masthead, where at every stroke of the bell in the night watches he calls out with as much music as there is in him, "All's well."

The view up there, unfamiliar to the passengers, is always picturesque, though Jack does not see it with an artistic eye. The ship is revealed at full length and great does the length seem in proportion to the breadth. The sailors call these modern ships "gas pipes," and looking fore and aft from aloft one sees the justness of the simile. The length is as ten to one to the breadth, and the huge smokestacks springing up amidships seem to leave barely a passage way between them and the outer rail along the deck. We may have known the ship to be relatively narrow, but have not imagined her to be so narrow as she looks from this height. Her appearance is that of an enormous projectile with a pointed cartridge-like end, and as she shoots along the sea is scattered around her in feathery effervescence. It has been still perhaps, or undulating with no more motion than the motion of sleep. In an instant her impetus raises a tumult, and beginning in arrowy lines at the bow, the displacement reaches out in long, angry waves which curl and clash and are not pacified till she is well out of sight. Let the sea be green or blue or crimsoned with sunset, her path is always white, and even on the darkest night the hull below us seems to be cushioned in snow. As the sea and wind rise, and add to the resistance, she seems to be centred in a maelstrom so white and furious that it might be expected to whirl her round as on a pivot; but all the threats and all the wrath of the gale are ineffectual against her and unequal to the power of propulsion with which she is endowed. The height of our





AN ICEBERG IN SIGHT.

perch takes away from her size, and the higher the sea rears the smaller she looks as she plunges through it. How tenaciously she holds to her course and keeps her head up to the billows that roll against her and burst over the bows! How irresistibly she drives through them and leaves them broken and overwhelmed astern! The illusion of diminished size possesses us only for a moment. Then, as we see again the close-woven cords of pitchy smoke and threads of steam uncoiling from the funnels, and the bubbling cream which is churned in her wake, we think of what a gigantic thing she really is—10,500 tons burden; nearly 60 feet broad; nearly 600 feet long, and from bridge to keel close on 70 feet deep. Except by her own power what straining it takes to move her an inch even in the smooth water of the harbor! But the energy held within her and transmitted through shafts to the propellers astern drives her along through the most forbidding seas at the rate of nineteen or twenty knots an hour.

There is no other time when she is so imposing as in the first daylight of a calm morning when she is steaming through an unchafed sea on an even keel, and the decks, holystoned to a gleaming whiteness in the midnight watch, are occupied only by a few fanatical early birds, and those whom slumber has flouted. If we stand well aft, then, and gaze along the decks toward the bows, she looks all she is, and awes us by the magnitude of her dimensions. Even the bare poles of the masts have a skyward reach, and the funnels, weaving their endless coils of smoke, loom up with incredible circumference. In this calm sea the engines throb gently, without jar or noise, and the chief engineer tells us that they are "warmed up" to make 500 knots or more within twenty-four hours. He is quite in earnest; such runs as that are not unusual with the new ships. The vibration is so slight that the extent of the power which is spending itself does not immediately strike the imagination. We realize it more vividly when the ship is pitching and straining,

and the screws, momentarily lifted out of the water, are again immersed with a shock which thrills every fibre in her. But the power is the same with this purring as it is with thump and crash, which are unpleasantly perceptible in rougher weather, and the solid-looking black smoke which, belched from the funnels, hangs across the sea as far as the horizon in a serpentine cloud, comes from the combustion of a ton of coal every four minutes. Coal will not burn fast enough in the ordinary way to maintain the pressure her speed requires in the thirteen miles of tubing in her boilers; and by the new system of forced draught air is driven through the furnaces to sharpen their appetites and quicken combustion.

Later in the morning, as the passengers issue from stateroom, library and saloon, the promenade deck becomes as ani-

There are some pale, repentant, regretful faces; some attitudes of torpor, which do not need the explanation of the half-consumed lemons and the cracker crumbs and cracked ice that are accessory to them; those cases are as clear to us as to the deck-steward, who bends solicitously over the sufferers and asks them in turn, "'Ow are you this morning, mum? Can I get anythink for you—a bit of chicking or 'am? There'll be some beef tea at eleven.'" The shrug of repugnance which answers him has a copious significance. The tender blue of the sky; the soft wind that sweeps across the face, like a handful of floss; the salty flavor which settles on the lips, and the sense those who are well have of sharing the power of the ship, do not mitigate the woe but leave it to be assuaged by the thought that in a few days more the present sensations will be over.

But apart from these cases of collapse, the life on deck is, if anything, too exuberant, too assertive, too mixed. Thirty or forty years ago sixty or seventy passengers would fill the cabin of the ship. The transatlantic trip was more of an achievement then than the circumnavigation of the globe is now; it was usually made for urgent reasons, not on such slender pretexts of pleasure or business as are deemed sufficient in these days; it was expensive and it was uncomfortable. Timid people had not nerve enough for it, poor people could not afford it. The adventurous spirits who embarked were haunted by perils which were both possible and impossible; for all steamers were newfangled, fearful, uncertain, precarious things. Charles Dickens seriously records how afraid he was that the funnel would be blown down and set fire to the ship. Though such mishaps as this never occurred, and many misgivings were dispelled as, voyage after voyage, the ships reached port, battered but seaworthy, the little company in the cabin had privations enough to endure. The conception of a "floating hotel," as the modern steamer is not unfairly called, would have entailed more than a suspicion of madness, and the owners were quite content when they launched a floating caboose. The passengers were not only fewer—to borrow a word for the sake of its current significance, they were more "select" than they are now. The lowest fare was about



IN THE FOG.

mated as the piazza of a summer hotel. The costumes are a little less elaborate than they would be ashore, and the steamer chair is a distinctive feature of the scene.



STEERAGE PASSENGERS.

\$100, and, aside from considerations of peril and discomfort it was not within the means of everybody to cross the Atlantic. On the new ships the fare is both higher and lower. A millionaire may have a suite of rooms to himself—bedroom, sitting room, dressing room and bathroom—for \$1000; but in the same ship a less pretentious person may have a single berth for as little as sixty dollars. For such a trifle as that he may share with the millionaire all the common privileges—the use of promenade decks, softly padded smoking rooms, marble baths, well-filled libraries, boudoirs hung with silky brocades and lofty saloons arched with amethystine and amber glass. The only discrimination against him is in the sleeping accommodations; he has to sleep in an “inside” room with three other passengers, and even here he has more cubic feet to breathe in than the passenger who in the past paid twice the fare that he does. Improved ventilation and the electric light, which is at his service night and day, have made the “inside” room almost as comfortable as the “outside.”

The minimization of cost and the equalization of luxury in the new ships attract to them enormous crowds of cabin passengers, and as many as 660 are sometimes carried on a single trip. Splendid as the saloon is—not inferior in proportions to the banquetting hall of a palace—breakfast, luncheon and dinner have to be served three times over to accommodate the relays of passengers, and the result is that the stewards and cooks are overworked and the service is not so good as it should be. Those who sit at the first table are hurried to make room for those who sit at the second; those at the second are hurried for those who sit at the third, and the latter have to be content with much that is *rechauffé*.

An old sailor, to whom the sea is not a monster, and to whom the prolongation of the voyage for a day or two is not unwelcome, finds greater comfort in older and slower ships, which still carry a square sail or two, and ripple along at the rate of fourteen or fifteen knots an hour.

From these comparisons let us return to the deck which we left in the morning

as the passengers were coming forth after breakfast. They hail from everywhere: from Texas, from California, from Maine; from great cities and little villages; from all the various and dissimilar classes which are detaching and intrenching themselves in special groups, regardless of the idea of democracy and their duty to it. Surely in no other public conveyance or public resort are such opposites thrown together under one classification. Nominally, they are all of one class; they are all defined in their contract tickets as "saloon passengers," but except in this covenant with the company, how wide apart they are by education, wealth and social bias! There are "personally conducted" tourists of slender means, to whom Europe is a new picture book, to whom the Tower of London and Westminster Abbey are still unsubstantiated dreams; simple folks out for the holiday of a lifetime; and there are fashionable people to whom nothing is new or strange or in any manner exciting. Not in any railway train or theatre or hotel is the assemblage so mixed as on the so-called "ocean greyhound." Perhaps you flatter yourself that you are somebody and are fastidious as to your acquaintances, shunning those of dubious caste in the consciousness of your own superiority. Your "exclusivism" is unavailing here, and you may be compelled to sit down to dinner between a cowboy and a Tammany "heeler," with the dwarf ticket taker of a dime museum or the Armless Wonder for a vis-à-vis. There is a chance, on the other hand, that you may have more agreeable neighbors; it depends to a certain degree on the discretion of the official who assigns seats at the tables, though when the ship is very crowded even he cannot prevent the collision of antagonized elements.

There are people who are experienced in the world, and people who are inexperienced; there are those of graceful, gentle manners, and those whose conception of elegance constrains them to nibble their toothpicks and twinkle their rings as they saunter like overfed animals from the abundant table.

We breathe freer as we reach the deck, where we can choose our own companions. The chairs are drawn up against the deck houses and railed off from a space which is kept open for pedestrians, from end to end of the ship. To walk five times around this promenade is to cover a mile, and a bustling procession flirts, gossips, thinks, makes merry and is silent as it winds along the elliptical track. There is buoyancy in the air, the glad sense of impetus and power; the flooring is as white as ivory; the brass in the wide-eyed ports flings back the sun; the hoods of the ventilators glow with



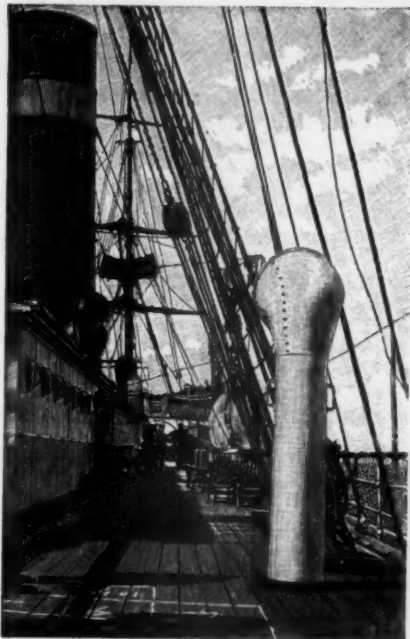
ON THE BRIDGE, TAKING THE SUN.

vermilion paint; the sea is embossed with dancing light. We seem to be enclosed in a hemisphere of crystal, white at the horizon, blue as it arches overhead. A

vast amount of reading is done in the steamer chairs, which, when the passengers have chosen their acquaintances for the voyage, are so placed as to bring congeners together. The lines are drawn, but they are allowed to sag a little in consideration of the freedom permissible at sea. The high speed and the sense of excelling which attends it dispel the feeling of fatigue, and the few incidents come upon us with an undue interest attaching to them from their infrequency.

One sees less of the navigating officers than in smaller ships; but now and then the captain descends from the bridge to chat with the passengers. As like as not he is a humorist of portly men, who has seen service in many seas and has passed through peril and privation with an unruffled geniality of temper. Marvellous are the yarns he spins, and rollicking is the spirit of his narrations. He has incredible cures for seasickness, and he bestows amazing compliments upon the ladies with diplomatic impartiality. Has the steward been inattentive? Instantly the culprit blanches as the captain calls him up. Has there been a dispute as to the course of the Gulf Stream, the new moon, the age of the ship, the distance to Roche's Point, the prospects of the weather? The captain's word is a law beyond which there is no attempt at appeal. Has somebody been bitten by a flea in the night? What has the captain got to say to that? He listens very good-naturedly to many frivolous complaints and silly questions, with his hands deep in his coat pockets and a merry twinkle in his eye. Then one of the junior officers respectfully approaches him and he returns to the bridge.

The men on watch in the foretop have reported something in sight, and the news is no sooner whispered than a score of conflicting rumors clash in the air. There is as much excitement as when the stout Cortez with all his men discovered the Pacific from Darien. "It is the Etruria! No, the Etruria is in Liverpool." "It is the City of New York!" No, it is not that ship, either. It is a bark, a schooner, a French steamer, a fishing boat. What is it, really? For a quarter of an hour the sharpest eyes are not able to make it out distinctly, even with the



LOOK FORWARD, EARLY MORNING.

aid of field and marine glasses, and meanwhile contradictions are rife and superior intelligence, noisily assertive, is ignominiously discomfited and silenced. Take up a fine crystal goblet, in the rim of which a careless servant has left an almost invisible flaw, and as you hold it at arm's-length in the sunlight the notch will show like a speck of white, a bead hung on the edge. That is the appearance of this object—a speck on the horizon whiter than any sail, unfeathered by the trail of smoke which lies behind a steamer. It scarcely moves, but we rapidly draw upon it, and the word is then confirmed with authority from the bridge that it is an iceberg. The ship is thrilled with excitement from the fo'c'sle down to the engine room. The cook in his white cap and apron, the apple-faced cabin boy, the stokers who are not below, the stewards in their jackets, the passengers with telescopes and opera glasses, crowd along the rail and watch the glittering mass as we bear down toward it. The interest increases as we find out its size—it is fully half a mile long—an island of ice and



snow with perpendicular cliffs 700 or 800 feet high. A curious thing is that along the edge one can imagine buildings with colonnades, domes and towers, like the fantastic architecture of the sandstone clays in the Far West—like it in form, but frozen and glacial in substance, milky white and pale green in color, as though composed of emerald and opal, layer upon layer. In a few minutes we are abreast of it, and very soon it is the bead on the goblet again, drifting, creeping, swinging slowly southward, dissolving continually in the warming current, but menacing navigation so long as it exists. As it vanishes the thought lingers of the potential mischief which, in fog and darkness, goes with it for all ships that cross its track.

The region of ice is also the region of fogs. A thousand miles from New York we come upon a fleet of fishing boats, and it is well for them that the day is clear. The fierce Atlantic gale is not so great a source of peril to them as the passing and repassing of the steamers when there is fog upon "the Banks." They lie quite helpless on the smooth, heaving sea, and at any moment, unforetold except by the strident blast of a whistle, a huge gray shape, triplicated or quadrupled in height by their terror-stricken eyes, may descend upon them.

On the larger vessel every precaution is taken to avoid collision. The watch is doubled, and the captain never leaves the bridge. At intervals of thirty seconds

the whistle sends across the sea its poignant warning, and all other sounds are subdued. The funnels and the masts seem to have grown bigger in the gray envelopment; the long ridges of the sea are pale as though mixed with the washings of a chalky shore. When night falls and we listen to the pulsation of the engines and gaze out into the mystifying vapor, there comes over us a strange sense of disembodied things; the bustle on deck has ceased voluntarily, and in the hush the voices of the captain and the officers upon the bridge are alone audible. The moisture drips from the cordage and the eaves of the deck houses; a vibrant hum issues from the engines; the whistle splits the air; every lamp has a nebulous blur. We are conscious of existence, of movement, but nothing seems tangible or distinct, and the sense of disembodiment grows upon us.

Away from the whitey-green water of "the Banks" and out of the ice track we speed up northward where the twilight lingers in the summer until ten o'clock, and early on the sixth day we are in sight of land, the gray cliffs and green turf of Ireland. It does not seem possible that the voyage is over; that 2800 miles of ocean have been crossed. Surely it was but yesterday that we stood looking down upon that mosaic of faces of friends on the end of the wharf as the great ship glided into the stream, and that Sandy Hook reached its white arm after us in the scorching sun of the west!



THE CAPTAIN TELLS A FUNNY STORY.

## AUSTRALIA.

BY HENRY GEORGE.

### NO. I.



T that side of the world which is at the bottom of our globes, connected

with us by some 7000 miles of easy ocean highway and separated from us by a high

tariff, there is growing up a people who are not merely our near kinsmen, but who in character, conditions and future possibilities come closer to us than any other. Counting the Canadians as tariff-sundered

Americans, as they truly are, there is no people with whom we have more points of resemblance, and none therefore whose points of difference may be more instructive. Yet so well has our "protective" policy killed our foreign trade, so well in these days of the British "globe trotter" has the once "universal Yankee" been bottled in behind his tariff wall, that there is little touch between us and them, and the average American knows little or nothing of the country that, in the southern hemisphere, is to be what it is our manifest destiny to be in the northern—the country that the close of the next century is likely to find second of the mighty English-speaking powers. But the rapidity with which the Australian ballot—the "kangaroo ballot," its opponents have called it—has been leaping into the statute books of American states has shown that we are by no means indisposed to learn from the antipodes. And returning from a trip that carried me through the better-settled parts of the Australian colonies it seems to me that there is no country whose social and political development is so well worth the study of thoughtful Americans.

The peculiar interest that Australia has for Americans is that there a later offshoot from the same stock as ours is also growing up on virgin soil, and has carried into

practice some things we are only beginning to talk about. They have, of course, the Australian ballot; they have responsible government; they have a permanent, non-political civil service; they have a most admirable and simple system of land registration and transfer; they have government ownership and operation of railroads and telegraphs. Trades-unionism has with them reached a more powerful development than anywhere else, and they have come nearer to the adoption of the eight-hour working day. They have state statisticians that shame our national and state bureaus, and they have carried paternalism in some respects to a length unknown in any other English-speaking country. They have, too, the same social and economic problems. They are free from the race difficulty that is the cloud on our southern horizon, and the duality of tongues that is the thorn in Canada's side; but they have had the Chinese question and the black-labor question, both of which may possibly yet be revived again in their tropical regions. They have great public debts. They have land monopoly in gigantic form. They have had land speculations that would equal if not surpass those of any "boom town" of our west. And (for it follows) they have their "unemployed," their charity organizations, and strikes that in relative magnitude and importance are the greatest that have anywhere yet taken place. And if they have not carried "protection" to the lengths we have now attained, its spirit and tendencies may be seen there more clearly in some respects than even here.

I cannot speak of the interesting and instructive comparisons thus suggested with the knowledge and confidence I would wish, for a trip such as that from which I have returned, a constant round of speaking and travelling, only permits one to see how much in such matters there is to learn. Yet even such little information as I may be able to give may help to interest my countrymen in their far southern kinsmen, and thus do something to draw closer the two peoples and

in some little hasten the day when, wherever our common speech is mother tongue, there may fly the banner of a grander Union than that which here stretches from lakes to gulf.

Of the seven self-governing colonies which comprise the Australasian group, five divide between them the continent of Australia; another, Tasmania, occupies the island cut off from the southeastern extremity of the continent by Bass's strait, that used to be marked on our maps as Van Diemen's Land; and one, New Zealand, occupies the long, narrow island, or strictly three islands, that, 1200 miles to the east of the continent, stretch north and south for nearly the same distance. Excepting that there is but 1200 miles of sea between them, and that the same parallels of latitude that run through the southern quarter of Australia also run through the northern third of New Zealand, the two have no physical features in common. The one resembles an immense shallow basin, with coast line but slightly broken, its mountain rim sloping inward to vast plains; the other is a long and narrow Switzerland, with coasts indented with bays and harbors and fiords. Even their indigenous fauna and flora are entirely different.

It was not at random that Macaulay, in his famous picture, placed a New Zealander on the ruined arch of London bridge. New Zealand is not merely the exact antipodes of Great Britain, it has all the physical characteristics that promise a vigorous race of men. While the aborigines of the Australian continent were one of the lowest types, the aborigines of New Zealand were the stalwart Maoris, whose abilities and valor won the respect of conquerors always disposed to look contemptuously on skins a shade darker than their own. But the physical characteristics of a country count for less with the civilized man than with the savage, and for less and less as civilization advances and arts are developed that practically modify climate and bring external nature more and more into subjection to man.

While Australia and New Zealand differ greatly physically, and there have been some differences in settlement and conditions of development, yet in general social and political features the two countries are much alike. But while what I

shall say on these points has in the main equal reference to New Zealand, it is of Australia that I shall particularly speak, partly because of the limit of space, and mainly because I did not have time to see more of New Zealand than was afforded by the short stop at Auckland of the steamer that carried me out.

An idea of the relative position of the five colonies that occupy the mainland of Australia may be had by dividing the continent into three north and south slices. The eastern of these contains a tier of three colonies. At the south or bottom of this tier, with Tasmania, an island of 26,375 square miles, lying 150 miles south of its southeastern point, is Victoria, with an area of 87,884 square miles. Melbourne, the largest city in Australia, and contesting with Buenos Ayres the honor of being the largest city in the southern hemisphere, is the capital and metropolis of Victoria. In the middle of the tier is New South Wales, capital and metropolis Sydney, with an area of 309,175 square miles. At the top or north is Queensland, capital and metropolis Brisbane, with an area of 668,224 square miles. The middle slice running south and north through the continent is South Australia, so named because first settled on the southern coast, with an area of 975,425 square miles. Adelaide is the capital and metropolis of South Australia. The western slice is the colony of Western Australia, capital and metropolis Perth, with an area of 975,920 square miles.

For comparison it may be well to state that the area of Massachusetts is 8315 square miles; New York, 49,170; Illinois, 56,650; Kansas, 82,080; California, 158,360; Texas, 265,780; England and Wales, 58,489; the United Kingdom, 120,840.

The quality of the land of these colonies seems to be inversely to their size, Victoria, the smallest, having the most uniform rainfall, and Western Australia, the largest, the greatest proportion of sandy desert.

The total area of Australia is 2,944,628 square miles, which is 48,128 square miles less than that of the United States, excluding Alaska.

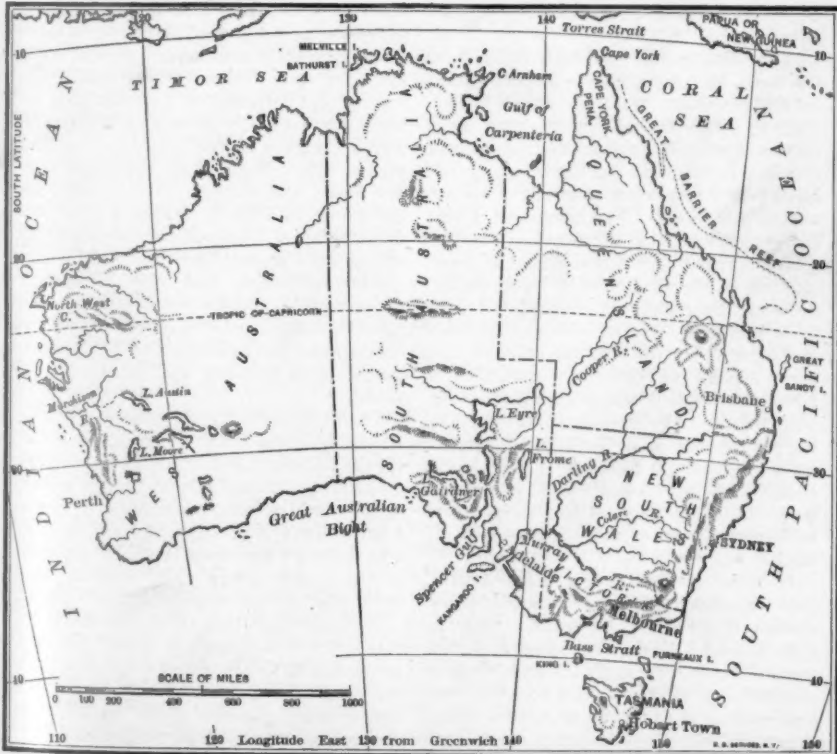
The land as a whole, however, is, under present lights, by no means as good as that of the main body of the American

republic. It lacks interior mountain chains; it lacks great lakes and navigable rivers. Its rainfall, superabundant on the eastern coast, where in some places they actually reckon it in feet, dwindles off on the interior slope until it comes to almost nothing. It is lacking in variety and quality of timber, the eucalyptus in its different species being its only forest tree. It lacks in large part that temperate climate which seems best suited to our race, the fortieth parallel of latitude passing through Bass's strait, which separates the southernmost portion of the mainland from Tasmania, the Tropic of Capricorn running somewhat north of the centre, and the northern point lying within twelve degrees of the equator.

Yet with all these physical drawbacks, as at present they seem to be, Australia has good land enough to support an enormous population, and there are vast areas that can be made sus-

ceptible of cultivation by simply throwing dams across the streams flowing inland. Other great areas, it is already known, can be supplied with a sufficiency of water by artesian wells tapping the subterranean streams. The dryness of the climate has, too, its brighter side. It enables white men to stand heat as they could not in moister climates, and, with the absence of predatory animals, makes Australia the best wool country in the world. It is, besides, rich in minerals, not merely gold and silver and lead, but more important still, coal of excellent quality.

And such as Australia is, whether better or worse, it offered after America the grandest opportunity for European colonization the world afforded. In seizing this opportunity England assured for our race the dominancy of the southern oceans, and took a step only second in importance to the planting of her North American



colonies toward making our speech the world tongue of the future.

Discovered by the daring Portuguese navigators who were the contemporaries of Columbus, visited again and again by Dutch seamen who gave names to capes and islands that they still retain, though the name, New Holland, they gave the country has been lost; taken nominal possession of by Captain Cook for his British majesty, the impulse to the settlement of Australia came from the American revolution. The loss of the most important of British colonies gave rise to a desire to establish others that might some time and to some extent take their place, and the first propositions for Australian colonization looked to the opening of a refuge for American loyalists who had been driven from their homes or could no longer abide among successful rebels. But more pressing still was the necessity of finding some new dumping ground for the convicts who with the closing of the American outlet began to horribly overcrowd the British jails.

In the history of New South Wales from the Records, now in course of publication by the government of New South Wales, there is some curious information on a matter on which American historians have touched lightly and the American people have nearly forgotten—that of transportation to our shores. The compilers of this history estimate that the number of British convicts sent to the American colonies (including of course the British West Indies) between 1650 and 1775 "could not have been less than 120,000, and was probably far larger;" but the only official basis they give for their estimate is the statement of Duncan Campbell, Superintendent of Convicts on the river Thames, that from 1769 to 1775, inclusive, he had sent to America an average of 547 convicts annually, and that "I always looked upon the number from the other parts of the kingdom to be equal to what was transported by me."

In order of establishment the Australian colonies rank—New South Wales, Tasmania, South Australia, Victoria, Queensland, Western Australia. New South Wales was the first and Western Australia the last to which convicts from the mother country were sent. South Australia, like New Zealand, never had

any convicts, being an independent centre of a totally different colonization movement.

In 1888 New South Wales celebrated the centennial of the first settlement. It was then proposed to change the name, for New South Wales and New South Welshmen are felt to be clumsy and inappropriate. But no name could be found that struck the popular fancy. Sir Henry Parkes, the premier of New South Wales, and the "grand old man" of liberalism in that colony, coolly proposed to appropriate the name Australia, on the ground that when it first got its name New South Wales was really Australia. But whether the proposition was too audacious, or it was feared that it would lead to too much confusion, it was not adopted, and the New South Welshmen are New South Welshmen still.

Fortunate above all other countries, Australia has never known war, even the contact with the aborigines—unlike New Zealand, where the Maoris fought long and bravely—never having given rise to more than some little massacres. Briefer even than our own, and more uneventful, the history of Australia has, however, that interest, akin to the interest of biography, which attaches to the history of smaller states, where the size of the stage does not dwarf the players. The landing on the shores of Sydney harbor in 1788 of a detachment of convicts with their keepers and guards under Governor Phillip was the first settlement, from which came more or less directly the settlement of Tasmania, Norfolk Island (now tenanted by the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*), Queensland, Victoria and Western Australia.

The impulse to the settlement of South Australia came from a remarkable man, Edward Gibbon Wakefield, who, having visited the United States and Canada, wrote some letters purporting to come from Sydney describing the annoyances which in new countries befall immigrants of taste and fortune, and followed this with other works on colonization.

Wakefield saw that the fundamental social fact was the tenure of land. He was, in short, a sort of inverted single-tax man, recognizing the same primary principles, but seeking opposite ends. Seeing that cheap land meant high wages and dear



land low wages he proposed a plan by which people of wealth and refinement might comfortably and profitably engage in colonization, and English social life in higher as well as lower grades be transferred, as it were in horizontal sections, to new soil. His plan was to hold land for such a high price that the poorer people could not buy it, while the money received from its sale to the richer was to be used to bring the poorer out. With wages thus kept down to something like English rates gentlemen of wealth who should buy colonial estates could find labor to cultivate them and service as good as they could get at home, and with larger incomes enjoy the same cultured and elegant leisure. This scheme took greatly among influential classes, leading to the formation of a South Australian company and the sending out of a colony in 1836. The cultured colonists engaged in a mad career of land speculation, and would probably have soon been starved out had not Captain Grey (now Sir George Grey of New Zealand, the most heroic of antipodean figures) been sent to take hold of affairs with the firm hand of a dictator, and bring chaos into order. But Wakefield's ideas survived in the minds of officials of the Colonial Office, and have had large influence upon the land policy of Australia.

Aside from the history of South Australia, which deserves separate treatment, the general history of Australia is that of the convict period and arbitrary power, a period full of dark shades; then the rise of the pastoral industry, the gaining of self-government and the efforts to swell free immigration; the discovery of gold, bringing Victoria to the rank of the leading colony in population and wealth, and greatly stimulating the development of the other colonies and the period of steady growth that has followed.

The great rush to the gold fields is of course long since over, and assisted emigration, on which the colonies have all spent money, has about stopped; but the natural increase is large, and a considerable immigration is steadily flowing in from the British Isles. Natives of the colonies are already in a considerable majority, and those not by birth subjects of the queen in an inconsiderable minority.

The population of Australia on the 1st of

last year was officially estimated at 3,070,666, New Zealand having at the same time a population of 607,380, exclusive of some 40,000 Maoris not counted. In this estimate Victoria stands first with a population of 1,090,869; New South Wales is close behind with a population of 1,085,740; Queensland has 387,463; South Australia, 318,308; Tasmania, 146,149; West Australia, 42,137.

The same tendency of population to concentrate in cities which is observable all over the civilized world is strikingly shown in Australia. Melbourne contains over forty per cent. of the population of Victoria; Adelaide over thirty-six per cent. of the population of South Australia; Sydney over thirty-three per cent. of that of New South Wales; Brisbane over twenty-two per cent. of that of Queensland; Hobart nearly twenty-four per cent. of that of Tasmania; and Perth nearly twenty-two of that of West Australia. There are, of course, other considerable towns in all these colonies. In Victoria, according to Hyter, the official statistician, the urban population is 58.05 per cent. of the whole—a most suggestive and unpromising fact.

The Australian people are, as might be expected, more English in their habits and customs than the Americans, as is shown by many little indications. They have no Sunday papers, and do not want to have any. They are hardly Sabbatarians, yet they are tender of running Sunday trains; and between Melbourne and Adelaide there is only railway communication five days in the week, since even starting on Saturday would involve Sunday running in one colony or the other. Their bars are all tended by women, and their hotels kept in the older English style, and (notably in the smaller towns) are wonderfully good. They know nothing of the domestic uses of ice, and have the English idea that it is unwholesome; have but a faint knowledge of ice cream, and none of soda-water fountains, and drink tea to the exclusion of coffee. They speak of luggage rather than of baggage; what we call a drug store they call a chemist's shop; and what we know as candies they call sweets or lollies. They estimate their weight by stones, and in this connection do not understand pounds. They drink the strong British beer or the still stronger colonial, even in the tropics,

and lager beer is only just being introduced as one of the results of the Melbourne exhibition some years ago—coming from St. Louis or San Francisco, and in bottles. As in England, the pipe is smoked rather than the cigar. The furniture of their houses and the arrangement of it is English, and a bedroom window must always be blocked up by a dressing table. Their diet has the English monotony. They are even greater meat eaters, for meat is very cheap; but in a country where the best vegetables can be easily grown, they seem to know of few and use less. The meals at their railway stations are poor as compared with the American, and if an American railroad caterer—such, for instance, as the proprietor of the eating houses on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé—were to open out in Australia, he would gain fame and fortune. Nor do I think that the Australians talk through their noses. This, however, is an inference, not an observation. For, to tell the truth, I never knew that we talked through our noses until on my way back from Australia. I had always imagined that the English notion of our nasal twang was half joke, half prejudice, till, after having been a long while out of the way of hearing my countrymen speak, I suddenly came on a large party of American tourists in the dining room of the Hotel Royal in Naples, when they were all talking at once. I can never again deem the Englishman's notion of our nasal twang only a proof of the liveliness of his imagination.

But such things are of the surface. And in spite of the retention of English ways and habits it seems to me that the Australian type that is developing is nearer to the American than the British. The new country, the fresher, freer life, the better diffusion of wealth, are telling in the same way on the offshoot that has taken root in Australia as on the offshoot that took root here. There is, I think, in the people, and especially in the native born, evidences of the same inventiveness, the same self reliance and push, the same independence, the same quickness of thought and movement, the same self satisfaction and spread-eagledness as are supposed to be characteristic of our own. They are even more prone than the Americans to the invention and naturalization of new words and phrases,

and a considerable list of these might be made. "To sheppard," for instance, has various suggestive uses, and "to go bung," for to fail or break up, carries the idea of explosion in its very sound. Australia has already produced a great number of successful inventions, ranging from the "stripper" which gathers grain and leaves the stalk, to the "totalizer," some sort of a horse-race gambling machine much in favor; and the tide of invention under the influence of recently improved patent laws seems only now fairly beginning to flow. The quickness of the people, the newness of the country and the mobility of the governments make political changes and legislative experiments comparatively easy.

The Australians are apt to pride themselves on the fact that they are so purely of British stock. But there are little things that one notices in England and Australia which indicate that we have profited by the admixture from continental Europe, and that it would be better for the Australians if they had a larger immigration of the same kind. We are all creatures of habit and are apt to follow in our own ways until jostled out of them or brought into contact with something better. And in the mixing of people capable of assimilation, yet of different ways and habits, what is best in each is apt to be perpetuated.

The danger of a large Chinese immigration, much more threatening in Australia than in California, has been met harshly but effectively by regulations virtually forbidding the entry of Chinese and even their passage from one colony to another. The first anti-Chinese legislation induced a good many Chinese to take out naturalization papers, but the issue of these has been stopped, nor are naturalization papers issued in one colony respected in the others. Excepting on the northern tropical coast, where something like Chinese colonization is going on, the Chinese population is now diminishing. The Chinese in Australia pursue generally the same industries as in California, and have among them a number of wealthy merchants and business men. Most remarkable of these is Quong Tart of Sydney, who carries on a large wholesale tea business and a number of attractive tea parlors or light restaurants. He

speaks good English, sings Scotch songs, has an English wife and takes a prominent part in religious, moral and philanthropic movements.

When a Chinese commission visited Australia some years since Quong Tart was of much help to them, and on their return he was made a mandarin of the fifth class. It was a pretty, touching story he told me of his visit to his native land : how the Queensland regulations were relaxed in his favor ; with what distinction he was received by the Viceroy of Canton, and sent in the viceroy's steam yacht with a guard of honor to his native village ; how before the imperial flag all vessels gave place, all drawbridges opened, all custom-house officers or squeeze station men held their hands and made obeisance ; how the villagers were in fear and trembling at the unwonted sight of an approaching steamer bearing the emblems of the viceroy ; how their fear changed to rejoicing when they found that the mandarin she carried brought honor to his native village ; how his old mother wept and laughed and wept again when in the official who, in his robes of dignity, flung himself at her feet, she knew her long-absent boy ; how he observed the rites for his father, who had not lived to see the happy day ; how his relatives were made comfortable and leading citizens received appropriate gifts ; and how the feast was spread in honor of the ancestors who, as is the good way of the Chinese, were through him ennobled. Quong Tart or Joseph ! What does it matter ? The same deep and tender chords are stirred ; and at the touch that makes the whole world kin one cannot but feel ashamed of the bars, necessary though they may seem, that keep men apart. When the day of the truly "superior man" shall come, will they not cease to be ?

The ruthless slave trade that swept Polynesian islands to furnish Queensland sugar planters with labor has for some time been strictly regulated, and with this year even the amended form of the traffic must cease. Whether sugar cane can be grown without black labor is in Queensland a bitterly disputed question, one side averring that it can and the other declaring it impossible. And of more importance is the question how far our race may penetrate into the tropics and yet retain

its vigor. In the dry climate of Australia this is probably further than anywhere else, and miners, herdsmen, etc., are now working as far as the northern coasts. Even in that part of Australia which lies south of the tropic the heat in the summer is, however, very great, and in South Australia they talk of 160 degrees ; but you find on inquiry that they mean in the sun, and that the true temperature does not exceed 110 or 112. This is hot enough ; but though it may be too early to tell, there does not yet seem to be any indication of lessening strength or energy in the people.

The Australian states are only nominally colonies. They are in reality, in all things of practical importance, except perhaps the matter of legal appeals to the Privy Council, which could easily be got rid of, self-governing republics, for the system of responsible ministries leaves to the governors appointed to each colony little but social and advisory functions. These governors, representing the dignity of the crown, receive much larger salaries, paid by the colonies, than the premiers, who are really the administrative heads of government ; the governor of Victoria, for instance, getting £10,000 with residence, the governor of New South Wales £7000 and residence, while the premiers get but £2000 each. But as custom lays on the governors the obligation of entertaining they spend their salaries and more than their salaries.

The colonies are moreover absolutely independent of each other. The American realizes what the greatest blessing of our Union really is when, on passing from one Australian colony to another, he finds that his luggage is liable to examination. In addition to this there is the difference in railway gauges. The New South Wales roads have the standard gauge of England and America, 4 feet 8½ inches. The Queensland system, with which they connect on the north, has the narrow gauge of 3 feet 6 inches. The Victorian system, with which they connect on the south, has the Irish gauge of 5 feet 3 inches. From Adelaide the South Australia system makes connection with the Victorian system with a 5 foot 3 inch gauge, but a little distance to the north of Adelaide South Australia breaks her own gauge and resorts to the 3 foot 6 inch, so that her

roads cannot connect with the New South Wales system, which ere long will be pushed west to the South Australian line. And in the colonies there are many little indications of that spirit which, if suffered to grow and intensify, may give justification to the adage that peoples separated by creeks may more bitterly hate each other than those separated by oceans.

With the political connection with Great Britain, which under present conditions combines security with freedom, there is no real restiveness. Neither do I think there is any loyalty more than skin deep. Imperial federation, such as is talked about in Great Britain, has no hold in the colonies. In fact, the tariff legislation, in which Great Britain is treated as any other foreign country, is a more substantial declaration of independence than any mere formal separation could be. As for loyalty to the crown, while there is a good deal of personal respect and affectionate regard for the queen, too much stress must not be laid on such facts as that; not contented with celebrating the queen's birthday, the Australians also celebrate that of the Prince of Wales, and this year, as the queen's birthday fell on Saturday, a universal half holiday, they celebrated the queen's birthday both Saturday and Monday. So well do the Australians love holidays, so large with them has been the development of open-air recreations and athletic sports, that I do not think it would be difficult to get them to celebrate Washington's birthday or even the Fourth of July. The following sentence, with which the *Armidale* (New South Wales) *Chronicle* this year began its editorial on *The Queen's Birthday*, not only betrays the rather hazy notion of royal chronology, but is, I think, a pretty good indication of the way in which royal birthdays commend themselves to the Australian mind:

"The seventy-first year of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria was looked forward to with more

than usual interest, principally on account of the first meeting of the trotting club being fixed for that day, as well as football matches, etc."

In truth, though I doubt if it is fully understood in Great Britain, the Australian feeling toward the mother country is no more filial and involves no more loyalty than does the feeling of the people of our newer states toward the older states. Nor is there any reason why it should be so. The descendants of one brother who have removed to a distance do not regard with any filial feeling the descendants of another who have remained in the old homestead, and do not regard themselves as bound further than present interests and feeling may incline them. Still less likely is there to be anything like filial feeling if there smoulders any half-conscious recollection of having been forced to leave the old home by injustice or privation. And it must be remembered that it is not the rich and fortunate, the class whom Wakefield wished to attract, that really do emigrate.

It is true that in a spasm of half-chivalrous, half-jingo enthusiasm New South Wales did send a contingent to the Sudan. But that is not a popular thing to refer to now. It is true that most of the colonies have agreed to pay a subsidy toward the support of British naval vessels to be kept in the Australian seas. But Queensland refused to enter into the agreement, and it is probable that at least some that did will refuse to continue it when the present term expires.

As for the feeling toward the United States it is fully as good and as warm as we deserve. I am inclined to think that the Australians would be quick to respond to any proposition from us for reciprocity. We could virtually annex Australia as we could virtually annex Canada and Great Britain, by the simple process of abolishing our tariff and raising our revenues by means not in themselves corruptive and impoverishing.



## DOUBT.

BY MARGARET PRICE.

YOUR words have touched my quivering soul.  
No, no ! I still have self-control,  
    So come not near.  
I do not say I yield at last  
Beneath the spell your words have cast  
    Upon me here.

I say but this—ah ! yes, I know  
You found it out long, long ago—  
    You rule my life.  
No, no ! stay there ! An awful task  
'Tis to refuse you what you ask—  
    To be your wife.

My throbbing heart longs to deceive  
My calmer mind. Could I believe  
    Your passion true,  
The splendor of these saddened eyes  
Would shame the tint of yonder sky's  
    Deep azure hue.

I doubt your love. It may be true,  
But how can I be sure that you  
    Love well at last,  
When brighter eyes than these of mine  
Have seen in yours such ardor shine  
    In days now past ?

My comrade, it were best for us  
If you had never spoken thus  
    Of love to me ;  
For we can never now go back  
Along the broad, well-beaten track  
    Of friendship free.

And in exchange you offer this—  
Your fickle love—a transient bliss  
    Of lips and eyes.  
Stand where you are ! E'en one caress  
Would crush me low. My soul's distress  
    For mercy cries.

Respect my doubt and go your way ;  
You cannot win me 'neath your sway  
    By prayer or sigh.  
I could not trust you though you swore  
By all the loves you've loved before.  
    And now—good-by !



# German Student Life

BY · HJALMAR · HJORTH · BOYESEN ·

THE mediæval universities of Germany were in their origin semi-clerical, and received their charters from the Pope. Learning had then few devotees outside of the clergy; and a man of any education, whether he had taken orders or not, was called a clerk. The clerical robe brought immunity from military service, and in those turbulent times afforded, as a rule, a much-valued protection to life and property. The students, who naturally belonged to the least warlike part of the population, were eager to claim this immunity and protection, and therefore adopted as near an approach to the clerical garb as they could, without being mistaken for ecclesiastics. The colleges were subject to cloistral rule, more or less relaxed in deference to the frailty of human nature. The curriculum was the so-called trivium and quadrivium of the old cloistral schools (grammar, logic, rhetoric, music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy), and clerical speech and demeanor were cultivated. This did not, indeed, prevent the young scholars from engaging in bloody brawls with the citizens, particularly with journeymen tailors and shoemakers, or painting the town red on festive occasions. Such outbreaks of the old Adam had to be overlooked by the authorities on account of the natural sinfulness of the flesh, and it was only great and crying outrages which resulted in castigation and expulsion. For it must be remembered that the mediæval universities were really independent states, imperia in imperio, with independent laws and jurisdiction, which they maintained with jealousy against the secular authori-

ties. This was a fruitful source of strife for centuries, leading to riots and disgraceful feuds between students and citizens. It is only during the last decade that the academical authorities have renounced these mediæval immunities and privileges which had their roots in the lawlessness of mediæval life, but are utterly superfluous in modern states.

Clerical traditions prevailed in the German universities until the thirty years' war. The dormitory system then fell into disuse, and as soon as the students began to mingle with the world, a change came over the spirit of their ambition. The warriors were the strongest and





most admired class in the community, and accordingly the students began to take them for their models instead of the clergy. Defiant mustaches became the fashion among them; dressed in scarlet tights and splendid doublets, with slashed sleeves, and with a sword or rapier clanking at their sides, they stalked through the town, ever ready to avenge the slightest imagined insult. A military code of honor grew up among them, and a most ridiculous system of giving satisfaction by slashing one another's cheeks and cutting off one another's ears and noses. It was especially after the conclusion of the thirty years' war that this practice of duelling spread among all the German universities. At

the present day it is as deeply rooted as ever, and no threat of expulsion, arrest, or even severer punishment, will ever avail as long as the public sentiment among the students themselves

pronounces a man honorless who refuses to fight. There are, at the university of Leipsic, two societies, the members of which absolutely decline to give satisfaction; the one is named Wingolf and the other Nordalbingia, but they are both unpopular, and it requires moral courage to wear their colors in public. The constitution of the other student societies usually contains a clause making it obligatory upon every member not to refuse a challenge. The academical authorities, to be sure, still make a pretence of forbidding duelling, but for all that there is a silent agreement among them to overlook every case which is not thrust upon their attention. The beadles (*pedelle*), those argus-eyed servants of the law, who in former times caused the students so many tribulations, have now, by a natural process of evolution, degenerated into a much milder-mannered and more harmless race, and as their approach is always signalled they can easily be evaded. They may, however, occasionally get scent of a duel, and make some trouble for the combatants.

Two parties who intend to settle their differences on "the field of honor" always maintain secrecy previous to the meeting. If they belong to a corps or a *Burschenschaft* (of which I shall presently speak), they have to announce the duel to the senior or president of the society, who then furnishes weapons and seconds. In some societies there is a standing committee, a so-called court of honor (*Ehengericht*), which has to sanction every duel before it can take place; in many instances meetings are thus prevented, the part-

ties being induced to settle their quarrel amicably. If two students fight, neither of whom belongs to a corps or Burschenschaft, they both apply to some such society, whose friendship they have cultivated, and obtain from it, at a certain price, arms, seconds, and a surgeon. The challenger and the challenged then take different trains (usually very early or very late ones) to some neighboring village, meet in some secluded locality, fight and return as quietly as they departed. In case of serious injury the return may be long delayed; and when at the end of one, three, or six weeks the wounded hero reappears in the lecture-rooms with a long, half-healed scar across his cheek or forehead, he struts to his seat with a proud consciousness of his dignity, and in the eyes of his comrades he grows several inches taller. If the scar has been a light one, it is not unusual for the student to have the surgeon widen it artificially, so as to make it show to the best advantage. It is not infrequent to see fine young faces seamed all over with deep scars so that there are hardly two square inches of the skin which have not been disfigured.

In order to discover approximately the proportion of men who in the nineteenth century adhere to this savage principle of club law, I placed myself one day, in the year 1878, at the door of the *Bornerianum* while the students were pouring out from the lecture-rooms, and began to count how many bore visible marks of duelling. In the first hundred I found thirty-eight with scars, in the second thirty-two, and in the third twenty; but among the latter, I should judge, the majority of the unscarred were freshmen (*Füchse*). An ex-student of theology

whom I knew well at that time boasted of having fought as many duels as he was years old—twenty-seven; but I dare not vouch for the veracity of this statement. He had a tremendous cut across



his chest, one on his shoulder, and a whole congregation of them about his cheeks, chin, and forehead. He had fought with pistols, swords, and rapiers of many varieties, and he had a magnificent reputation for valor even outside of his society. He had long borne the dignity of a "mossy head,"\* and, as I feared, would never bear any other; but to my surprise I see his name now in the catalogue as a doctor of philosophy.

Foreigners are very rarely molested or challenged by German students, unless they become conspicuous in some society ("wear colors") or arouse the animosity of their comrades by criticism of German

\* A mossy head (*Bemostes Haupt*) is a student who has remained more than three years or six semesters at a university.

customs and institutions. Among natives the very slightest cause may suffice to call forth a challenge; for there are always a number of young gentlemen going about who are anxious to win their spurs, and seize upon the most insignificant oversight as pretext for a quarrel. Perhaps in five cases out of ten the duel is occasioned by a chance meeting of the two contestants in the street; they are both returning home from a merry carousal and are in a frolicsome humor. One demands that the other shall give him half way; the other refuses. Cards are exchanged, and the announcement is very coolly made by the "insulted" party that a friend will call upon the insulter the next day. Another scene which is equally characteristic I have frequently witnessed. One student is sitting in a restaurant reading a newspaper; another enters and stumbles purposely over his feet. Both jump up and demand an apology, which is usually refused. Two or three days later they are en route with seconds and surgeons to the "field of honor" where "the bloody insult" is to be avenged.

The complaint is constantly heard in academic circles in Germany that the picturesque features of student life have long since departed, and can never again be revived. As regards the large cities this is undoubtedly true. In Berlin, for instance, the students are scattered over so large an area, and have so many divergent interests outside of the university, that they lose their corporate character and become merely citizens engaged in literary or scientific pursuits. They may wear the blue or scarlet caps, and black, red, or golden colors of their societies, and have an occasional nocturnal fight with a policeman; but no one now attaches any significance to such demonstrations. And the academical citizen is obliged to make his ignominious appearance the next morning in a police court in the company of other disturbers of the peace, pay his fine, and

exhibit a humble and repentant disposition.

It was quite a different thing to have been unduly animated and frolicsome in



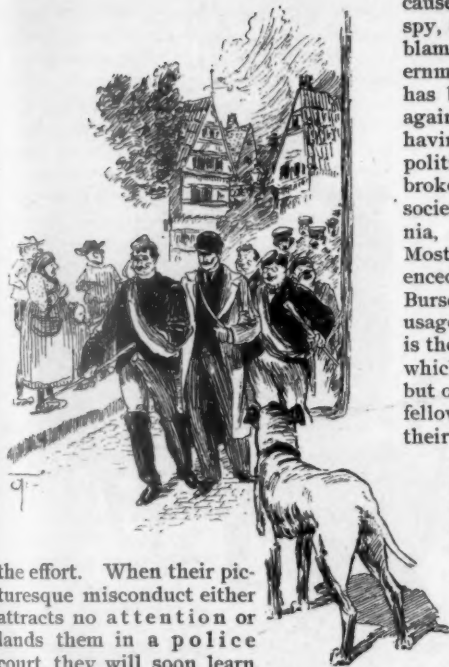
the good old days of the academic courts. The professors, who sat as judges, had always a lurking sympathy with youthful folly (having themselves once been young and festive), and the confinement for a day or two in the university carcer had a vague flavor of romance and no disgraceful associations. But, alas! the times have changed. The proud esprit de corps which animated the students of Jena, who are yet able to turn the town upside down at a moment's notice, has never flourished, and can never flourish, in so large a city as Berlin. For students never waste their energy where the dramatic effect is vanishing in proportion to

A DUEL.



Chapman





the effort. When their picturesque misconduct either attracts no attention or lands them in a police court, they will soon learn to adapt themselves to the accepted standards of behavior.

It is accordingly in the smaller university towns, such as Jena, Halle, Heidelberg, and Göttingen, that we must look for whatever remnants yet exist of German student life. It is there the three orders of student societies—the Corps, the Landsmannschaften and Burschenschaften (three terms untranslatable in English)—flourish, and where Kneipe life has its most distinguished devotees. The original German Burschenschaft, which was instituted in the early part of this century, was a patriotic society, intended to embrace all German students, without reference to birth or inherited privileges. It was profoundly democratic in its tendencies and exercised a great influence in arousing the German youth against the ignominious yoke of Napoleon. The so-called War of Liberation (1812-1815) owes its successful issue in a large measure to the Burschenschaft. But when, after the expulsion of the French, a member of the society, Ludwig Sand, murdered the poet Kotzebue, be-

cause he believed him to be a Russian spy, the Burschenschaft had to bear the blame, and was suppressed by the government. But since the Bursch Bismarck has become chancellor, the society has again emerged into the daylight, after having taken care to divest itself of its political character. It has now been broken up into half a dozen smaller societies, bearing such names as Franconia, Thuringia, Saxonia, Arminia, etc. Most of them have been more or less influenced by the constitution of the original Burschenschaft and preserve some of its usages. The most popular among these is the so-called Landesvater—a ceremony which, if I remember rightly, takes place but once or twice in each semester. The fellows, seated around a long table, with their beer jugs before them, rise at the command of the two presidents, and place their hands upon each other's shoulders. Of the song which is always sung on this occasion I have translated a few specimen verses, preserving rhythm and metre :

Silence, brother, with each other  
We will sing a festive song,  
While the rapiers flash and glisten  
To the solemn tones ye listen,  
German brothers, true and strong.

Let us loudly praise, and proudly  
Sing our fatherland's renown ;  
To thy service dedicated  
Are thy sons, the consecrated  
Guardians of thy stainless crown.

Life and treasure at thy pleasure,  
Lay me down, oh, fatherland !  
Draw our swords and fight with valor,  
Heeding naught Death's pain and pallor—  
Sweet to die at thy command !

Who aspiring, and untiring  
Honors not with free accord  
German worth, let him not, daring,  
By this hallowed rapier swearing,  
Desecrate the German sword.

Hear our singing, loudly ringing,  
While in honest student wise,  
On this blade that brightly flashes  
Merrily his cap each dashes,  
And with one accord we rise.

Here two rapiers are handed to the two Burschen, standing vis-à-vis at the upper end of the table ; they lift their colored caps from their heads and dash them on the points of the rapiers ; they then mount with one foot on the chair and the other on the table, and cross their

swords while singing the next verse of the song, in which they swear always to remain honorable fellows (Burschen). The two chairmen thereupon take the swords and reach them to the next pair in order, and the ceremony is repeated until the bottom of the table is reached.

Another ancient custom which may or may not have originated in the Burschenschaft is the Beer Baptism of the Freshmen (Fuchstaufe). It is a rude and undignified sport, and is now never countenanced at the larger German universities. The so-called Freshman Ride (Fuchsrütt) was occasionally seen in Jena, and in former years was very common in Heidelberg. It takes place at the end of the Freshman year, when the Fuchs is about to assume the proud title of Bursch. The Freshmen enter in a long procession, each seated astride a chair, and pass muster before the elder Burschen, who stand in a row with burnt corks in their hands, giving each Fuchs as he passes a black streak in his face. What makes this absurd ceremony rather amusing is the song which is sung in alternate verses by both parties, the Burschen inquiring about the health and occupation of the various members of the Freshmen's family, and the latter responding in chorus.



Still a third order of student societies, the so-called Corps, is to be found at most German universities. The Corps is the hereditary enemy of the Burschenschaft, and even individual members of the former seldom maintain friendly relations with members of the latter. Officially they are bound to ignore each other. According to the technical term, the societies are not in Cartell. The democratic tendency represented by the original German Burschenschaft, which strove to unite all students in one great academic brotherhood, is detested by the Corps, which pride themselves on their extreme exclusiveness and their belief in blood. It follows that princes and nobles who frequent universities are usually captured by these select cliques, some of which, I am told, make a noble title a sine qua non for admission. On all public occasions, where the students appear as a body, the Corps claim the first place and march or ride at the head of the procession. It has always been a singular fact to me that the officers of the universities, and, since the dissolution of the original Burschenschaft, also the great mass of the students, have yielded so meekly to their

arrogant claims and practically recognized them as the leaders and foremost representatives of the student world.

The Corps correspond more nearly to our secret college societies than any of the organizations afore-mentioned. They have no ideas for which they labor, but show a certain tough cohesiveness which enables them to present a very solid front toward their common antagonists, the Burschenschaften and the Landsmannschaften. They maintain a very high social standing, owing chiefly to their titles and their boasted gentlemanliness, and make it a rule to protect each other and to further each other's interests, even after the close of their university career. Their bearing is always dignified, and all their doings highly respectable; nothing is tolerated in any member which would injure his position in society, and, as I have had occasion to witness, they maintain a strict discipline. To eat well, drink well, dress well and fight well, represents their ideal of existence, whence it is evident that it is an expensive honor to wear the Corps colors. But money commands respect, and in this they find a compensation for their outlay. It is needless to say that the tone among them is often ridiculously snobbish, and that, as a rule, they are not conspicuous for scholarship.

One more custom which is common to all the societies is worthy of mention—the comitat. It is an honorable escort to the railway station or to the boundary of the town, which is accorded to any popular member of a student association when, after having finished his college course, he returns to his domestic penates.

Walking two or sometimes three abreast, the jolly procession winds through the streets of the city, singing as they go:

"Nun zu guter Letzt  
Geben wir dir jetzt  
Auf die Wand'rung das Geleite," etc.

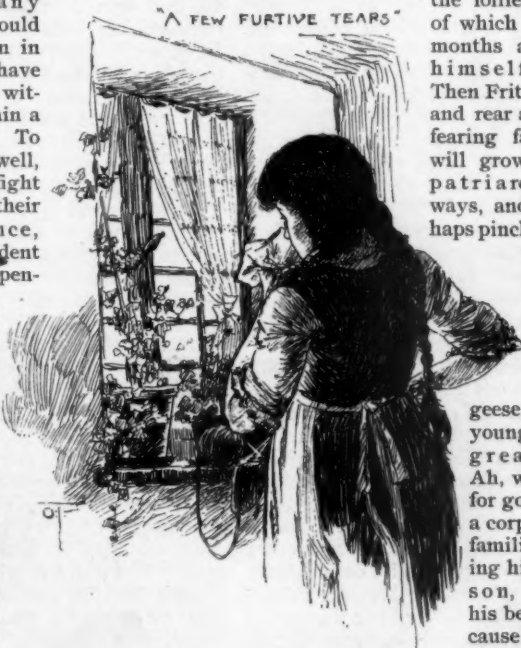
The departing Fritz has, in all likelihood, had several *affaires de cœur* during the period while he was professedly courting only the coy muses, and he throws a half-regretful glance and waves his cap, perhaps, toward the window behind which his abandoned inamorata is, at this very moment, shedding a few furtive tears. Alas, *sic transit gloria mundi*! Fritz is now going to turn Philistine; he will be a country parson, possibly, and will thunder from his pulpit against

the follies of youth, of which only a few months ago he was himself so fond. Then Fritz will marry and rear a large God-fearing family. He will grow stout and patriarchal in his ways, and will perhaps pinch the cheeks

of the pretty peasant lasses when they come to bring him their offerings of geese, calves, and young pigs at the great festivals. Ah, what a sight for gods! Fritz, as a corpulent paterfamilias, chastising his sprig of a son, or scolding his better half because she has put too much pepper

into the soup! Thus runs the conversation, until the last hand-shakes and embraces are exchanged, and Fritz, with a choking sensation in his throat, rides along the dusty road toward his home or is whirled away in a railway car.

To a foreigner, the first month of his sojourn at a German university is apt to



be a series of rude disappointments. The idyllic phases of student life, a breath of which pervades the whole German literature, are fast disappearing, and even in a remote inland town like Jena, where the Middle Ages walk abroad in the narrow, tortuous streets, the university is being rapidly modernized. Black, tight-fitting velvet coats, trimmed with black braid across the chest, and martial top boots, are still worn by many of the students, and the Burschen still sport bright-colored caps and bands of brilliant hues; but the gentlemen with a leaning toward the picturesque are evidently in the minority, and are with every year becoming more so. The tone among the academicians in general is rude and boisterous; their conversation is characterized by much earnestness and a conspicuous lack of refinement. Their jokes are pointless and ponderous, their humor degenerates into mere grotesque drollery—in proof of which examine a little book entitled *Studenten Witze von fidelen deutschen Musensöhnen gerissen* (München, 1877). Ghastlier specimens of humor than are found in this collection can hardly be imagined; one wonders at the construction of the minds which can have originated anything so vapid and still so pretentious, and one becomes curious to make a phrenological examination of those who were moved to laughter by such effusions.

German students, even at the same university, are not such a comparatively homogeneous body as, for instance, the English or the French. There are at every German institution of learning sharply defined strata, which have little in common and absolutely nothing to do with each other. Any generalization is therefore apt to be unsafe, and every reader may perhaps recall a dozen exceptions to the rule within his own experience. Nevertheless, making due allowance for these exceptions, I may be permitted to trace what to me appears to be the more prominent characteristics of German students as I have observed them on a hundred occasions. What has particularly impressed me is the absence of that gentlemanly bearing which in an undergraduate of Oxford or Cambridge is a second nature. The German student is noisy and aggressive; and since the

war with France his tremendous national self-assertion and his supreme contempt for all non-Teutonic nations are apt to make him either a bore or a perpetual irritation. He will tell you coolly that the Germans are the great *Kulturvolk* (the standard-bearers of civilization) of the world, and that every other nation owes whatever virtue it may possess to its admixture of German blood. These traits do not wear off with the years. They rather become aggravated. But, on the other hand, if one appears to concede these claims, and suspends one's own pugnacity, it is easy to establish amicable relations, and the tone of social intercourse is then delightful. A warmer and more cordial tone prevails than is apt to be the case among young men on this side of the Atlantic. Human relations are beautified by it, and rendered more enjoyable. The continual exchange of small gifts and courtesies, which Lowell calls "the mixture of sausage and sentiment" (in the relation between Goethe and Frau von Stein), appears to me rather a fine thing which is not to be sneered at. A German has the courage, if he is (as most of us are) in moderate circumstances, to make presents of no particular value, merely as an expression of his feelings toward his friend. The German student understands to perfection the art of cultivating simple pleasure, extracting the greatest amount of enjoyment from little things. He has a modest ambition and is content with small rewards for his labor. But, although he will, in nine cases out of ten, have to support existence on the slenderest competence, I verily believe that his lot is to be preferred to that of many an American who has ten times his income. He has a deep reverence for learning for its own sake. The university has taught him to value himself as well as his neighbor for what he is, not for what he has. And this standard of judgment is, to an educated man, a source of much quiet happiness. It is therefore true, as the late Mark Pattison asserted in his parliamentary report, that the smallest German university, with its underpaid professors and half-starved tutors, accomplishes more for the cause of learning than Oxford and Cambridge with their magnificent endowments.

## REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

BY MURAT HALSTEAD.

MR. DEPEW, President of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, and the largest employer of labor in this country, recently, in a speech before the Fellowcraft club, after the usual sky rockets of humor, became intensely serious and "sicklied o'er" the festive occasion with the "pale cast of thought," saying that within a few years there was to be tried the greatest and gravest question that could arise between the elements commonly known as labor and capital, and the issue would not be one of wages or hours of work, but of the comparative authority of the owners of the railroads and their employees in the management of the roads. The relations of the state and the capitalists and the army of labor had not been defined and settled forever. There could be no greater mistake than to think so. The time was not long ago when, if one in the railroad service made a complaint that seriously touched the management, if he asserted himself as a man with rights that must be respected, there was a simple remedy—his immediate discharge. It was the prevailing estimation that this was the recipe for the cure of all dissatisfaction. There had been changes enlarging the area of the rights and the duties, that is to say, the responsibilities of the working man, and the time had not yet come to mark the furthest advance and fix the boundary of this movement. There would be a debate, a controversy, a struggle, and a settlement that would be a compromise and make a lasting peace. This is the most interesting of the many expressions of citizens distinguished for observation and thoughtfulness, of the conviction that there are great questions in the air that have not been concluded or even fairly presented, and that it is a pity they should not have the first consideration of the best intelligence and judgment that the nation affords, and not be abandoned to the irresponsibles and impracticables—the worst of the demagogues and the wildest of the cranks. The time should soon arrive when presidential elections shall not turn on reminiscences of slavery, recollections of the

war, romances of reconstruction, sectional interpretations of the national constitution, the old stories of the settlement of Massachusetts and Virginia, or even the question of the extent of protection to be afforded the industries of America, or that of the use of the money metals as money. There are many who, when Congress adjourned on the 1st of October, presumed that some very momentous matters had been settled beyond the chance of serious disturbance for several years. Among those assumed settlements was the supposed scientific application of the principle of protection, and the use of the silver product of our mines for the issue of notes based upon the gold valuation of the precious white metal. There was a feeling that as the party of the administration should, according to all precedents and calculations, hold the senate for several years, and as the tariff law and money law would be in the hands of their friends for execution, it was the simple conservatism of good citizenship to look upon the experiment calmly and favorably. Parties might divide as they pleased upon the degree of protection that should be maintained, or the extent to which the government should purchase silver to serve as material limiting a continuous issue of greenbacks; but it was to be taken for granted that free trade was a foolish fancy, and the golden standard the everlasting measure of value. The November election made clear that there had been both misapprehension and miscalculation.

We shall not enter upon a discussion of the educational deficiency of the people at large. All who can read and write, spell and cipher, are not educated, and all who cannot read and write and spell and cipher are not ignorant. Neither shall we attempt to weigh the influence of those concerned in dishonest importations, or the farmers who find fault with the railroads for bringing so much land within reach of the markets, and the low rate of transportation for long distances, or the passion of the producers from the mines of silver to promote the solicitude of other nations to find a resting-place in our vaults



for the bulk of that metal which they have found unavailable. It is our purpose to point out that one of the effects of the November election is the showing of the speedy force that people have in a republican form of government, in spite of the barriers against sudden and radical changes, before the maturity of public sentiment has been reached, that are of the most admirable of the provisions of the constitution. We are not, it is now plain, to go on at once to take up new questions. The old ones are unsettled. The leading issue in the next presidential election is to be whether the lesson of the last was comprehended, and the McKinley bill, with the Aldrich amendment, and the Sherman-Jones silver bill are of it the reasonable and adequate expression. It is discouraging to find those who come forward with questions that we are assured are absolutely new, assuming progressive ideas, and, we may say, manners, and uttering phrases that they believe to be significant at once of novelty and radicalism, are engaged on the oldest of questions, and that they never were presented in a form more hopeless than now. Much that is urged as the advanced doctrine of reformation is but the ancient illusion that it is the first duty of the government to cheapen money and find plenty of it for the people. What clearer chapter is there in history than that recording the money measures of this nation since its unity was saved by force of arms?—arms carried to victory with an expenditure of resources that in five years heaped upon the land a monstrous national debt. There has been very large relief from this enormous burden. One part of the welcome reduction is due to paying the debt, and another to the maintenance of the national credit, so that the still outstanding bonds bear a small rate of interest. The bondholder has ceased to be an object of scorn, and pitied because he gets so little for the money loaned to the government. The main matter is that capital has been reduced in price for the uses of the people because it is secure. It is the sense of safety that puts it in circulation at a low price. This illustrates the value of the high credit of the country to the men in it who are workers for wages. They above all men are interested in a steady standard of money, and good money. The wild

schemes that assail and would undermine the credit of the people are contrived by the professors of devotion to popular interest, and the eradication of these impostors seems an impossible task. Mow them down in the evening like weeds, and like weeds they flourish in the morning. The new law of the tariff has not been tried, but it is on trial, and there will be fair play under the greater laws that rule the questions of industrial administration and political economy. The court is the country. We are to see how protection and reciprocity go together or do not go.

The keenest attention is given the tariff; but there is something intimately associated with it that transcends it in immediate magnitude. It is, What will the next Congress do about the money standard? Is the public credit to be upheld or degraded? The question is falsely put in this way: Shall we have free coinage of silver? Now, free coinage means that silver as well as gold shall be received at the mint and freely converted into lawful money without limit under a fixed ratio. The restraint would be in the mechanical capacity employed, and that must limit the output as a drag steadies a ship. But the silver measures proposed in the name of free coinage invite all the silver in the world to our market for use in the issue of paper. This is not coinage at all. It is a forced issue of notes as fast as silver can be placed in vaults and, as if there was not silver enough to represent dollars for the flood of paper demanded, we hear of a sub-treasury scheme, to be represented by a swarm of congressmen, that shall take farm products and give in exchange legal-tender certificates! The object appears to be to convert corn on the ear and pigs in the clover into notes, and put the financial system completely in the hands of the politicians, who have shown the least competency of all human creatures in matters of business. It is a poor comfort to say that if the people destroy their own credit they have to suffer. Labor must supply the waste of capital and eventually restore it. We regret there is nothing new in the impending issue. It is fearfully old and a weariness. Instead of taking up the true labor questions, and those enterprises that concern the permanent health and prosperity of the people, we have to confront a revival of antiquity, and overthrow

anew delusions that survive the proof gathered for a thousand years of their mischievous and fantastic absurdity.

\* \* \*

SUDDENLY, under what appeared to be a clearing sky and with what the ordinary financiers declared was a rising barometer, there was discovered an area of depression, and the storm centre was London. For some years English capital had been seeking investment in American securities, and when stocks strongly recommended could not be obtained, syndicates snatched for breweries, and eagerly accepted large properties at excessive valuations. The United States is not the only America. There is the vast southern continent of the name, and tremendous speculations were organized in the securities of South American nations. We looked for a considerable time without alarm upon the reports of financial troubles in the Argentine Republic, and our chief concern in the Brazilian revolution was that a republican form of government should be speedily established. It did not seem to us that the price of gold in the South American capitals, or rather the decline of government credit, that placed gold at a premium compared with paper money, and the decline in securities, or a revolution more or less, mattered very much so far as we were personally concerned. We had taken a few lessons in reciprocity, but had not mastered all the elementary principles of the most comprehensive of policies. We were, however, deeply interested in the South American money markets. We had the gravest home reasons for studying the politics of distant peoples, for there has come to pass in these days a wonderful community of the nations of the earth. As the English could not lend any more money to the Turks and Egyptians—or other semi-barbarians—they poured it into South America, and at last ascertained that their investments were speculative rather than substantial, for when they sought to put their hands on their money, it eluded them. They had to have the cash, and as South America could not pay, North America had unexpectedly to take care of the securities the English capitalists had purchased. It has been sharply said that we found England had made us a call loan, and she called it, selling the collateral in her own market to raise the

funds; that is, they rolled the paper they had taken into the markets by the bale. This was a severe test of our solvency and the strain has been painful. There have been days of darkness, and when on one of them the news came that the great house of the Barings was in trouble, it seemed that the trumpet of doom had been blown, announcing the end of the world of finance. The house had been concerned in the Southern American speculations, and through enormous expansion was drifting to bankruptcy. The progressive panic was arrested by the most remarkable event in the history of money. The Bank of England came to the rescue of the Barings, and was enabled to do so to a saving extent by the Bank of France. The Bank of England is largely supposed to be part of the government, but it is not. It is under parliamentary authorization and restriction, and handles the consols, but is unofficial. When the crisis came there was no capacity to issue paper, and the borrowing of \$15,000,000 in French gold was the extraordinary requirement that was quietly accomplished. The management of the Bank of France is consummate, and the ability of the bank to reinforce the Bank of England and save the tall structures of the financial capitals from overwhelming ruin, will commend again to all enlightened people the thrift and wealth, the science and the elastic power of France. This is indeed one of those victories "not less renowned than war." For many years the Bank of France has held the largest gold reserve ever accumulated and has supplemented it with an immense mass of silver. The French financiers have the happy faculty—largely absent, we fear, in England and the United States—of doing justice to silver and of handling it as money, without the acquirement of lunacies as to its properties. The French have a huge amount of legal-tender silver—\$200,000,000 more than we have—and they long ago suspended the coinage without the multiplication of madmen. The saving truth in France is that the French have added to industry and frugality the rare gift of money sense. The average Frenchman does not regard it a disgrace to live within his income. The French handle gold and silver in their daily transactions. There is a great reserve of the precious metals in pri-

vate pockets. The people are not afraid to carry around five-franc pieces. They do not consider gold coin a nuisance, and gold is minted not so much for bank deposits as the public convenience. The French industries are prodigiously profitable, and the art and grace of France levy tribute upon the world they adorn, while the sunny climate and marvellous soil yield to the patient peasantry the resources of her riches.

France has recently made splendid advances. The republic is "redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled." There is an end of pretenders. All who assume that France belongs to a family or two, or to an aristocracy, ancient or modern, have become insignificant. The people are the power. The Exposition of 1889 was the greatest ever held in any age or country, and its success was a national glory that restored the self-respect of the average Frenchman, impaired by the cruel misfortunes of the war with Germany. We may trace the ability of the Bank of France to brace up the Bank of England, to prop the tottering bank of the Barings, to these causes—the sensible and scientific financing of the French; the steadiness of the Republic, promoted by the exploit of the Exposition which enriched the Parisians; and the frugality of the toiling millions whose savings have not merely supplied the losses in the Panama Canal and the Copper Trust, but filled the vaults of the bank which now beyond dispute holds the primacy in financial institutions with ample gold. It gives a strange sense of the close affiliation in which we live with other people once remote, now neighbors, to reflect that we owe our exemption from a ruinous panic that would have disturbed and impaired our gigantic interests to the superb achievement of the Paris Exposition and the stimulus it gave the industries of France, and if we are not to say they are matchless we may at least pronounce them marvels. It was one of the striking thoughts of Thomas Jefferson that "we have two countries—our own and France." And we may be allowed to urge upon the American people the French lesson of finance that is of greater moment than the incident of the relief of the Bank of England, indeed, the influence that made relief possible. It is that the French are able to deal with

silver without "free coinage;" that they authorize and sustain the grandest banking institution in the world for their own benefit, and do not go shrieking forever that it is a monopoly; that they are proud of the solvency of their country and appreciate the incalculable benefits of high credit; that they handle gold, silver and notes without violence, confusion or dismay; that the French people regard the bonded indebtedness of their country to themselves as sacred, and hold repudiating cranks in wholesome abhorrence; that the professional inflationist and the implacable visionary find no favor in the land. That which this country needs, next to her boundless natural wealth, for the permanence of her prosperity, that her financial instrumentalities shall be ever adequate and reliable, credit exalted, capital secure, labor employed, is popular integrity in money matters, public as well as private—the thrift that saves, and the glowing zeal and energy of enlightened patriotism in public opinion. There is in the late financial events the lesson that is highest and broadest in the progression, advance and elevation of mankind, that men more and more possess the earth and command the elements—that God has made of one blood all nations; and more, that the girdling of the globe with channels of instantaneous transmission of intelligence and sweeping the seas with steamers that carry 10,000 tons 500 miles a day, and spanning continents with railroads superior to rivers for travel and transportation are the introductory chapter, to be expanded as we grow, of universal sympathies and safeguards.

\* \* \*

WE must regretfully go on indefinitely with the tariff and money and sectional questions foremost and absorbing public attention. If we could only settle them we might find higher ranges for political activities—consider such matters of moment as Mr. Depew has suggested; then the care of the soil and the forests and the food supplies and the purity of rivers and the government of cities. It is an eternal pity that the greater issues must always wait.

\* \* \*

THE personal affairs of Mr. Parnell have profoundly influenced the political situation in the British empire, and in par-

ticulars most important have changed the conditions of the parties. It was the judgment of Mr. Gladstone that the retention of the leadership of the Irish wing of the Liberal party by Mr. Parnell, after he had failed to defend himself as co-respondent in a divorce suit, would be a burden the Home Rule cause could not bear. Mr. Parnell resented all efforts to identify his public position with the divorce affair, and in reply to a letter from Mr. Gladstone, stating it would be vain for them to attempt to go on together, Mr. Parnell issued a manifesto, giving the substance of his confidential conferences with the Liberal leader, showing that the Liberal idea of Home Rule in Ireland was so vague and the measures regarded as possible so tentative, that the Irish could not afford to have their national question absorbed in British politics.

Mr. Parnell's paper is remarkable for utterly ignoring the scandal that raised the question of his retirement, and for striking ruthlessly the point of weakness in the union between the Liberal and Irish representatives, as well as for absolute indifference to the preservation of the confidences without which Mr. Gladstone says coöperation is not practicable. The ability of Mr. Parnell, displayed in his aggressive reply to Gladstone, is seconded by the coolest audacity and strategy in shifting the scene, turning the public away from the sin that has found him out; making a brilliant illustration of his varied powers. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley were thrown on the defensive in the midst of embarrassments, for the trouble has all the time been, with the Liberal and Irish alliance, to avoid declaring definitely both to England and Ireland what the opponents of the Tory government meant to do when they got the power. The object of the meeting of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell a year ago was that they should reach an understanding of the business behind the eloquence. Now Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell must have differed deeply all the time—the one seeking to merge Irish into

British questions, the other to make Ireland independent; the one looking forward to the Irish becoming like the Scotch British Liberals, the other ambitious to maintain an Irish party remote from imperial politics.

The initial necessity was ground of common agreement, and it was this Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell united their energies to discover, assert and maintain; and this it is Mr. Parnell has destroyed with his earthquake.

The Irish parliamentary delegates in the United States have taken part against Mr. Parnell, insisting that the friendliness of Mr. Gladstone for the Home Rule cause shall be retained; but they do not see, apparently, how destructive Mr. Parnell's proclamation is—that the mischief they deprecate has been done. Mr. Parnell proposes to go on asserting himself, and deposition from a semi-official leadership will not impair his individual ascendancy, and his qualities will command increasing support.

And what will be the effect upon the Irish cause? We are of the opinion that the general results will not be unfavorable to the accomplishment of justice in Ireland, but we must not confine ourselves to regarding a special partisan success as indispensable. It may even turn out that Mr. Parnell's obduracy has enlarged Ireland's opportunity. Mr. Gladstone must take the nation into his confidence, or he, and not Parnell, will be the lost leader. If, telling what Home Rule is, he can carry England and hold Ireland, the great task is accomplished. If not, there is only one more insincerity disestablished. Mr. Parnell is probably right in holding that the cause of Ireland is not sacrificed in the increased agitation that the question of his leadership and his declination to submit to personal defacement has excited. The division of the Irish vote in Parliament will not be permanent, and the Irish members will not march into the lobbies in two bodies when the division touches questions that are essential.

## Social Problems, by Edward Everett Hale.



### EDUCATION IN PUBLIC SPIRIT.

SO far as I observe, the doctrinaire cynics, who suppose this country is going to the dogs and who do their best that it shall, make one mistake constantly. Their idea is that the country is, after all, though it be a republic, to be governed from above. Their effort is always to secure intelligent and strong administrators who shall "keep the people under, you know."

Now the real necessity in a republic is that the people shall govern themselves, and shall be so well trained and eager in their wish to improve things that this self-government shall answer. The nation lives by public spirit, by the spiritus or breath which oxygenates all its blood. If this public spirit failed the nation would die.

When you say this to the growler, who in his heart distrusts universal suffrage, he says: "I know all that. I know the importance of public spirit. You must attend the primaries. I tell everyone to attend the primaries. Why, our rector even told all the people they must attend the primaries. That was very fine. I should have attended the primaries myself but that they were all held in the evening, and we had not come down from the country. But it would have made no difference. There would have been a lot of these fellows there with the whole thing cut and dried. There is nothing a gentleman can do about it—and I have lost all interest in politics."

EVERY word of this sort of complaining

shows that the grumbler does not understand the situation. The business of America, first, last, and always, is to preserve the traditions of social life out of which the American constitutions are born. America must preserve the sense of personal freedom which makes men refuse to be bossed. She must preserve the independence of the individual which makes a man scorn a bribe or a fee, which is another name for virtually the same thing. She must keep open the lines of promotion so that every man shall look forward to life of larger conditions than he lives in today. Whenever a leader of society helps in such business as this he helps forward America. He may or may not have a share of importance in saying who shall be the alderman or the mayor of the town he lives in. But if he be at work anywhere in the business of breaking up clans and quickening the free life of men and women, why, he is improving the public spirit of the community around him.

HERE is the reason why the West is so attractive to young men who have been brought up in those cloisters we call colleges. John is sent out, say to a mining town, or to look after some irrigation works, or to be a clerk in a national bank in Hog Hollow, in the territory of Franklin. When his dogskin gloves are worn out he does not send for another pair, and he finds he has no occasion for patent leather in any of its forms. As he sits in the smoking room at the hotel after they



have all done an honest day's work, he finds that these fellows round him are quite as good fellows as he ever knew in the Sigma Kappa or in the Theta Chi, and that most of them know a great deal more than he does. He finds that there is a great deal of "horse sense" among all sorts and conditions of men around him, and he is not sorry, after a little, to come into terms of personal intimacy with this Scotchman or that German, or the Spaniard who lives down at the Corners. It is easy enough to see that that young fellow can go for all he is worth in that community. If he knows anything that is of any use he can see that they know it. If he picks up a Norwegian boy or a German girl to whom he can teach anything, why, he can teach them. He is, if you please, like a small lump of sugar dropped into a cup of tea, and whatever "sweetness" he has in him diffuses itself through the whole community. But if he stayed at home he would be in the middle of a very large lump of sugar, and he would have to be sixty years old before he got at the community or the community got at him. That is to say, without a figure, he would belong to a class in society, and would make himself miserable because all the people around him had just his limitations and he had theirs. The chances are that he would drop back into a very selfish life; he would begin to think it important how his hair was brushed and how his coat was cut, and that would be the end of him.

\* \* \*

It is interesting to observe that the old line statesmen, Sam Adams and John Adams, the Clintons, and other men of force in the beginning of the century took it very much for granted that every member of the community who was good for anything would have his weight in the making up of public opinion. In other words, the communities were smaller then and everyone had that sort of intercourse with the men and women around him which I have tried to illustrate in the case of a new settlement on the frontier. Now, all our grumbling and groaning, be it observed, comes from the "congested" populations of the large cities. You never hear a social leader in a spirited country town say that that town is going to the dogs. On the other hand, he always

tells you that it is improving and that everything is doing well, and very likely he tells you that the kingdom of heaven is coming. It is only when you come to Chicago or Boston or New York that you fall in with these "parmaceti people" who would gladly be soldiers if it were not for the smell of gunpowder and would gladly do their duty for public spirit if they did not happen to live just where they do. Is it not a very distinct lesson for all of such people who have any conscience left that they are to attempt, not indeed to live on a ranch or to be underclerks in the national banks on the frontier, but to make themselves acquainted with all sorts and conditions of men in the region where they are? In this city of New York, for instance, where these words see the light, the ignorance about one set of people which exists among another set of people is simply appalling. Yet it is an ignorance which might be instructed; and the moment anybody goes to work in really trying to enlighten his own share of it, that moment he has entered into the education of the country in public spirit which is essential for the national life.

\* \* \*

I BELONG to a club in Boston, of which the substantial business is expressed in this article: "This club exists to find out how other people live." In the original plan it was proposed that we take the directory, and, looking down the longer lists of occupations, should take one or two members from each craft or profession. See where this would have brought us out. We should have had one Accountant, one Advertising agent, one wholesale dealer in Ale, two Apothecaries, two Architects, one Auctioneer, two Bakers, two Bankers, one wholesale dealer in Beef, one keeper of a Billiard room, two Blacksmiths, and so on. (Is it not, by the way, rather interesting that the number of billiard rooms in Boston is one-third that of the number of blacksmiths?) But we had to vary from this plan in forming the club for this reason: if we had undertaken it exactly on these lines we should have had to say that it existed for the purpose of good fellowship. Now it did not exist for the purpose of good fellowship, but for the purpose of finding out how other people live. But a

billiard marker cannot say to a banker, "I wish you to join in a club with me, because I want to know how you live;" nor can a banker say this to a blacksmith. So that part of the scheme fell through. What we did was to bring together sixty young men, pretty much by accident, and then take our chances of adding other people who were interested in the life of Boston and its social system—always glad if, in making a good choice as far as other qualities went, we got in a new occupation. But, for the purpose of finding out how other people lived, we actually went to see. That is, the first committee the club appointed, and it was a large one, was on emigrant ships. We sent a lot of young fellows down to quarantine to come up in an emigrant vessel and see how that thing was done. In just the same lines, from that day to this day, we have let men volunteer to form committees for the sake of seeing that we did not know anything about. For instance, we had a committee on the Mormon worship in Boston. We had a committee on the Italian section, one on the Chinese section, one on the city's orphan asylum, one on all the hospitals, one on our Norwegian population. And we never had a more interesting meeting than when an intelligent Norwegian gentleman came round and told us the peculiarities of the Scandinavian races among us, being kind enough, as I remember, among other things, to bring us some of the biscuit and sardines which I think none of us had ever seen before.

Now, you cannot go as far as this in indulging your curiosity without going farther. If you are good for anything you begin to get into the same relationships that my ideal John, out in the territory of Franklin, forms as a matter of course with the burro driver or with the washerwoman. You not only know by sight the people with whom you are thrown, but you come into personal relationships with them. If there happens to be a bright boy living within a quarter of a mile of your office, and you happen to make acquaintance with him one day, that acquaintanceship does not drop off. You and he get on a more cordial footing with each other; you have gained a friend and he has gained another.

How clear it is that it is this sort of give-and-take which is necessary for the

quickenings of the public life, for making the circulation from organ to organ effective, and for the health of the whole body politic. I do not want to be carried away by a metaphor, but really Menenius Agrippa's fable, which Saint Paul borrowed to such advantage afterward, tells perfectly. You have a healthy body if each part is in close and intimate relation with each other part, if the circulation is good and if the circulation is well oxygenated. The object of this present writing is to show people who are discouraged that their business is to bring in that public spirit into souls and organs where there is not enough of it, so that the life of that community may be more active, cheerful and strong. Now, this is to be done, not merely by attending a ward meeting once a year, but by genuine and cordial intimacy with all sorts of people. Exactly as everybody in a country village knows more or less of the ups-and-downs of forty or fifty households around him—exactly as the life of one person quickens or helps the life of another person in such a community—is it in the power of man or woman living in Chicago or in New York to be in such relationships with forty households of every social condition of life, enlarged, inspired, and, as Mr. Arnold says, sweetened, by the intimacy. Just so soon as the Christian church, or the ethical philosophers, or any of the disciples of altruism bring about this state of things, so soon will this country take up again the line of march on which it began. This is the line of march which historically is called the Teutonic, German or English plan. In it everyone paddles his own canoe, but is in friendly relations with the rest of the fleet. Everybody is his own master, but is in friendly relations with people who know more than he does. And when the administrators of the government look for something to do with such a fleet they find that, on the whole, it is taking care of itself. People who doubt about such a state of things are invited to remember with how little action of the president the country fared while dear Garfield lay dying. Or, if their memories run back to the year 1855, they are invited to remember how well the people of Kansas got on twelve months when they had no government that they would acknowledge.

# VAN HOUTEN'S

## COCOA

"Best & Goes Farthest."

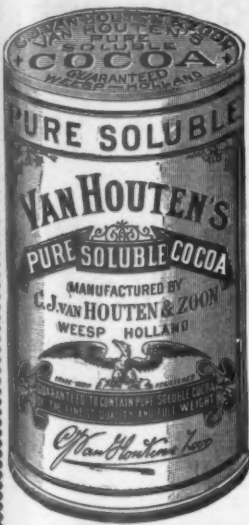
"Largest Sale in the World."

DELICIOUS.  
Easily Digested.  
Made Instantly.

*This Original Pure Soluble Cocoa* invented, patented, made and still made in Holland; has ever since its invention, remained unequalled in solubility, agreeable taste and nutritive qualities.

**Better for the Nerves than Tea or Coffee.**

"Its Purity is Beyond Question. Once Tried—Always Used."



C. J. VAN HOUTEN & ZOON, Weesp-Holland.  
Sold by all Grocers of the United States.  
Ask for VAN HOUTEN'S and take no other.

# DORFLINGER'S

TRADE



MARK.

AMERICAN

## CUT GLASS.

Every piece of our Glass has our Trade Mark Label in it.

Be sure and see it if you want the genuine.



A PUNCH BOWL AND LADLE. "PARISIAN."

## Weddings and the Holidays.

### LONDON,

Genuine Bronze Groups and Figures.  
Carrara Marble Statuary, of the highest rank.  
Mantel Clocks, enameled bronze.  
Onyx and Gold Bronze Clocks, chime movements.

### PARIS,

Carriage or Traveling Clocks, Repeaters, etc.  
Westminster Chiming Clocks, London make.  
Grandfather's Clocks, carved and marquetry.  
White and gold Cabinet Clocks.

### BERLIN,

Candelabra in gold bronze, silver and crystal.  
Candelabra and Vases in ormolu and bronze.  
Liqueur Sets in cut crystal and silver.  
Card and Centre Tables, Louis XV.

### DRESDEN,

Bric-à-brac and Jewel Cabinets.  
Five O'clock Tea Tables, Chippendale.  
Ladies' Writing Desks, Louis XVI.  
White and Gold Consoles and Cabinets.

### MUNICH,

Ormolu Piano and Banquet Lamps.  
Cologne Bottles, solid silver mountings.  
Solid silver mounted Claret Jugs.

### ROME,

First Empire Writing Desks, etc.  
Large Vases for pedestals.  
Ink-Stands in ormolu, onyx, and china.  
Dozens of Plates beautifully painted.

### NAPLES,

Chocolate Cups and Saucers, old and new forms.  
Solid silver Berry Dishes.  
Coffee and Teapots in solid silver.  
Bread Baskets in solid silver.

### FLORENCE,

Solid silver Desk Furnishings.  
Opera Glasses of superior quality.  
Silver and Gold Hairpins.  
Bonbonnières of Dresden and English china.

### MILAN,

Cases of silver mounted Carvers and Forks.  
Examples of Royal Porcelain.  
Onyx and Bronze Pedestals.  
Porcelain, brass, onyx and iron Piano Lamps.

The public cordially invited.

Correspondence solicited.

## OVINGTON BROTHERS,

330 FIFTH AVENUE,

Between 32d and 33d Streets.

Brooklyn House, Fulton and Clark Streets.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

## HEALTH AND VIGOR FOR BRAIN AND NERVES. CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Prepared according to the formula of Prof. Percy—from the nerve-giving principles of the *Brain* of the *Ox* and germ of the *Wheat* and *Oat*. The *only Vital Phosphite* extracted from animal and vegetable tissue—the principle that *maintains bodily and mental powers*. It strengthens the *intellect*, increases the capacity for *mental labor*, and restores *Vigor* lost by excessive *Brain work* and anxiety. It is *especially* useful to *College Students*, *Athletes* and overworked *Business men*. It is not a "patent medicine"; the formula is on every label, approved by the best Physicians, and the world's best Brain Workers. Druggists, or sent by mail, \$1. Descriptive pamphlet free.

**F. CROSBY CO., 56 WEST 25th St., NEW YORK.**

### North, East, South, West.

That's where *Pearline* goes.

Wherever there's hard work for women, there it's needed. Easy washing goes with it.

W

2

When it does all this goes? And it *does* go. It goes to the help of millions of women every day. But there are some who won't be helped. And they're the ones who need it most.

### Blowing

Peddlers and some grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as *Pearline*." IT'S FALSE—but what a puff for *Pearline*.

JAMES PYLE, New York.

Easy washing—better washing. Washing that doesn't wear out the clothes, or hurt the hands or fabric, or tire the washer.

Washing that saves money but costs no more than the washing that wastes it.

and more, is it any wonder that *Pearline* goes to the help of millions of women every day. But there are some who won't be helped. And they're the ones who need it most.

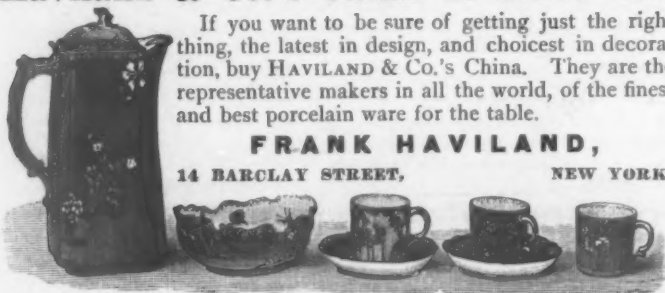
## Haviland & Co.'s China at First Hands.

If you want to be sure of getting just the right thing, the latest in design, and choicest in decoration, buy HAVILAND & Co.'s China. They are the representative makers in all the world, of the finest and best porcelain ware for the table.

**FRANK HAVILAND,**

14 BARCLAY STREET,

NEW YORK.



\* We sell thousands of dollars' worth each year by correspondence. If you cannot call at our store write to us.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."







NORAH.

DRAWN BY R. NEVICKAR.

SEE MADAMOISELLE RÉSÉDA PAGE 438.